



JUNE 2004 Rs. 15/-

CHANDAMAMA



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GLADIATORS



Catch The
Adventures of G-Man
in this issue

G-man

KALEIDOSCOPE (WRITINGS OF CHILDREN UNDER 14 YEARS OF AGE)



CHANDAMAMA

PRESENTS

"BE A DREAM CHILD" CONTEST

The President of India, Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam, in the course of his interaction with children, has been exhorting them to DREAM for the future of India and its people. Recently, at the end of his address to the nation on January 25, he administered an oath to a group of children. For the sake of our young readers, the 10-point oath is reproduced below.

1. I will pursue my education or work with dedication and I will excel in it.
2. I will teach at least 10 illiterate persons to read and write.
3. I will plant at least 10 saplings and shall ensure their growth through constant care.
4. I will visit rural and urban areas, and permanently wean away at least five persons from addiction and gambling.
5. I will constantly endeavour to remove the pain of my suffering brethren.
6. I will not support any religious, caste or language differentiation.
7. I will be honest and will endeavour to make a corruption free society.
8. I will work for becoming an enlightened citizen, and make my family righteous.
9. I will always be a friend of the mentally and physically challenged and will work hard to make them feel normal, like the rest of us.
10. I will proudly celebrate the success of my country and my people.

Chandamama invites the children of India to write one para each about whatever they have achieved in fulfilling the maximum of the ten points by the next Independence Day. The contest is open to children between 8 and 15.

**ENTER
THE CONTEST
AND WIN
ATTRACTIVE
PRIZES!**

**THREE BEST ENTRIES WILL BE PUBLISHED IN OUR
NOVEMBER 2004 ISSUE.**

**CLOSING DATE :
August 31 2004**

The July 2004 issue will carry rules for participation, details of prizes and coupon to accompany the entries.

ENTER



& CHANDAMAMA

1ST PRIZE



Cameras

2ND PRIZE



Calculators

5. This month, track down all the 'T's in the Nutrine advertisement in this issue.

How many 'T's are there?

10 16 14



DID YOU KNOW?

The Olympic torch was lit at Olympia on March 25 last. It was handed to the Olympian javelin thrower Kostas Gatsioudis who was this year's first torch-bearer. The torch will pass through India on June 10.



Contest Rules :-

- Employees of Nutrine, Chandamama and their relatives are not eligible for the contest • The selection of the Judges will be at the sole discretion of Nutrine • Children of Indian Origin below 15 years age group alone are eligible for the contest • Nutrine reserves their exclusive right to extend or preclose the contest • Contestants age proof to be supported by date of birth certificate • Winners will be selected by draw among correct entries
- Winners will be notified individually • No cash compensation is allowed in place of prize articles • Warranty of prize articles are subject to the respective manufacturer • You can send only one entry per month • You can participate in any or all of the 6 contests • No correspondence other than entry forms will be accepted • Your signing the coupon will mean that you agree to the rules and regulations of the contest given on the coupon
- Entries reaching us after the last date mentioned will be disqualified • If there are no all correct entries in any event, the maximum number of correct answers will be considered and the entries will go into the lot • All decisions made by the judges will be final.

CLOSING DATE : 30TH June 2004

Your Name :

Age : Class: Date of Birth :

Home address and PIN code :

Your signature:



India's largest selling sweets and toffees.





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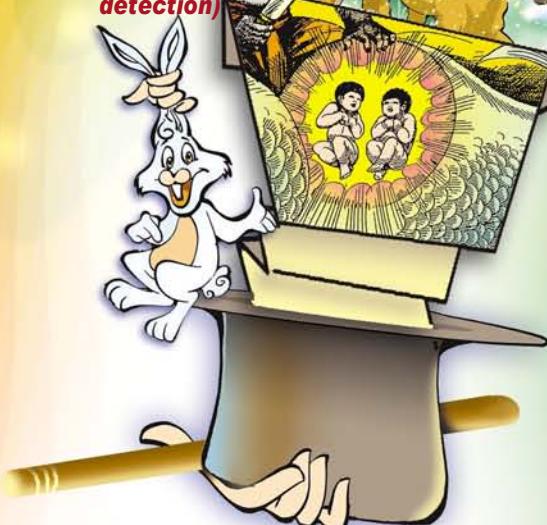
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Chennai: SHIVAJI

Ph: 044-2231 3637 / 2234 7399,

Mobile : 98412-77347

email : advertisements@chandamama.org

Founded by
B. Nagi Reddi
Chakrapani
Editor
Viswam

Editorial Advisors
Ruskin Bond
Manoj Das
Consultant Editor
K.Ramakrishnan

A GREAT AND GLORIOUS EVENT



The world has just witnessed an event of great importance – yet another milestone of progress being set in the world's largest democracy, India. The Elections to the Lok Sabha and, in some States to Vidhan Sabhas too, meant a colossal effort. Tens of thousands of Polling Booths being set up, men and machines distributed neither too early nor too late, beginning and closing the operation exactly at the appointed hours, all required a complex, elaborate, expensive and courageous network of activities. There were booths which could not be reached by locomotives or any mode of automobiles. Elephants had to carry the officials and their equipment. There were threats to the lives of the candidates and their supporters, to those who were guarding them as well to the voters, by terrorists out to disrupt our democracy. Nevertheless the people of India bravely participated in the exercise. A new Lok Sabha, the 14th, has just come into being – and so have several new State Assemblies.

The 20th century saw the end of colonialism. Almost all the countries once ruled by some Western nations achieved their freedom. But most of them still have not been able to use that freedom to secure democracy. India is a brilliant exception. Our people are free to choose their representatives and our Press is free to criticise our rulers.

Even then much is left to be improved. Often our choice is determined by wrong reasons – those of caste, community, and religion. We are also influenced by glamour and many illusory factors. Money also plays a greater role than idealism. We must overcome such defects in the system.

We must remember that Mother India is not a piece of earth, but a godhead – as Sri Aurobindo put it during the first phase of our struggle for freedom. Democracy can become a worthy offering to Mother India only when those who have been elected dedicate themselves to the welfare of the nation.

Visit us at : <http://www.chandamama.org>

“I have not permitted myself, gentlemen, to conclude that I am the best man in the country; but I am reminded, in this connection, of a story of an old Dutch farmer who remarked to a companion once that ‘it was not best to swap horses while crossing streams.’”

“I have stepped out upon this platform that I may see you and that you may see me, and in the arrangement I have the best of the bargain.”

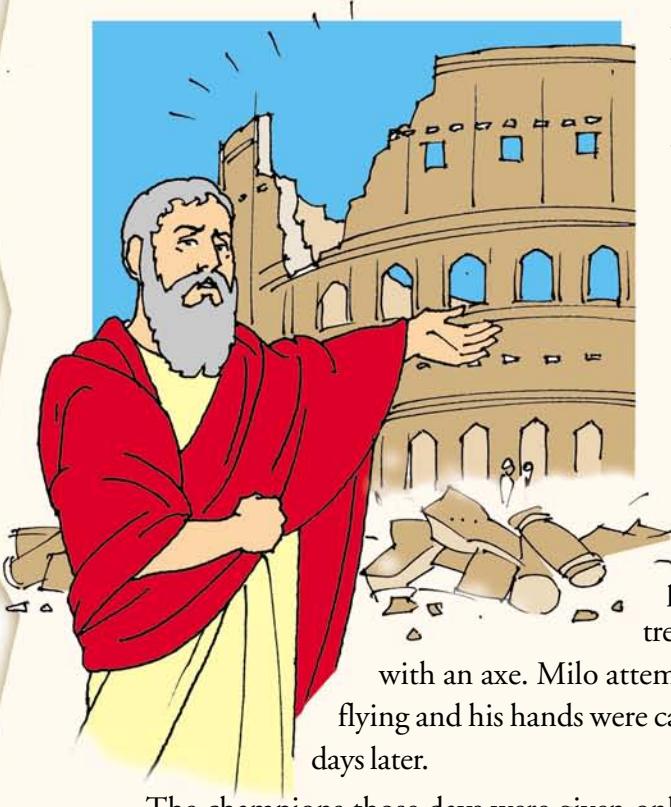
- Abraham Lincoln

Enter Gladiators Exit Olympic Games



The history of the Olympic Games tells us that the Ancient Games came to an end with Emperor Theodosius calling them 'pagan shows'. The Games, which had reached its peak by 400 B.C., had started declining after the Roman conquest of Greece in the first century A.D.

The Romans introduced gladiatorial spectacles as part of the Games. Instead of armed single combat between man and man, they were between human beings and wild animals. Called Bestiarii, the spectacles naturally ended in animal slaughter. At the time of Emperor Trajan, it is said that some 9,000 animals were killed. Somehow, wild animals were considered enemies and human society wanted to protect themselves from the hostile forces of nature. A change came about with the spread of Christianity, and there began attempts to end gladiatorial combats.



Some of the events in the Games, too, had become brutal. The contestants, at the end of the events, sometimes got so disfigured that even their friends would not recognise them. It appears that the Greek hero Ulysses, when he reached home, was recognised only by his pet dog! Another hero called Stratophon was so battered for nearly four hours that even his pet dog failed to take note of him.

The event called pankration was a brutal combination of boxing and wrestling and sometimes it would be difficult even to spot the winner easily, as both contestants would be so badly maimed. Milo of Croton was a pankration champion. He was so proud of his strength that while returning from a Games, he saw a tree in which the woodcutter had inserted wedges in the cuts he made

with an axe. Milo attempted to widen the cuts with his bare hands and the wedge went flying and his hands were caught fast. He had died when he was found in that position some days later.

The champions those days were given only an Olive wreath, though back home they might enjoy many benefits and receive gifts. Those who were caught cheating at the Games would have a statue called Zane erected at the foot of Mount Kronius. The name of the participant and the nature of his misbehaviour would be chiselled on the statue! Not only that; he would be made to pay the cost of the statue!

In A.D. 393, a band of Goth marauders attacked the shrine at Olympia. Soon after that Emperor Theodosius, who was a devout Christian, banned the Olympic Games and ordered the magnificent statue of Zeus removed from the place. The next few years saw the destruction of the other temples in and around the stadia at Olympia. The Olympics died and the valley was soon deserted.

In 1829, some German and French archaeologists were conducting some excavations at what was once Olympia. In the Temple of Hera, they found a disc engraved with the name Iphitus. This seems to have inspired the revival of the Olympic Games.

A Scholar's Advice

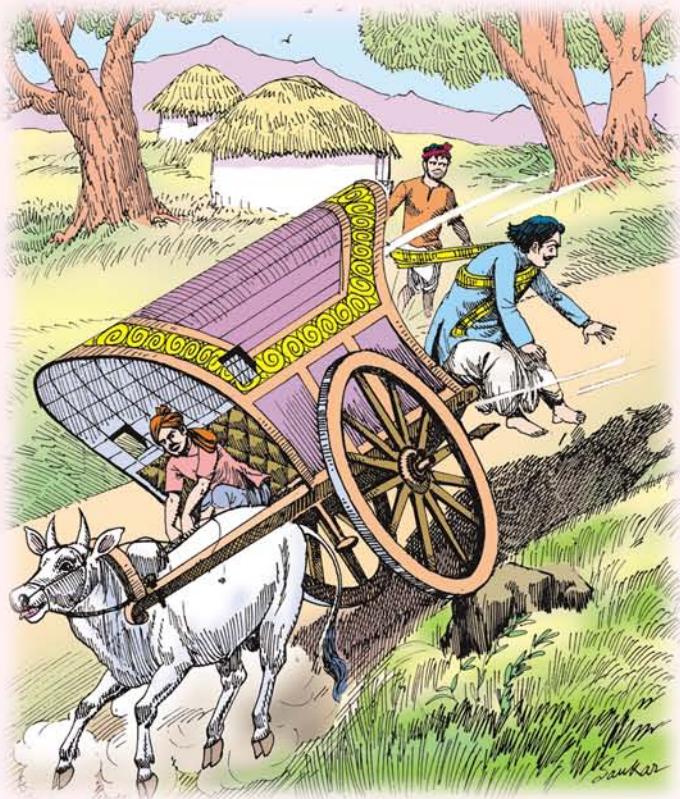
Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. The howling of the jackals mingled with the weird laughter of the unearthly beings. Flashes of lightning revealed ghastly faces.

But King Vikram did not swerve. He climbed the ancient tree and brought down the corpse. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, the way you are toiling hard to achieve your goal is commendable. Generally, a king takes counselling on matters pertaining to administration from his efficient ministers. But sometimes even the so called efficient ministers may misguide the king on certain things. Probably in your case also, you have been misled to this venture by the advice of someone. I shall prove this with the following story."

The vampire went on : In olden days, the village of Sripur was administered by a chief by name Srinath. He used to take the advice of an eminent scholar Debnath of the same village in resolving issues related to the village administration. Debnath with his sound logic and analytical capabilities, used to assist Srinath in taking decisions.

It so happened that there was an old man in the village by name Trimurthy, who was nearly fifty years old. He fell ill and could not do any work. His son Trisang was a healthy young man. But being a jobless youth, he started begging in the village to take care of himself and his family. Once he happened to go to the house of Debnath for begging much to the chagrin of the scholar. He rebuked Trisang, "You're an able-bodied young man. Aren't you ashamed of begging? So far you were doing nothing and





depending on your father. Now when your father is unwell, you have started depending on others. If I see you begging again, I shall punish you.”

Now the youth got scared and he fled from the village itself, making his ailing father really desperate. Taking pity on the sick man, Debnath told the chief of the village, “It’s the duty of the chief to take care of the destitute persons. So you must engage someone to take care of the sick old man on a daily basis.” The chief at first was not impressed with this suggestion. He said, “It is because of you that his son quit the village. Now you are shifting his responsibility to me.” Then Debnath explained to the chief, “We can’t encourage a healthy young man to beg, but at the same time, we cannot ignore his ailing helpless father.”

The chief was thus somehow convinced and he made arrangements to take care of the ailing old man. In that village, there were three jobless vagabonds, Bhim, Ranga, and Mangal. They thought of taking advantage in the same manner and approached the chief. They told him, “Sir, our parents are very old and being jobless, we are not able to take care of them. Hence we request you to give us jobs and help us.” The chief, however, refused to give

them any job. At that time Debnath came there. On hearing their conversation, Debnath intervened, “Probably, you three are prompted by Trisang’s case. Assistance is given to his father, since Trisang has fled from this village. Are you also willing to go away from this village?”

The three men retorted instantly, “Why should we go away like Trisang? It is the chief’s responsibility to give us jobs.”

On hearing their inciting remark, the chief got furious and immediately ordered their expulsion from the village. All the three had to quit the village in accordance with the order of the chief.

A few months passed. The chief came to know that the three young men had secured jobs in the neighbouring village Sathyapur, but they had not changed their evil ways. By chance the chief happened to go to Sathyapur once. He set out in a bullock cart.

Unfortunately, on the highway, the cart rode over a boulder and turned turtle. Both the chief and the cartman were injured. The chief lost his senses also. It so happened that one of the vagabonds, Bhim, was casually passing along that road and saw the accident.

Bhim immediately rushed to their rescue and took them to a doctor in Sathyapur. He examined the victims and told Bhim that the injury of the chief was serious. He further said that an attendant was needed constantly to nurse him and that someone should also stand guarantee for the medical expenses likely to be incurred. Without hesitating even for a moment, Bhim offered to stay as an attendant and agreed to stand guarantee for the expenses, too. More than the treatment of the doctor it was Bhim’s dedicated care of the patient that made the chief recover very quickly. In the mean time many villagers and the chief’s family members arrived at the place after hearing about the accident. Everyone thanked Bhim for his timely help.

The chief in particular thanked Bhim heartily. But Bhim replied modestly, “Sir, we three had done a lot of evil things in the past. But later we felt bad and prayed to god to give us an opportunity to help others and thus redeem our past sins. Now I got the first chance.”

The chief then returned to his village. He now started having a soft corner for Bhim who had saved his life. So

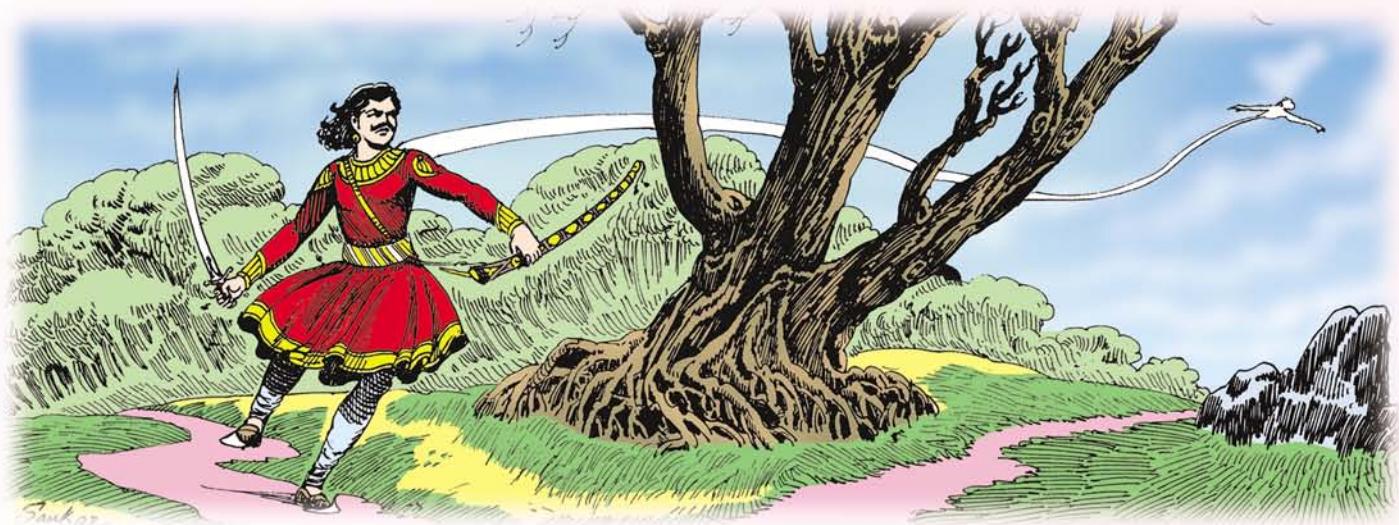
he confided to Debnath, "I'm indebted to Bhim and I want to withdraw my expulsion order on Bhim and want to give him a job also. What do you feel?"

Debnath reacted, "It is upto you to pardon him and help him also. My only suggestion is that you should not travel in a bullock cart in future and endanger your life. Thereby you will only be giving chances to his two friends to come to your help and get away with their misdeeds."

The vampire paused here, and asked, "O King, this Debnath may be a scholar but he appears to be totally devoid of any mercy, sympathy, or compassion. Look at his heartless suggestion. He seems to discourage the chief from helping Bhim. Don't you think he is inhuman? In spite of your knowing the answer, if you keep silent, your head will roll off your shoulders!"

Vikram replied instantly, "The one thing that distinguishes a human being from an animal is compassion. But that compassion should not come in the way of making a fair decision. Bhim was just a vagabond, not a hard core criminal. It was out of compassion that Bhim helped the chief at the time of the accident, which any normal human being would do. But it does not show that he has become an angel and he is worthy of being given a job. Again the chief was ready to excuse him and give him a job out of compassion. He too approached the issue emotionally. But Debnath thought about this sensibly not allowing the heart to rule the head and his decision is the right one. He is by no means a heartless person."

Since the king had broken his silence, the vampire along with the corpse gave him the slip. The king drew his sword and went after him.



Tit for tat

Raghunath, the town's richest shopkeeper, was woken up at six in the morning by a series of urgent rings on his doorbell. Wondering what emergency it was that necessitated his being called at this unearthly hour, he rushed to the door and opened it, only to find a ragged beggar standing outside, whining, "Alms, master!"

"Was it you who rang the bell?" he asked, dazed.

"Yes," answered the beggar nonchalantly.

Raghunath gave vent to his fury, shouting, "Do you know what time it is, fellow? How dare you get me out of bed at this ungodly hour to beg for alms?"

"Look, mister, do I tell you what time you should open your shop?" retorted the beggar. "So, don't you tell me what time I should start my work!"



THE MAGIC WHEEL

Long, long ago there lived two brothers. The elder one was rich and had everything that money could buy. He had a huge house full of servants; a garden full of flowers, fruits and vegetables, grand clothes, horses and carriages and enough money to do whatever he wanted. The younger brother was very poor. He lived in a tiny little cottage that was icy cold in winter and hot and stuffy in summer. All he had was a rugged little field that yielded very little crop, so he could barely manage to have two square meals a day.

The elder brother, despite having so much, was mean and selfish and hated to share his wealth with anyone else. He took no notice of his brother who led such a miserable life next door.

It was the time of Easter and everyone in the country was merry making. The elder brother was having a big party in his house where he had called everyone except his brother and his family. The younger brother, who had eaten nothing for the last few days, decided to go and ask for some leftovers from his elder brother. He knew that he would not be welcome at his house but at least he could bring something to feed his family.

"Please give me something to eat," he pleaded. "My wife and children are hungry. In return I promise to do whatever you ask me to."

The elder brother was very annoyed to see him but when the younger brother kept on pleading, he picked up a piece of bread from the table, buttered it and threw it to him. "There!" he said. "Take that and go to the devil! And don't ever dare come back here."

The younger brother picked up the piece of bread. He was about to rush back home when he remembered that he had promised to do whatever his brother asked him to. He did not know where the devil lived but he had to find him somehow before he took the piece of bread home. He walked on and on, asking people the way as he went, and finally reached the devil's door. The devil was just taking his after-dinner walk by the gate. He was surprised to see a stranger outside.

"Who are you? And what's that you are holding?" he asked curiously.

"It's a buttered piece of bread," said the younger brother.

"It looks delicious. Why don't you give it to me? I'd like to taste it," said the devil.

"It's all I have and I must share it with my family for dinner," said the younger brother.

"Never mind that," said the devil smacking his lips, "You give me the bread and I shall give you a magic wheel. The wheel will give you whatever you ask for. So you won't remain poor any longer."

The younger brother



gave him the bread and thanked him for the magic wheel. "But you must teach me how to make it stop." The devil laughed. "You are a clever fellow. Most people would not remember to ask me that." He taught the magic chant to the younger brother as he handed him the wheel. He thanked the devil once again for his kindness and started for home.

His wife was very worried and was wondering what could have happened when the younger brother walked in with the magic wheel. "Where have you been?" she cried. "And you've brought us no food. Are we to go to bed hungry even on Easter night?"

"Don't worry, you will soon have all the goodies you want to have and more," said her husband as he set the wheel on the table. "Wheel, give us a wonderful dinner!" he said, repeating the magic chant. In a moment the table was full of the most delicious dishes – soup, meat, poultry, eggs, fish, bread and buns galore, puddings and pies. And, of course, there was the special delicacy of Norway – soup and herrings. Everyone stuffed themselves until they could eat no more. Then the wheel provided them with new clothes and soft, warm beds with cosy blankets. They went to sleep wondering if all this was a dream and if they would find themselves in their cold and dreary room when morning came. But nothing changed. Soon the younger brother was as rich and prosperous as his elder brother and had everything that he wanted.

The news that the younger brother now had a grand place of his own soon reached the elder brother. He did not believe it at first. But when he went to check it out for himself, he was amazed to see the change in his brother's condition.



"Who gave you all this money?" he asked his brother.

"The magic wheel," said the younger brother pointing to the wheel on the shelf.

"Rubbish! I don't believe you!" said the elder brother. "You'd better tell me where you got your wealth from or I'll make you sorry."

"I'm telling you, it's all because of the wheel," said the younger brother.

"Wait, I'll show you how it works." He fetched the wheel and placed it on the table. "Wheel, let me have some wonderful fruits," he ordered. In a moment the table was full of luscious fruits.

The elder brother simply snatched the wheel from the younger brother and walked away. "I'm the elder. The wheel should rightfully belong to me." The younger brother shrugged and smiled.

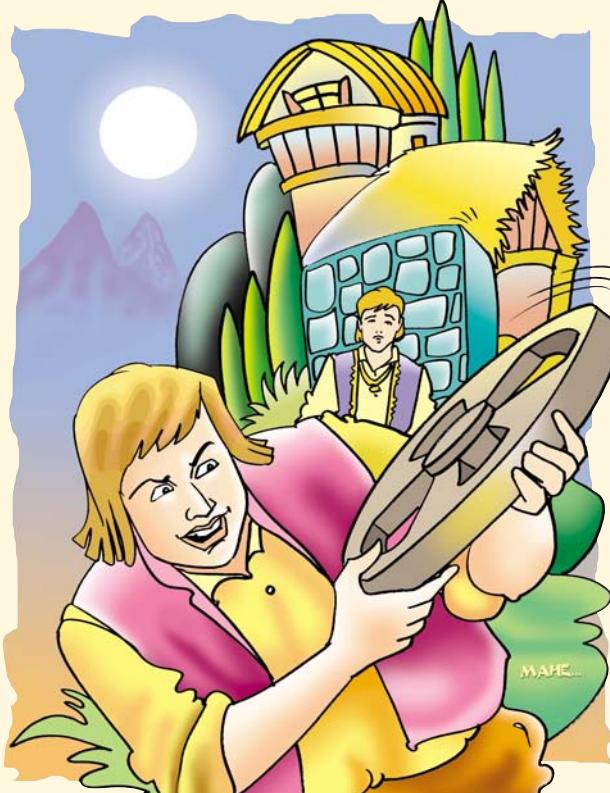
'I shall soon surprise everyone,' said the elder brother to himself. After reaching home he asked his wife to go and supervise the workers in the fields. He then placed the wheel on his table and said, "Wheel, let me have soup and herrings. Plenty of it." The wheel obediently started pouring soup and herrings in the big soup tureen. Once the tureen was full, it went on pouring soup in all the other containers including tubs and buckets.

"Stop, stop! I don't want any more," said the elder brother. "You have given us enough to feed an army!" But the wheel did not stop! It needed a special magic chant to make it stop, and the elder brother did not know it. The wheel continued to pour more and more soup until the entire house was full of it. Very soon the soup rose to the level of the windows and started flowing out. Before long there was a river of soup with big waves

where the herrings floated and everything in the house flew out with it. "Stop, stop!" cried the elder brother again and again. "I shall soon lose everything and my house will be ruined!" But the magic wheel did not stop and turned the place into a lake of soup where the elder brother's house, gardens, orchards and stables were all drowned.

The elder brother swam along the river of soup and reached his younger brother's house.

"Please save me from the wheel and make it stop," he pleaded. The wheel had also come floating behind him. The younger brother picked it up and whispered the magic chant. Instantly it stopped pouring out soup. But the lake and river of soup remained though it soon grew lighter and turned to water.



"You shouldn't have snatched the wheel from me," said the younger brother. "I would have willingly given it to you if only you had asked for it."

"I don't want your wheel," said the elder brother with a shudder. "But my house and everything is ruined. What shall I do now?"

"I shall give you enough money to build a new house. But please try to be a little less selfish in future and try to share things with others," said the younger brother.

"And now that we both have enough, I think I shall return the wheel to the devil," he said to himself. But no one heard him.

The elder brother left with the money and built a house far away from that of the younger brother. He wasn't going anywhere near the magic wheel and risk his life again!

- By Swapna Dutta

Friends who became brothers

Munna Lal and Sonu Bhai had been friends for years, but their friendship fell on hard times and the day came when they found themselves in court as adversaries. Both were nearly deaf, but that did not deter them in the least.

"Your honour," explained Munna Lal, "Sonu Bhai owes me for a used car I sold him, and he won't pay."

"That's a lie!" shouted Sonu Bhai, who had cupped his hand to his ear so as to better hear every word. "I never touched the man's whisky!"

"Cheating at cards, is it?" yelled Munna Lal, red-faced with indignation. "I don't play cards. The man is a liar!"

The judge glared at both of the quarrelling men and rapped sharply with his gavel.

"Now that'll be enough of this," he barked. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. She's your mother and you should both support her!"



To the River

It was raining when we woke up, and the mountains were hidden by a heavy mist. We delayed our departure, playing football on the verandah with one of the pumpkins that had fallen off the roof. At noon the rain stopped and the sun shone through the clouds. As the mist lifted, we saw the snow range, the great peaks of Nandakot and Trisul stepping into the sky.

"It's different up here," said Kamal. "I feel a different person."

"That's the altitude," I said. "As we go higher, we'll get lighter in the head."

"Anil is light in the head already," said Kamal. "I hope the altitude isn't too much for him."

"If you two are going to be witty," said Anil, "I shall go off with Bisnu, and you'll have to find the way yourselves."

Bisnu grinned at each of us in turn to show that he was not taking sides; and after a breakfast of boiled eggs, we set off on our trek to the next bungalow.

Rain had made the ground slippery, and we were soon ankle-deep in slush. Our next bungalow lay in a narrow valley, on the banks of the rushing Pindar river, which twisted its way through the mountains. We were not sure how far we had to go, but nobody seemed in a hurry. On an impulse, I decided to hurry on ahead of the others. I wanted to be waiting for them at the river.

The path dropped steeply, then rose and went round a big mountain. I met a woodcutter and asked him how far it was to the river. He was a short, stocky man, with gnarled hands and a weathered face.

"Seven miles," he said. "Are you alone?"

"No, the others are following, but I can't wait for them. If you meet them, tell them I'll be waiting at the river."

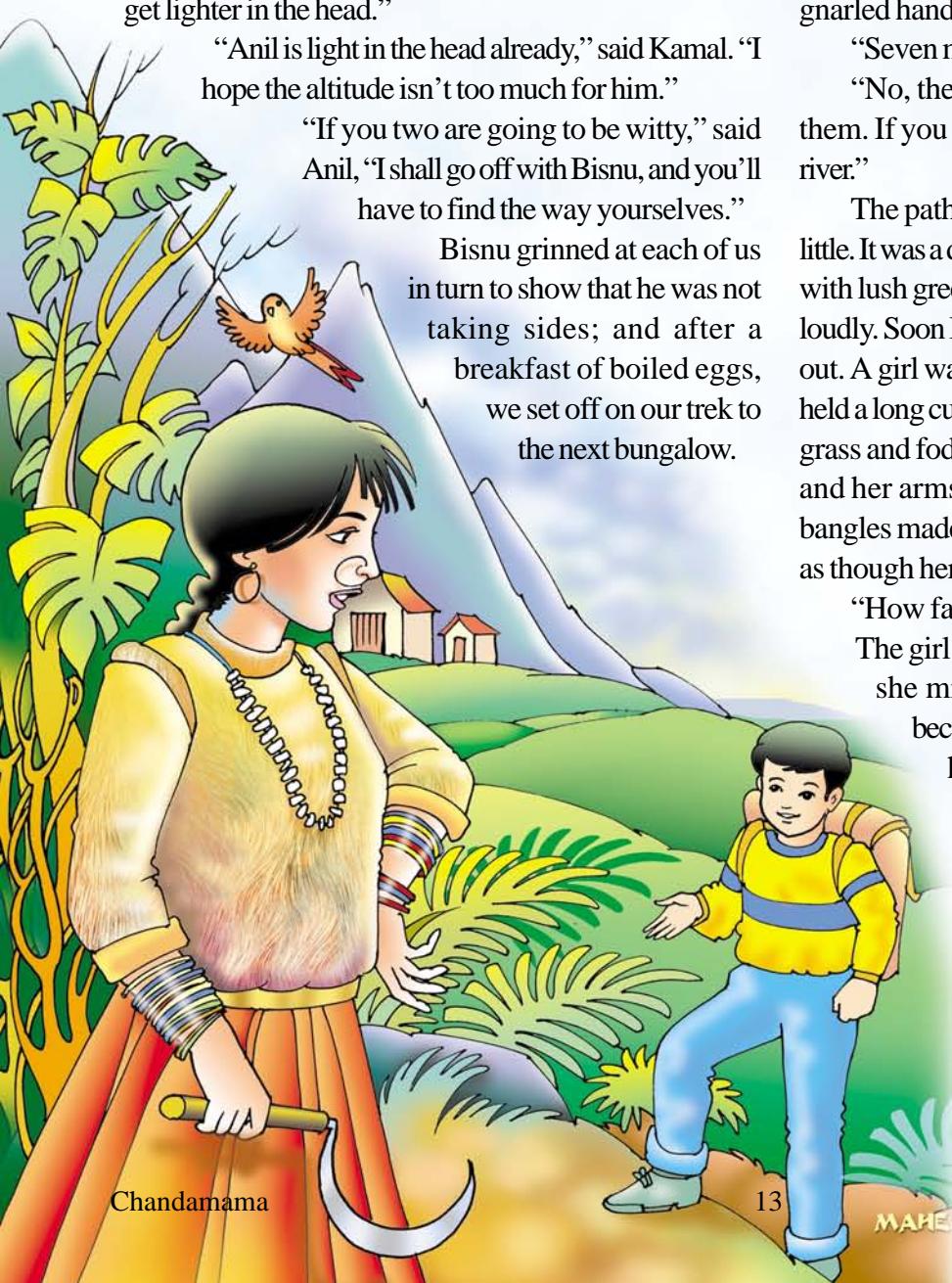
The path now descended steeply and I had to run a little. It was a dizzy, winding path. The hillside was covered with lush green ferns, and in the trees, unseen birds sang loudly. Soon I was in the valley, and the path straightened out. A girl was coming from the opposite direction. She held a long curved knife, with which she had been cutting grass and fodder. There were rings in her nose and ears, and her arms were covered with heavy bangles. The bangles made music when she moved her hands—it was as though her hands spoke a language of their own.

"How far is it to the river?" I asked.

The girl had probably never been near the river, or she might have been thinking of another one, because she replied "Twenty miles" without any hesitation.

I laughed and ran down the path. A parrot screeched suddenly, flew low over my head—a flash of blue and green—and took the course of the path, while I followed its dipping light, until the path rose and the bird disappeared into the trees.

A trickle of water came from the hillside, and I stopped to drink. The



water was cold and sharp and very refreshing. I had walked alone for nearly an hour. Presently I saw a boy ahead of me, driving a few goats along the path.

"How far is it to the river?" I asked, when I caught up with him.

The boy said, "Oh, not far, just round the next hill."

As I was hungry, I produced some dry bread from my pocket and breaking it in two, offered half to the boy. We sat on the grassy hillside and ate in silence. Then we walked on together and began talking and talking. I did not notice the smarting of my feet and the distance I had covered. But after some time the boy had to diverge along another path, and I was once more on my own.

I missed the village boy. I looked up and down the path, but I could see no one, no sign of Anil or Kamal or Bisnu, and the river was not in sight either. I began to feel discouraged. But I could not turn back; I was determined to be at the river before the others.

And so I walked on, along the muddy path, past terraced fields and small stone houses, until there were no more fields and houses, only forest and sun and silence.

The silence was impressive though a little frightening. It was different from the silence of a room of an empty street. Nor was there any movement, except for the bending of grass beneath my feet, and the circling of a hawk high above the fir trees.

And then, as I rounded a sharp bend, the silence broke into sound.

The sound of the river.

Far down in the valley, the river tumbled over itself

in its impatience to reach the plains. I began to run, slipped and stumbled, but continued running.

And the water was blue and white and wonderful.

When Anil, Kamal and Bisnu arrived, the four of us bravely decided to bathe in the little river. The late afternoon sun was still warm but the water—so clear and inviting—proved to be ice-cold. Only 20 miles upstream the river emerged as a little trickle from the glacier; and in its swift descent down the mountain slopes it did not give the sun a chance to penetrate its waters. But we were determined to bathe, to wash away the dust and sweat out of our two days' trudging, and we leapt about in the shallows like startled porpoises, slapping water on each other and gasping with the shock of each immersion. Bisnu, more accustomed to mountain streams than others, ventured across in an attempt to catch an otter, but was not fast enough. Then we were on the springy grass, wrestling each other in order to get warm.

The bungalow stood on an edge just above the river, and the sound of the water rushing down the mountain-side could be heard at all times. The sound of the birds, which we had grown used to, was drowned by the sound of the water, but the birds themselves could be seen many-coloured, standing out splendidly against the dark green forest foliage—the red-crowned jay, the paradise fly-catcher, the purple whistling-thrush, and others we could not recognize.

Higher up the mountain, above some terraced land where oats and barley were grown, stood a smaller cluster of huts. This, we were told by the watchman, was the last village on the way to the glacier. It was, in fact, one of the last villages in India, because if we crossed the difficult passes beyond the glacier, we would find ourselves in Tibet. We told the watchman we would be quite satisfied if we reached the glacier.

Then Anil made the mistake of mentioning the Abominable Snowman, of whom we had been reading in the papers. The people of Nepal believe in the existence of Snowman, and the watchman was a Nepali.

"Yes, I've seen the Yeti," he told us. "A great shaggy flat-footed creature. In the winter, when it snows heavily, he passes by the bungalow at night. I've seen his tracks the next morning."



“Does he come this way in the summer?” I asked anxiously. We were sitting before another of Bisnu’s fires, drinking tea with condensed milk, and trying to get through a black, sticky sweet which the watchman had produced from his tin trunk.

“The Yeti doesn’t come here in the summer,” said the old man. “But I’ve seen the Lidini sometimes. You have to be careful of her.”

“Who is a Lidini?” asked Kamal.

“Ah!” said the watchman mysteriously. “You’ve heard of the Abominable Snowman, no doubt, but few have heard of the Abominable Snowwoman! And yet she is far more dangerous of the two!”

“What is she like?” asked Anil, and we all craned forward.

“She is of the same height as the Yeti—about seven feet when her back is straight—and her hair is much longer. She has very long teeth and nails. Her feet face inward, but she can run very fast, especially downhill. If you see a Lidini, and she chases you, always run away in an uphill direction. She would tire quickly because of her feet. But when running downhill she has no trouble at all, and you have to be very fast to escape her!”

“Well, we’re all good runners,” said Anil with a nervous laugh. “But it’s just a fairy story, I don’t believe a word of it.”

“But you must believe fairy stories,” I said, remembering a performance of Peter Pan in London, when those in the audience who believed in fairies were asked to clap their hands in order to save Tinker Bell’s life. “Even if they aren’t true,” I added, deciding there was a world of difference between Tinker Bell and the Abominable Snowwoman.



“Well, I don’t believe there’s a Snowman or a Snowwoman!” declared Anil.

The watchman was most offended and refused to tell us anything about the Sagpa and Sagpani; but Bisnu knew about them and later, when we were in bed, he told us that they were similar to Snowwomen but much smaller. Their favourite past-time was sleeping, and they became very annoyed if anyone woke them up and became ferocious, and did not give one much time to start running uphill. The Sagpa and Sagpani sometimes kidnapped small children and taking them to their cave, would look after the children very carefully, feeding them on fruits, honey, rice and earthworms.

“When the Sagpa isn’t looking,” he said, “you can throw the earthworms over your shoulder.”

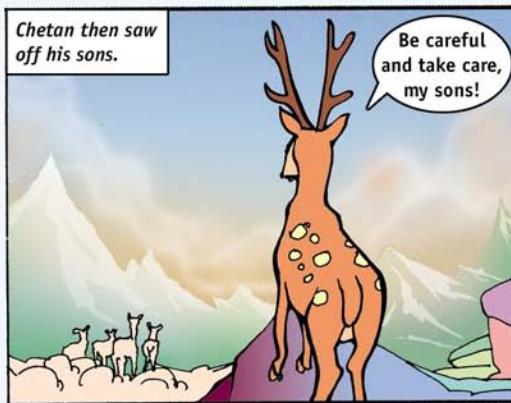
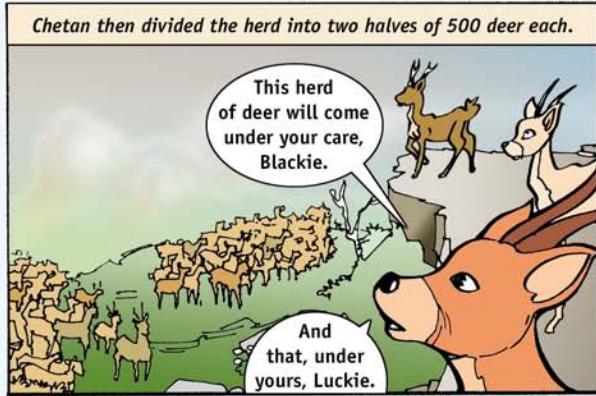
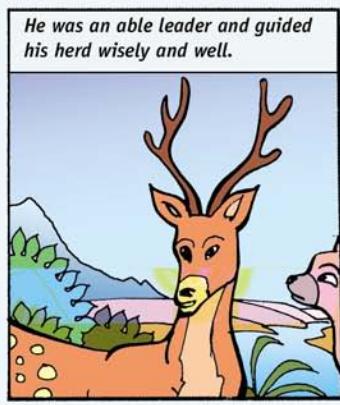
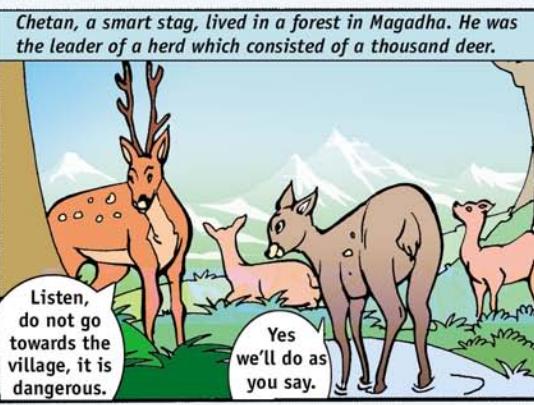
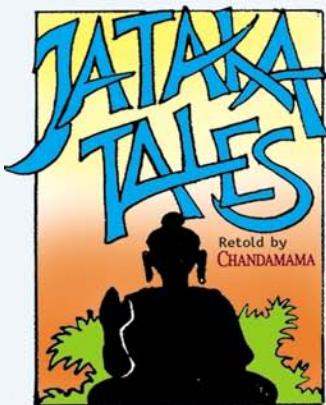


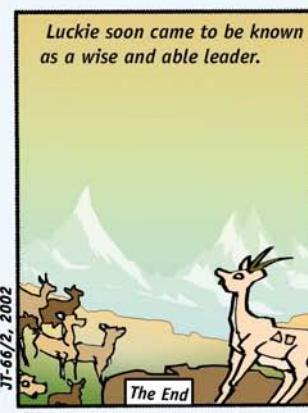
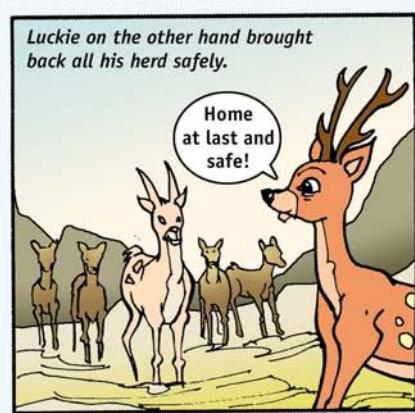
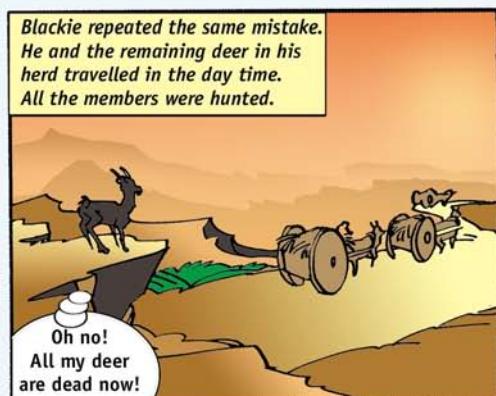
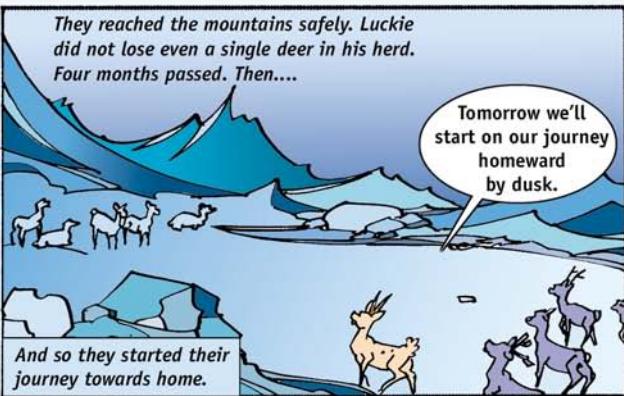
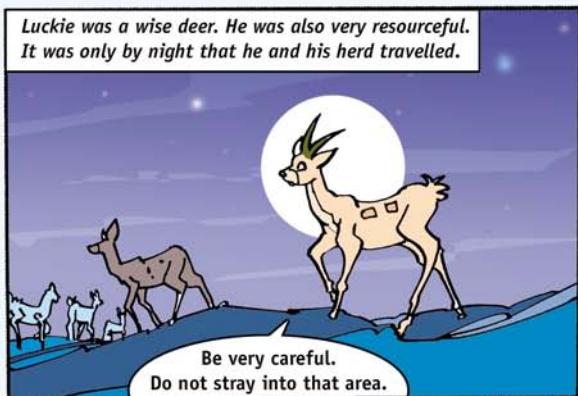
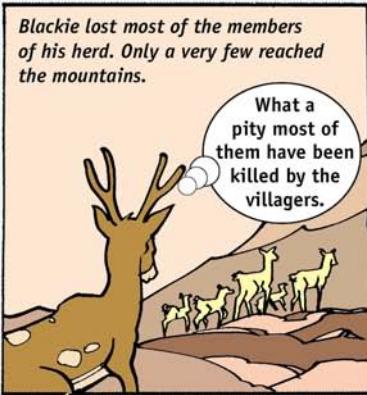
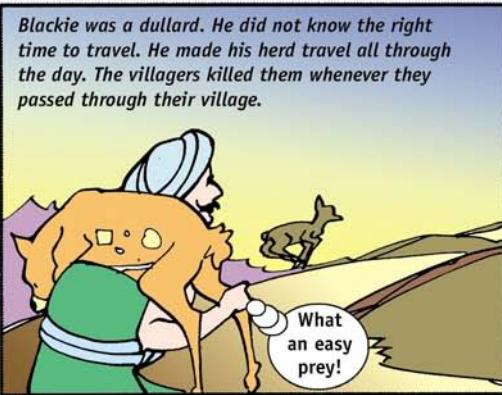
Lightning is a charge of electricity found in a cloud. The electrical charge can happen between parts of the same cloud, between two clouds, or between a cloud and the earth. When electricity stays in the clouds, it’s not dangerous. But when electricity runs down from the clouds to the earth, it’s time to watch out!

DID YOU KNOW?

A common housefly is faster - in one sense - than a jet plane. The fly moves 300 times its body length in one second, while the jet, at the speed of sound, travels 100 times its body length in one second.









Send your questions to :

Ask Away

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**No.82 Defence Officers Colony
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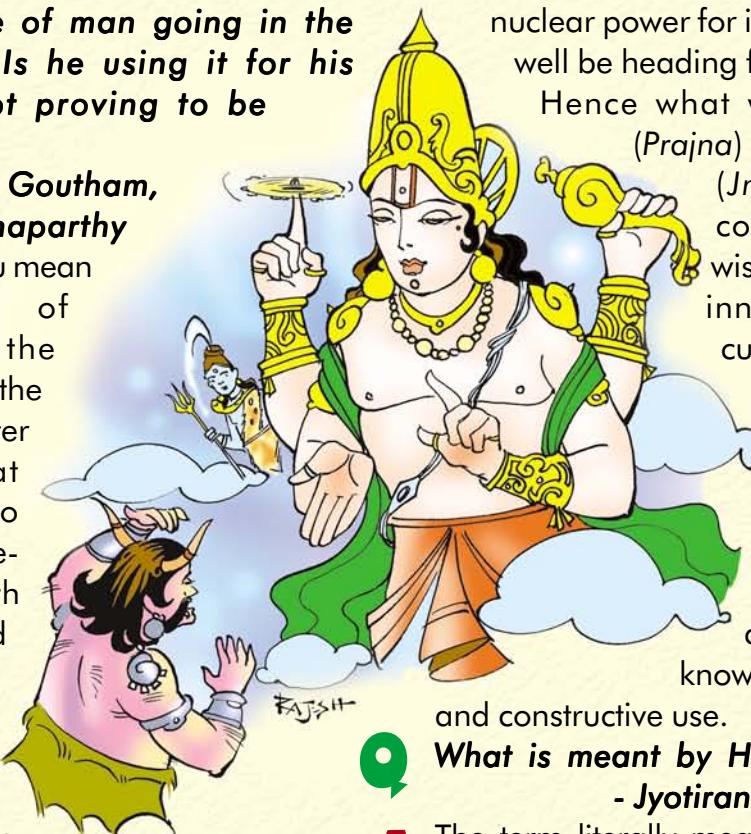
or e-mail to

askaway@chandamama.org.

Q **Is the knowledge of man going in the right direction? Is he using it for his benefit? Is it not proving to be destructive?**

A **- G. Ramsri Goutham, Wanaparthys**

By knowledge, if you mean the knowledge of science, life, the universe, etc., and the power that we muster along with that knowledge, it has so far been a double-edged sword; both helpful and harmful. It has enriched our life; at the same time it has endangered it. It reminds us of the ancient story of Bhasmasura. He was a demon who received from Lord Siva an unusual boon: anyone on whose head he would place his palm would perish instantly. The moment he obtained that power, he wanted to try it on the Lord Himself! However, Vishnu advised the demon that the easiest thing for him would be to try it on himself instead of running after Siva for an experiment. The foolish demon did so and perished instantly! The way we are handling our scientific knowledge and power – the



nuclear power for instance – we may very well be heading for Bhasmasura's fate.

Hence what we need is wisdom (Prajna) along with knowledge (Jnana). Knowledge comes from research; wisdom comes from an inner search. We must cultivate a quest for the truth of life; why we live and die; why we suffer, and what is the ultimate goal of our life, so on and so forth. Then alone can all external knowledge be put to proper and constructive use.

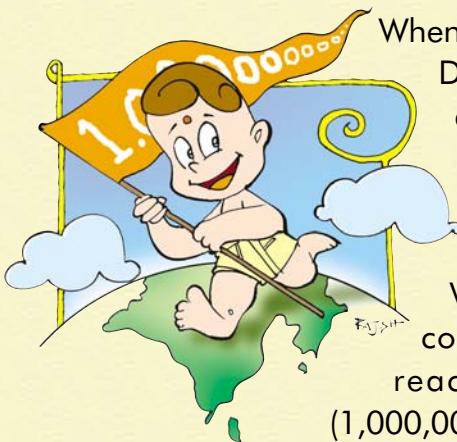
Q **What is meant by Hiranya Garbha?**

- Jyotiranjan Biswal, Durgapur

A The term literally means the golden womb. Needless to say, it is a figurative expression. Before we were born, we were in the wombs of our mothers. The creation, too, was potentially somewhere before its physical manifestation. That is the condition which is described as the golden womb. In Indian myths and symbolism, gold stands for the Divine splendour. The creation is splendid indeed; hence it came out of a golden womb. From this idea, different works of mythology use the term to mean Brahma, the Creator, or the creative energy itself or the Supreme Reality.



Astha, the billionth child



When Astha was born in a Delhi hospital at 5 a.m on May 11, 2000, she was creating history for India.

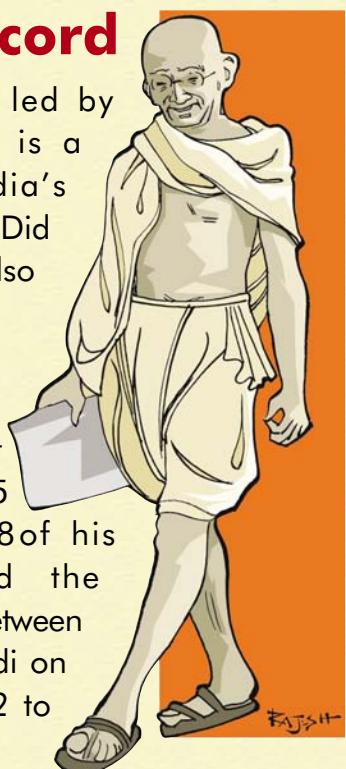
With her birth, the country's population reached the billion (1,000,000,000) mark. India's population at the turn of the 20th century was 230,000,000.

At the end of the century, the **world** population stood at 6,000,000,000. According to the World Health Organisation (WHO), India will be the most populated country by 2045.

A world record

The Dandi March led by Mahatma Gandhi is a landmark in India's struggle for freedom. Did you know that it is also a world record?

It is considered the greatest civil disobedience movement in the world lasting 25 days. Gandhiji and 78 of his followers covered the distance of 388 km between Sabarmati and Dandi on foot, from March 12 to April 5 in 1930.



Festivals all 300 days

Sri Ranganathaswami temple in Srirangam is unique inasmuch as it is one temple complex where nearly 300 days in a year are marked by one festival or other. It is also unique because it has the tallest (13 storeys rising to 235ft) tower (gopuram) among the temples in India. It is also one of the five prominent Vaishnava temples in the country. Srirangam is an island 15km from Tiruchirapalli. Apart from the main temple, there are separate temples in the complex for Ganesa, Vishnu, Durga, Rama and Lakshmana, Krishna (on a banyan leaf), Hanuman, Dhanvantari and others. Hence the large number of festivals, the most important of them being Vaikunta Ekadasi, which comes off in December.

Science Fair

- By Dilip M. Salvi



Remembering KALPANA CHAWLA

The other day I was visiting India's – and Asia's – first woman astronaut Kalpana Chawla's birthplace - Karnal, Haryana, about 120 km from Delhi. Tagore Baal Niketan is the school where she had her basic education. "Kalpana has shown the students of our school an inspiring path to follow," said Vimala Raheja, Director,

with pride. "All our students want to achieve big as she has." In fact, Kalpana used to invite two students from her school every year to join a NASA school programme for making them aware of space activities.

Today, the science laboratory in the newly built school building is named after her. The laboratory where she conducted physics experiments in Dyal Singh College, Karnal, is also dedicated to her. At this year's Republic Day parade in Karnal, Tagore Baal Niketan built a paper and bamboo model of a Space Shuttle as an exhibit. The students and teachers of Dyal Singh College created and displayed an electronic model in the physics lab showing how the Columbia shuttle entered terrestrial atmosphere and met with disaster on February 1 last year. A running 'Kalpana Chawla Memorial Trophy' has also been instituted by DAV College for Women, Karnal, for inter-college science quiz competition.

During schooling and college, Kalpana was an above average student who came in the first ten in a class of about 40 students. However, she took every pain to understand very well what was taught to her and read quite a lot of general books. She became an astronaut not because she had simply scored good marks but she was a good learner, who participated in all kinds of extra-curricular activities like debating, jogging, hitch-hiking, flying, and dancing. To become a NASA astronaut, she simply needed a graduate degree and a good physique.

Immortality at one stroke

The Indian physicist, Satyendra Nath Bose (1894-1974) was only 30 when he sent his paper 'Planck's Law and the Light Quantum Hypothesis' to the great physicist Albert Einstein for scrutiny. He did not then know that he was on the road to immortality in modern physics. The paper led to the concept of 'Bosons', a class of elementary particles named after him, which swamp half the universe! For centuries to come, no text-book of modern physics published anywhere in the world can go without mentioning Bosons.

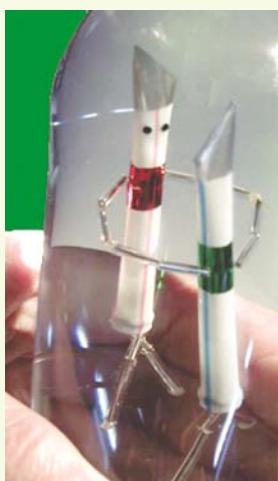


SCIENTIFIC TOYS

Science and toys sound to be diagonally opposite subjects. Science sounds serious while toys have everything to do with children. But, can't there be toys invented which could explain a scientific concept or principle to a child playing with them? Nowadays, efforts are on to create scientific toys for children so that science becomes a plaything.

Following are two historic scientific toys, perhaps mentioned in your text-books:-

Cartesian Diver or Devil



The Cartesian Diver or Devil is a puzzling and instructive philosophical toy. Named after the French mathematician Rene Descartes (1596-1650), renowned for 'Cartesian coordinates', it was however invented half a century before his birth and is not mentioned in his writings. How his name got stuck to this scientific toy is not clear. Actually, it is a primitive submarine meant to explain the action of the swim-bladder of a fish.

Kaleidoscope was invented in 1816 by the British physicist David Brewster (1781-1868), who made contributions to polarization of light, as a pastime to amuse youngsters. Although he patented the toy, it was so easy to build that before he realized it, the toy had been manufactured on a large scale and marketed all over Europe! It became very popular among the young within no time. Even today, it is sold by street peddlers in India. Based on the multiple reflection of light, it is nowadays used by designers and artists to create novel designs and patterns.

Science Quiz

1. What is the study of earthquakes called?
(a) Geology (b) Seismology (c) Meteorology
(d) Oceanography
2. Which of the following Asian countries has a considerable portion as peninsula?
(a) India (b) Japan (c) China (d) Nepal
3. Which mineral is used in driving a wrist watch?
(a) Quartz (b) Mica (c) Alum (d) Graphite
4. Which of the following birds cannot fly?
(a) Kiwi (b) Crow pheasant (c) Koel (d) Babbler
5. Who discovered radio waves?
(a) Karl Jansky (b) Heinrich Hertz (c) J.C. Bose
(d) Jocelyn Bell

Answers: 1.(b) 2.(a) 3.(a) 4.(a) 5.(b)

Kaleidoscope



SAYING OF A SCIENTIST

A great many more things are known than can be proved. *- Richard Feynman*

To make any science, something else than pure logic is necessary. *- Henri Poincare*

Eyesight should learn from reason. *- Johannes Kepler*

When you can do the common things of life in an uncommon way, you'll command the attention of the world. *- George Washington Carver*

What science sows, the people will reap. *- Dimitri I. Mendeleef*

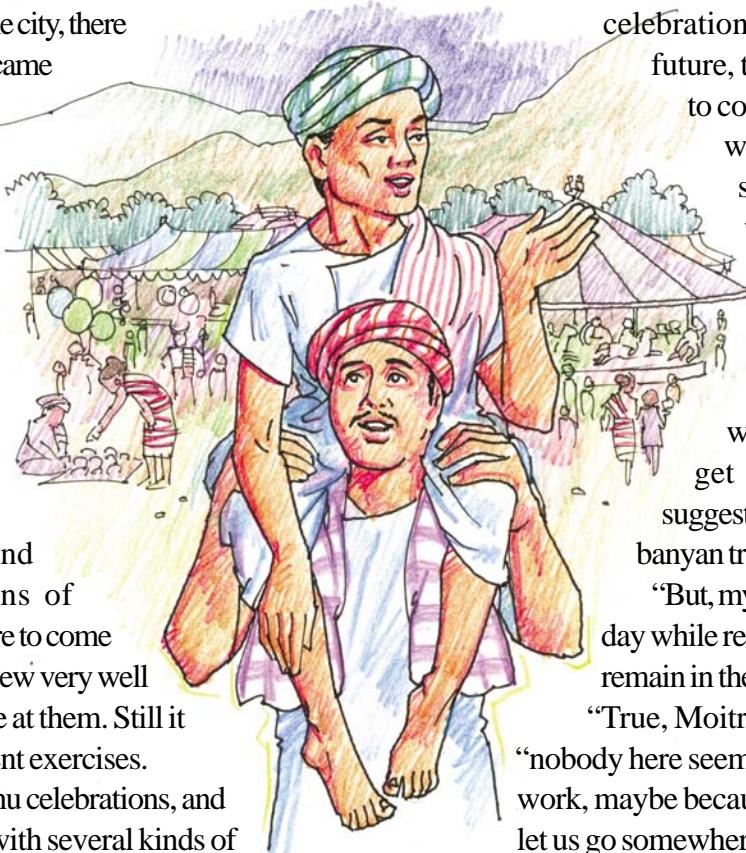


How a giant is outwitted

In a village far away from the city, there lived two friends. They became friends under strange circumstances. Moitra was blind from birth and Phukan was lame— also from birth. As they could not give much help in their respective households, they often met beneath the nearby banyan tree and spent their time in gossip. Sometimes, they would resort to day-dreaming and think up ways and means of spending a fortune if they were to come by a windfall, though they knew very well that Fortune would not smile at them. Still it remained one of their frequent exercises.

They were the days of Bihu celebrations, and the entire village was agog with several kinds of merry-making. There was dance and music, and light entertainment. People from the neighbouring villages, too, had arrived to join the festivities. Of course, there were fairs, too. Unfortunately, Moitra and Phukan seem to have been forgotten. They did not want to be left out, so they devised a plan. Moitra would carry Phukan on his shoulders. From his perch he could guide Moitra who was strong and sturdy on his legs. Phukan was lean and lanky, and Moitra had no difficulty carrying him. They went round the fairs and Phukan showed his talents in describing the sights for the benefit of Moitra. Both of them enjoyed the extraordinary outing they had had.

Bihu came and went. Though there were no



celebrations expected in the near future, the two friends decided to continue the arrangement which they found satisfactory. The two would go out, Phukan riding on the shoulders of Moitra and going to places they had not been so far. The latter would not allow himself to get tired. He would then suggest that they returned to the banyan tree for a well-earned rest.

“But, my friend,” said Moitra one day while resting, “how long can we remain in the village without a job?”

“True, Moitra,” responded Phukan, “nobody here seems willing to give us any work, maybe because of our disability. So, let us go somewhere else.”

“That’s a good idea. If we are not engaged by anybody, we shall start some business of our own. Anyway, let’s go away and do something,” proposed Moitra.

“I have but on fear, Moitra,” said Phukan with some hesitation.

“What is it, my friend?” queried Moitra.

“Carrying me within this village is all right,” said Phukan, “but we may have to go long distances to the city ...”

Moitra did not allow him to complete the sentence. “Don’t worry, my dear friend, about my physical strength. After all, whenever I feel tired, we can take rest wherever

we reach. Luckily, you're not fat! Remember, without your guidance, I can't be going anywhere."

The next morning, the two friends went to the nearby temple, offered prayers and started on their adventurous journey. As they proceeded, Phukan on the shoulders of Moitra began describing the sights on either side of the way and Moitra did not feel the weight he had on his shoulders.

At one place Phukan saw a small drum under a tree, presumably left by someone who knew how to play it. He thought it might come useful. Moitra suggested that they rested for a while and took the drum with them when they resumed their journey.

Sometime later, they came across a well. They drew water, quenched their thirst, and took a piece of rope that they found lying there. Phukan tied the rope to the drum so that he could sling it across his shoulder. A while later, they reached a pond surrounded by tall trees. They decided to rest there and lay down on the grass.

Phukan noticed a tortoise crawling towards them. He drew the attention of Moitra and said, "Should we carry it or leave it here?"

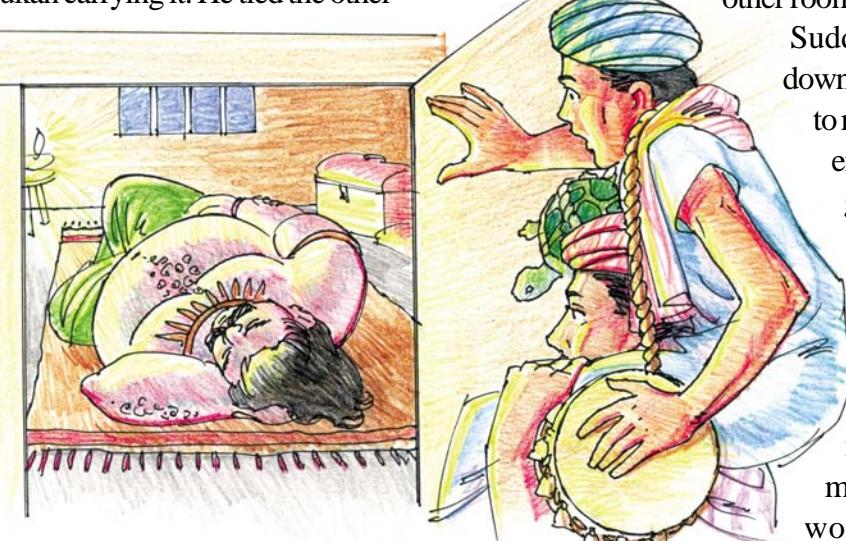
"But what shall we do with a tortoise?" asked Moitra. "Who knows we might not find it useful?" said Phukan. "I see that it is crawling towards us. It may be a coincidence. It could be that the tortoise wants our company."

Moitra agreed to Phukan carrying it. He tied the other end of the rope to the tortoise and slung it over his shoulder as they resumed their journey. Now it was slowly getting dark, and they had reached a jungle. Moitra was getting tired. "We must find a place to stay for the night," he told



Phukan, who now stood on Moitra's shoulders so that he could get a better view of the place. "I can see a house at a distance. Come on, friend, let us go there."

There was nobody around, and so they entered the house. From one of the rooms came a loud snore and Phukan found an ugly giant sleeping there. The two felt terrified for a while. But, it was already night and they could not possibly wander in search of another place for their stay. Suddenly Phukan realised that the door of the room where the giant lay could be bolted from outside. He did that without making any noise and they went into the other room which could be closed from inside. Much to their relief they found that the room was full of foodstuff which they ate with much relish and lay down to rest. Phukan every now and then got up to peep through a window and see whether there was any movement in the other room.



Suddenly, the drum fell down as the tortoise began to move. The sound was enough to wake up the giant. He was surprised to find his door locked from outside. 'Who could be bold enough to come to my house and do this mischief?' he wondered. He began

banging at the door. "Open the door!" he shouted. The banging continued unabated.

For sometime there was no sound from the other room. Moitra whispered into the ears of Phukan. "We must respond with something louder than that!" Phukan took the drum and rattled it creating a loud noise, louder than the shouts of the giant and his banging on the door. This rattled the giant. 'Is it another giant—more powerful than I—in the other room?' he told himself, rather puzzled. "Who are you?" he called out.

Moitra, who had a gruff voice, answered, "first say who you are."

"I'm a giant!" came the reply.

"I'm the king of giants!" Moitra shouted as loud as possible.

"You're just boasting. What proof have you to claim that you are a super giant?" the giant threw a challenge.

"First give me proof of your superiority!" said Moitra.

The giant pulled out a strand of hair and threw it through the window of the other room. It fell on the floor with a loud thud. "If that's just a strand of hair on my head, you can judge how much strength I have!"

Moitra made Phukan climb on to his shoulders. "Throw the rope in." He then shouted, "Look at the thickness of my hair. I can tie up your hands and feet with just one strand!"

The giant was now really frightened. How else could he prove his might? He plucked a lice from his hair. "See what a big lice I have! It's as big as a frog! Are you now satisfied that I'm stronger than you?" he said with some hope of being recognised as such.

Moitra could not think of a way to outsmart the giant. It was then that Phukan remembered the tortoise. He

picked it up and threw it through the window. "I can kill your lice underneath my feet," challenged Moitra, "You try to smash my lice like that! You won't be able to!"

The giant angrily crushed the tortoise under his feet. The shell was so hard that it would not break. The giant was now convinced that the adversary in the other room was really stronger. If he were to face him, he would be nowhere near a match. He changed his strategy.

"All right, I accept your superiority," he said meekly. "Please come out, I want to make you my friend. We can live together here."

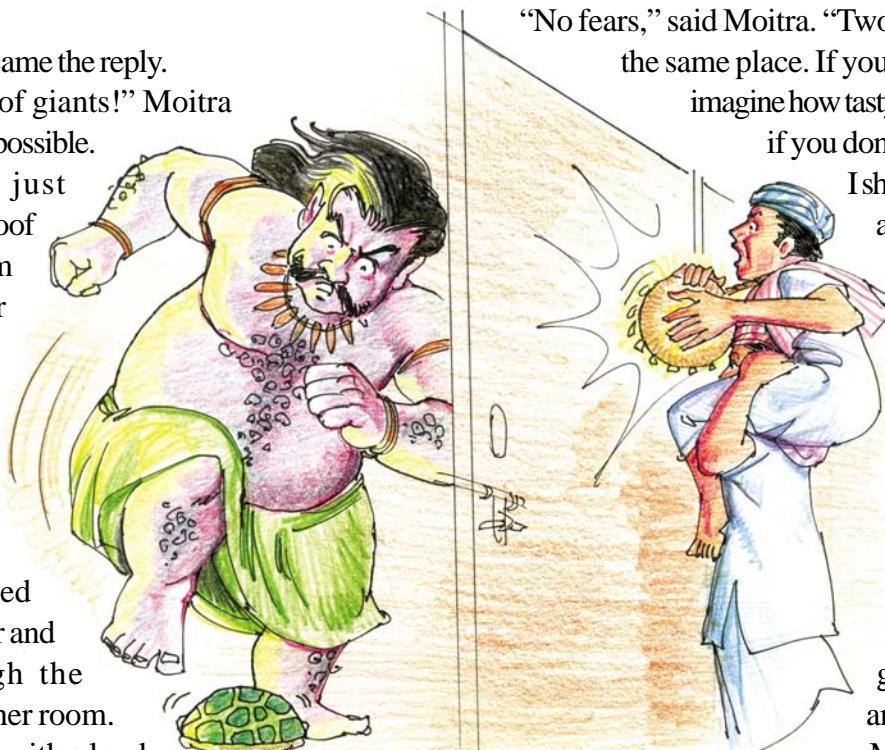
"No fears," said Moitra. "Two giants cannot live in the same place. If your lice is so tasty, I can imagine how tasty your flesh will be. So, if you don't go away from here, I shall make you my lunch and dinner. Shall I come out?" he said raising his voice.

"No, no, I shall go away from here," said the giant. "You stay here and take all my possessions." As he turned to leave, he heard the latch being removed. He got the fright of his life and began to run away.

Moitra and Phukan came out and saw that there was no trace of the giant. When they went into the other room, they were surprised to see the wealth the giant had in his possession. They collected precious stones and silver ornaments, as many as they could. Phukan saw a bottle of collyrium near the giant's bed. "Here, Moitra, you apply this to your eyes."

Moitra rubbed his eyes and he could now see everything clearly. He saw another bottle with some oil-like thing. He made Phukan apply it on his legs and he found that he was no more lame.

The happy friends slowly made their way back to their village where they lived happily after building a huge house for themselves.



Better Than That!

Francois - Joseph, Emperor of Austria, like many rulers, loved to walk alone in disguise in the streets of capital Vienna. One day, he went for a drive in the countryside. He was alone and he drove the carriage himself. It was a Sunday, the weather was pleasant, and the emperor saw many people in their Sunday best, amusing themselves very much.

However, the sky darkened towards the afternoon and soon it started raining. The emperor, who was well protected inside his carriage, decided to return to the city. He had not gone far when a soldier hailed him and said, 'Excuse me, sir, wouldn't you allow me to sit beside you? You're alone and I won't inconvenience you much and I'll be able to save my new uniform from the rain.'

Francois - Joseph invited the soldier to take his seat beside him, and a few minutes later they were conversing like good friends. The soldier, who was very talkative, hastened to recount what had happened during the day in the countryside, at the house of a friend who was the gamekeeper of His Majesty the emperor and added, 'I've dined very well.'

The emperor, who was amused, asked, 'What did you eat that was so good?'

'Guess', replied the soldier mischievously.

'A cabbage soup', suggested the emperor.

'Oh, well yes, a cabbage soup!' cried the soldier with an air of contempt. 'Better than that! Guess again!'

'The head of a calf' continued the emperor.

'Better than that!'

'A thick slice of ham?'

'Ah better, much better than that,' said the soldier with a triumphant air. 'I've eaten a roast, a pheasant roast!'

A pheasant that I killed myself in the forest of His Majesty. It was delicious, I tell you.'

The emperor seemed to pay no more attention to what the soldier had said. The conversation continued gaily, the rain stopped, and when they reached the city, the emperor turned towards his companion and asked him his name and address and offered to take him home. The soldier, charmed with this politeness, accepted the offer with pleasure and asked to whom he owed his gratitude.

The emperor looked at him smilingly and said in a jovial tone, 'It is your turn now. Guess who I am.'

The soldier looked at him fixedly and said, 'Monsieur is undoubtedly a military man.'

'Yes,' replied the emperor.

'Soldier?' said the man.

'Better than that.'

'Lieutenant?' asked the soldier.

'Better than that.'

'Colonel?'

'Better than that, I tell you.'

The soldier, now surprised, said timidly, 'Perhaps Monsieur is a general?'

'Better than that!'

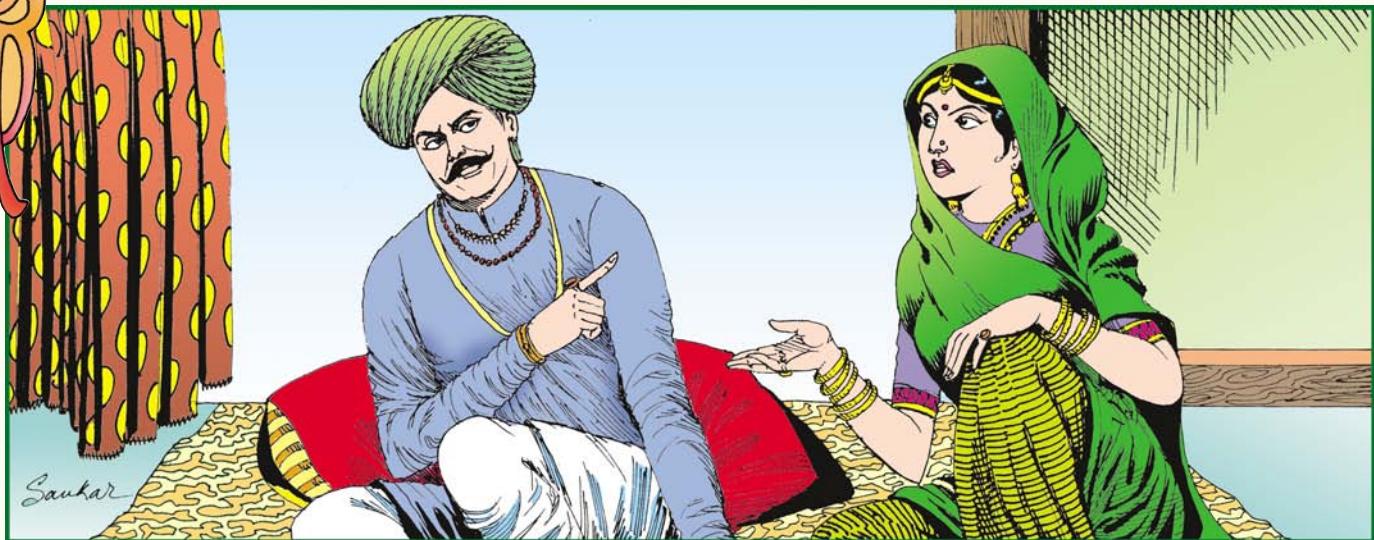
'Then Monsieur is a Field Marshal,' said the soldier, more and more embarrassed.

'Better than that!'

'My God!' cried the soldier with terror, 'It is the emperor!' and he began to make excuses and prayed that the emperor stopped at once so that he could get down from the carriage. But the emperor insisted on taking him up to his door. He left him there, telling him in a friendly tone never to kill pheasants in his forests without obtaining his permission.

- By Shanthi Dinakar





In a corner of the holy city of Varanasi lived Laloo Seth, a wealthy moneylender. He had accumulated a huge amount of money and had changed them into gold, but he never gave a paisa in charity. Time and again his wife, Mangubai, pleaded with him that they should go on a short pilgrimage to some nearby places, but Laloo would silence her, saying, "How dare you insult Lord Siva? Is He not the presiding deity of Varanasi? Thousands come to Varanasi on pilgrimage. Why should we who are natives of this holy city go out at all? Are we not deriving the benefit of pilgrimage simply by staying put here?"

The poor woman had no answer to Laloo's argument. But she knew it too well that her husband was a miser of the worst type and he would never spend money even on his own comforts, what to speak of earning piety.

It was the morning after *Sivaratri* – the sacred night devoted to Lord Siva. Men and women, in their hundreds, went out to take dips in the holy river Ganga. "Come on, let's take a bath in the Ganga at this auspicious moment," Mangubai told Laloo.

"What nonsense are you proposing! Don't you know that the moment we approach the ghat, one Brahmin or other would approach us and oblige us to part with some coins under the pretext of praying for us?" answered Laloo.

But his wife insisted on going for a bath. Laloo at

last agreed to do so on condition that they would choose a lonely spot where they would not be seen by priests.

The morning was foggy and it was not difficult to find a spot on the long riverbank where there was nobody else. However, invisible to all, Lord Siva and Mother Durga were observing their devotees, passing through the throngs. Mother Durga was much impressed by the devotion of the people. Again and again She asked the Lord, "Why don't you fulfil all the aspirations of these people for realizing God?" But Lord Siva tried to explain to Her that hardly anybody had any aspiration to realize God. They were merely following a certain ritual and most of them wished nothing more than the fulfilment of their worldly desires.

Just then the Divine Mother's eyes fell on Laloo and his wife. "Here is a pious man leading his wife to a spot where there would be none to disturb their prayerful mood," observed the Divine Mother. "Do you think that they too are like the others?"

Siva smiled and instead of replying to the Divine Mother directly, at once took the form of a humble priest and walked towards Laloo.

Laloo shrank away. "What business do you have with me? I don't need your help! I am not for your chanting any *mantra* for my sake. No, never. Please leave me in peace," shouted Laloo.

"Don't you worry, my son! I'm only worried that

you may deprive yourself of the piety that should be yours if no priest chants the necessary mantra at this important moment. Well, you may give me very little—only to keep up with the tradition. I have no demands,” said Lord Siva in a persuasive voice. Mangubai also pleaded with her husband not to let the auspicious moment pass without their getting some benefit out of it.

“All right. I will give you one paisa. Don’t expect more,” announced Laloo.

“That should do,” said the disguised Lord.

Laloo and his wife took bath and the priest recited the mantra meant for the occasion placing his hand on their heads. Then He extended his hand in expectation of the token fee.

“Did I promise that I will give you the paisa at once? I did not carry any money with me!” said Laloo.

“I understand. Very well, let me accompany you to your home,” said the Lord and he followed Laloo, Himself followed by Mother Durga who, of course, remained invisible. Laloo entered his house, changed clothes and came out only to inform the priest that he had then no money at home and that he would make the payment later.

Siva left the place. He returned the next day to claim his due. But once again Laloo expressed his inability to pay him under some pretext. Siva’s visit to him and his refusal to oblige him became a daily routine. Laloo was sure that the priest would grow disgusted and stop meeting him. But infinite indeed was the Lord’s patience. Siva went on with his mission.

Laloo now hit upon a novel idea to put an end to the priest’s determined efforts to realize his due. Upon observing him approaching his house, Laloo instructed his wife to tell him that her husband had just died!

Mangubai, awfully

unhappy though she was, obeyed Laloo’s instruction and announced that Laloo had breathed his last.

“What a pity!” exclaimed the priest. “My daughter, as you know, your late lamented husband would not like you to spend any money on his funeral. Let me perform the task of disposing of his body without taxing you in any way. While I am eligible to do so as a priest, his soul will be at peace that no money was spent on that account.”

Siva entered the house. Laloo pretended to be dead, lying on the floor. Siva lifted him up, threw him on his shoulder and proceeded towards the riverbank. The hapless and confused Mangubai followed them. Laloo soon realized that he had to change his strategy lest the priest should throw him into the river.

He wriggled down from Lord Siva’s shoulder and exclaimed with a broad smile, “I was indeed dead. But you must be a truly holy Brahmin whose touch revived me. Thank you, thank you very much indeed.”

Lord Siva, who is known for his compassion, assumed his true form. “My son, I am none other than Siva. I am pleased with your persistence in preserving your wealth intact. I wish, you direct this quality of persistence towards your spiritual goal. Now, come on, ask me for a boon that would satisfy you and which I will grant forthwith.”

His hands folded, Laloo said, “If you are kind enough to show me a favour, please exempt me from paying you that one paisa!”

A strange smile flashing on Siva’s face, He looked meaningfully at the invisible Durga. Turning to Laloo, He said, “Let it be so!” and disappeared.

Mother Durga looked sad.

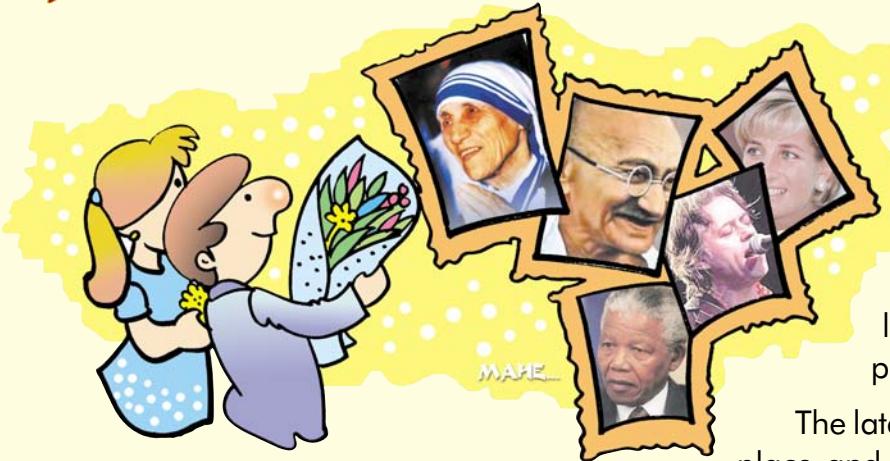
“We have to wait,” said the Lord, “till the right knowledge of what one really needs has dawned in one’s consciousness. We cannot give one something for which one has no demand.”

-By Viswavasu



Newsflash

Gandhiji among world leaders



Mahatma Gandhi and Mother Teresa found a place among the world leaders of the past 60 years in a poll conducted by the British Red Cross Society. Some 2,000 British citizens took part in the poll, which voted the South African leader Nelson Mandela to the first place.

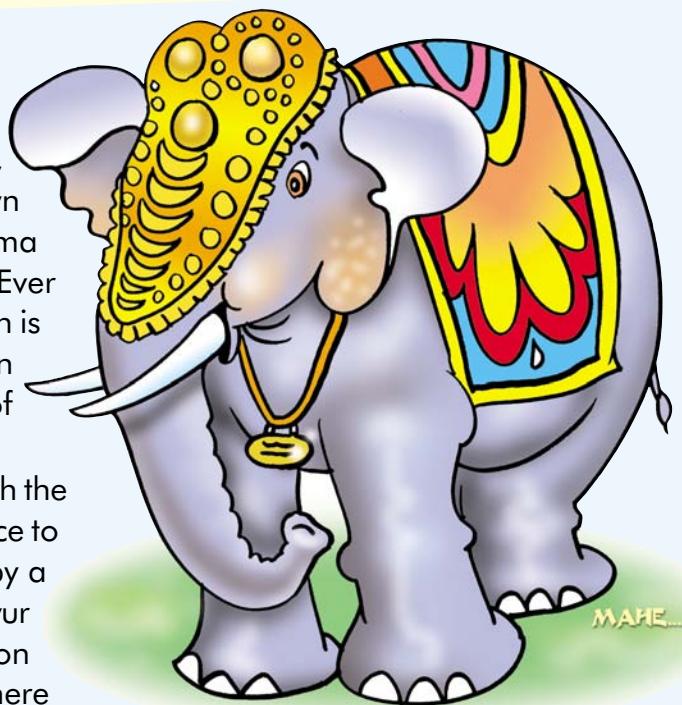
The late Princess Diana was given the second place and the singer Bob Geldof Doff came in the third place. Gandhiji and Mother Teresa occupied the fourth and fifth places.

Elephant honoured

We are familiar with Oscar and Nobel Awards, Booker and Pulitzer Prizes and India's own Jnanpith Awards as well as the National Padma awards, besides the Bravery Awards for children. Ever heard of an award for an elephant? Padmanabhan is the leading elephant of the Krishna temple in Guruvayur in Kerala, which maintains a stable of nearly 70 elephants.

Padmanabhan was the other day conferred with the title of 'Gajaratna'. It marked 50 years of his service to the temple. The award ceremony was preceded by a grand procession of nearly 60 elephants of Guruvayur from the nearby Mammiyoor temple. The procession wound its way to the famous Krishna temple where Padmanabhan was received with temple honours.

A Cabinet Minister of Kerala attached the award plaque to the elephant's gorgeous golden caparison. It was on January 18, 1954 that Padmanabhan was gifted to the Guruvayur temple. He was then 14 years old. Soon he came to be complimented for his handsomeness and behaviour. Physically he was noted for his long trunk which easily fell to the ground in folds. Recently he was in great demand for a temple procession elsewhere. The bid went up to Rs. 2,22,222, which turned out to be the highest amount ever paid to hire an elephant belonging to Guruvayur.



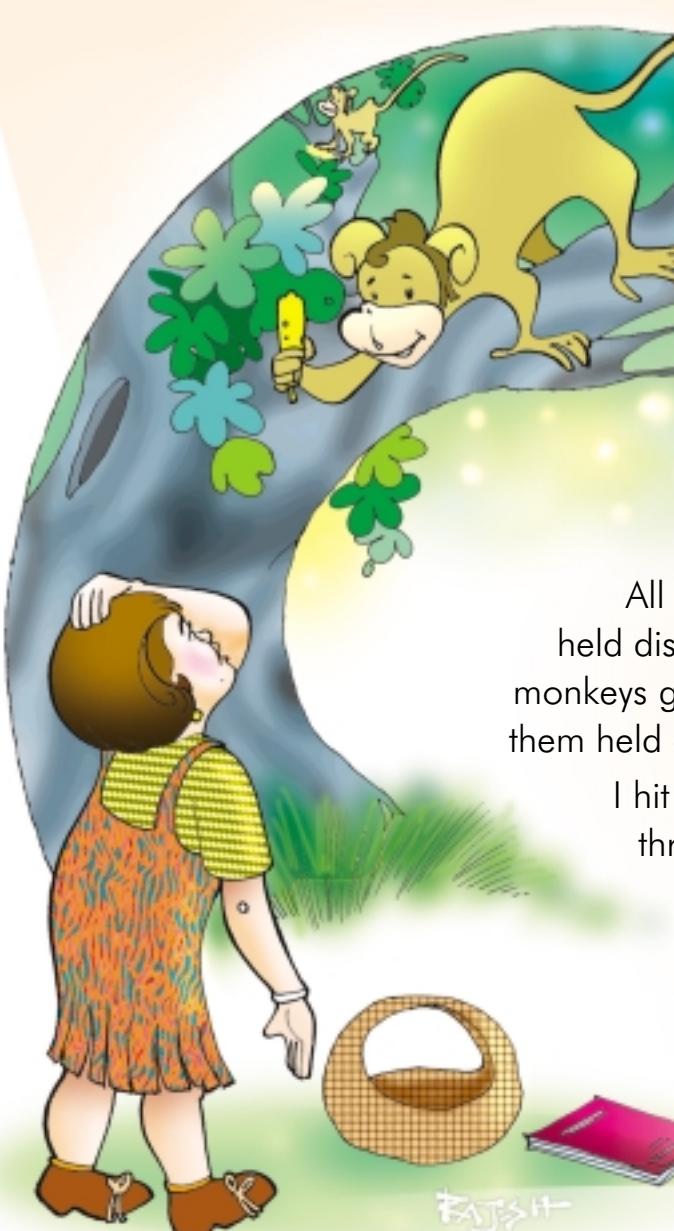
CHANDAMAMA

PRESENTS

KALEIDOSCOPE

OUTSMARTED BY MONKEYS

I was spending my holidays with my grandparents in the village. One afternoon it was



very hot, so I decided to go and sit beneath a shady tree near our ancestral pond and read. I took with me a basket of bananas and peanuts to munch and settled down under the tree. After some time I was distracted by sounds coming from beside me. To my utter surprise, I found that my basket of bananas was empty.

All the bananas except the one in my hand held disappeared. It was then that I saw some monkeys grinning down at me from the tree. Each of them held a banana. I wanted the bananas back.

I hit upon an idea. I took the banana I had and threw it down hoping that they would imitate my act. Instead one little monkey, who did not have a banana, came down and picked up the banana I had thrown and quickly scampered back up the tree. I just stood there dumbfounded.

Pooja Shriyan (11), Mumbai

AN INDIAN PRIDE

Take pride,
Not in the glory of India,
But in bringing to India glory.
Take pride,
Not in the history of India,
But in creating Indian history.
Take pride,
Not in millions who died for India,
But in making India, the "India" they
died for.
For after all
The pride of an ideal Indian
is realising the Ideas of India.



M. Adarsh Reddy (11), Visakhapatnam

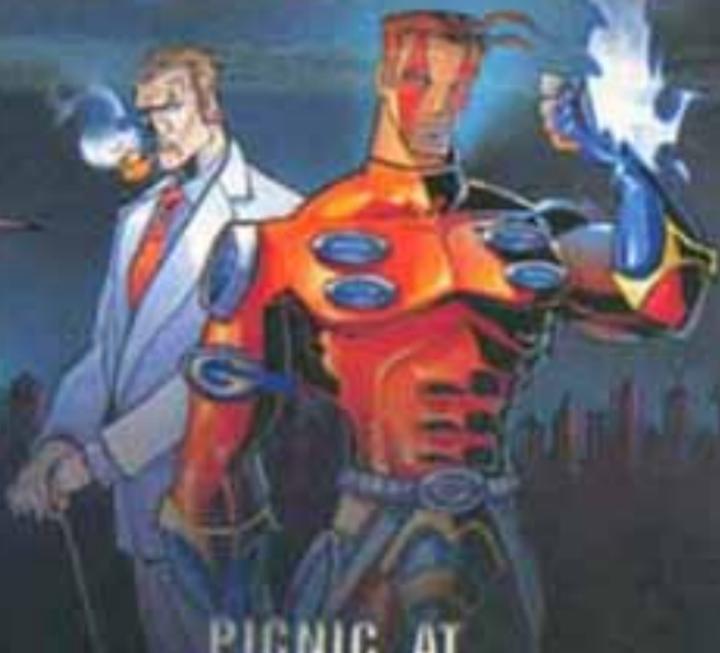
THE NAUGHTY GIRL



I will do something bad
And make others mad
And get scolded by dad.
One day just for fun
Dad gave me a gun
I made my sister run
And I had a great fun.

R. Sreenidhi (8), Walajapet

THE ADVENTURES OF G-MAN



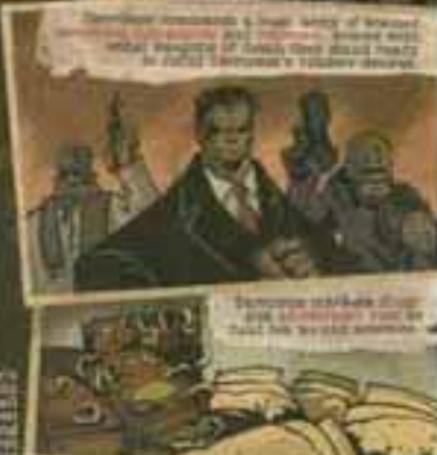
PICNIC AT MISERY ISLAND PART I

BROUGHT TO YOU BY



POWER-BAR

THE PROOLIE THE MASTER OF DARKNESS



SURYARAJ

The Sultan of Suryaraj's 500-manned flotilla has been sailing local seas. Some 2000 pirates who are being paid to fight off the British.



On the distribution's information, the human can consider a system of energy storage.

On how the new era participation should act.

On how should proceed.

On how should proceed.

On how much investment in new technologies must be made.

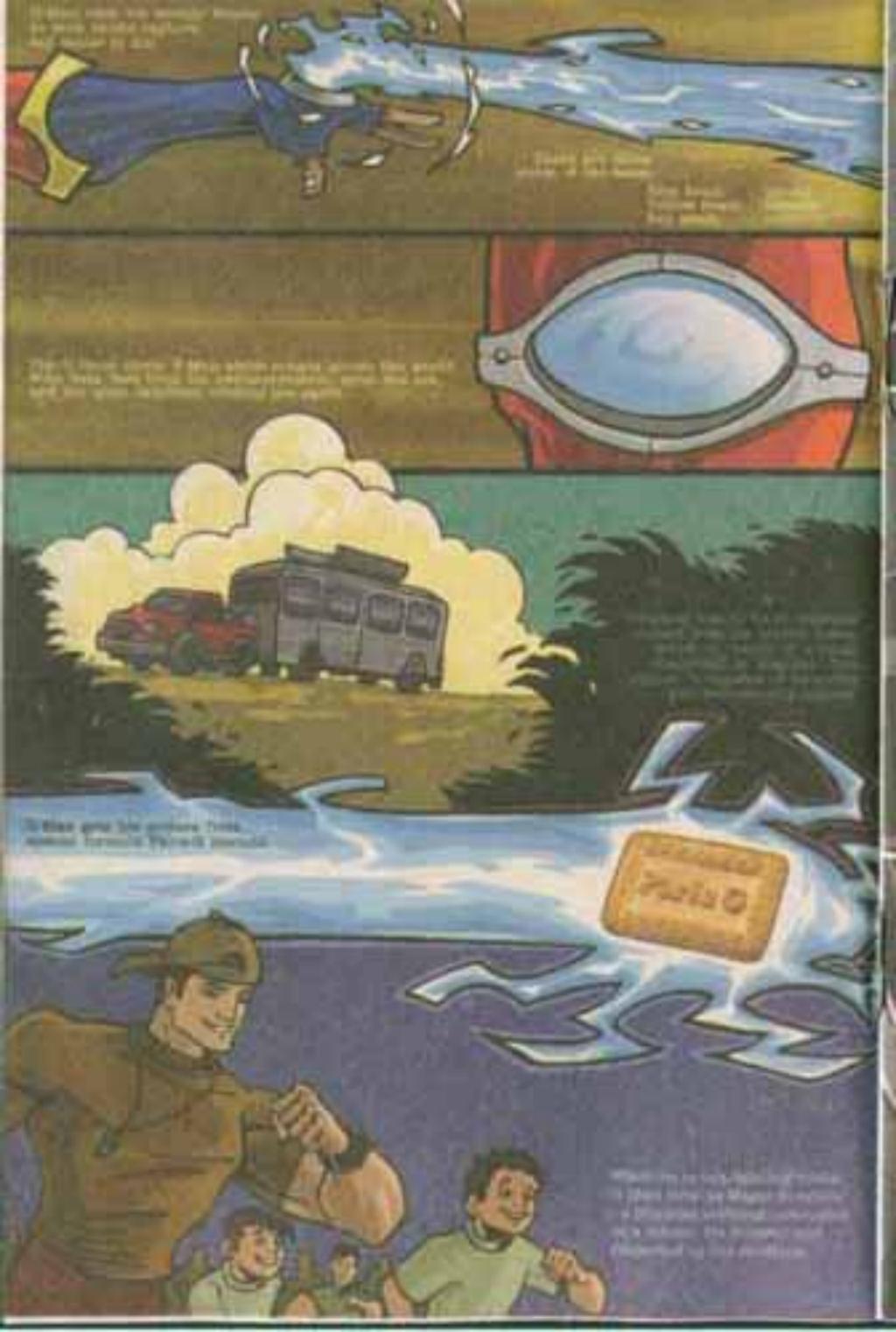
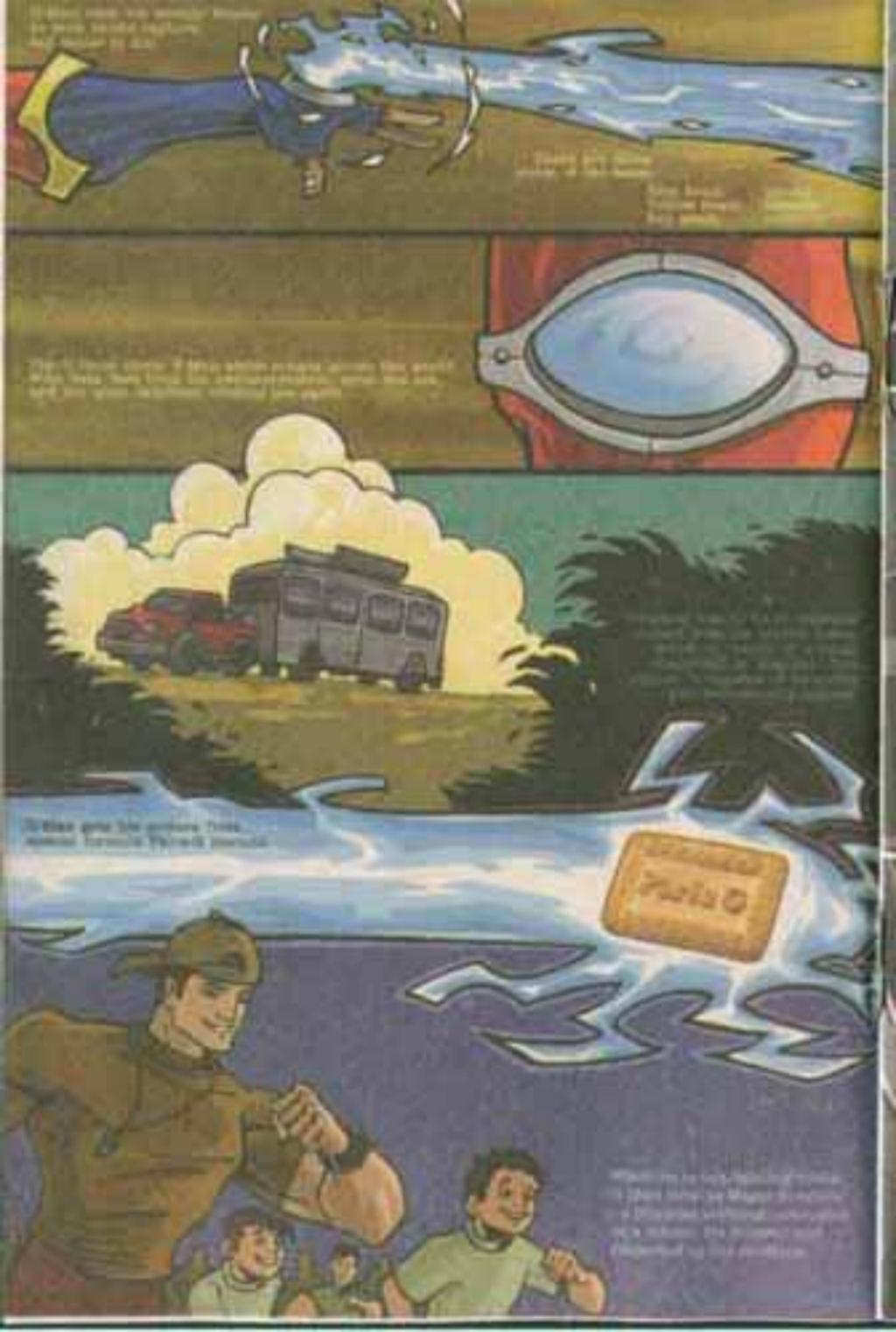
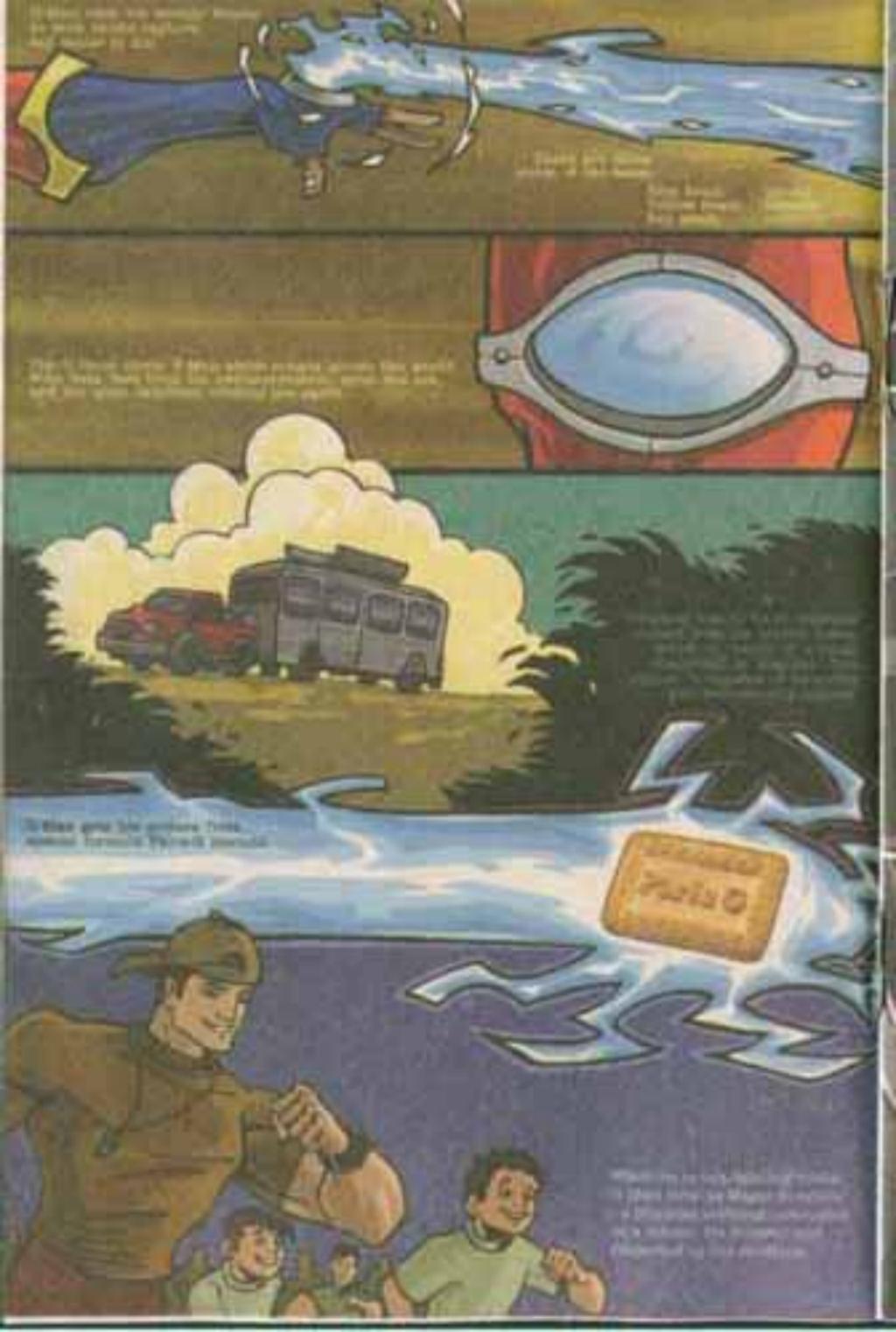
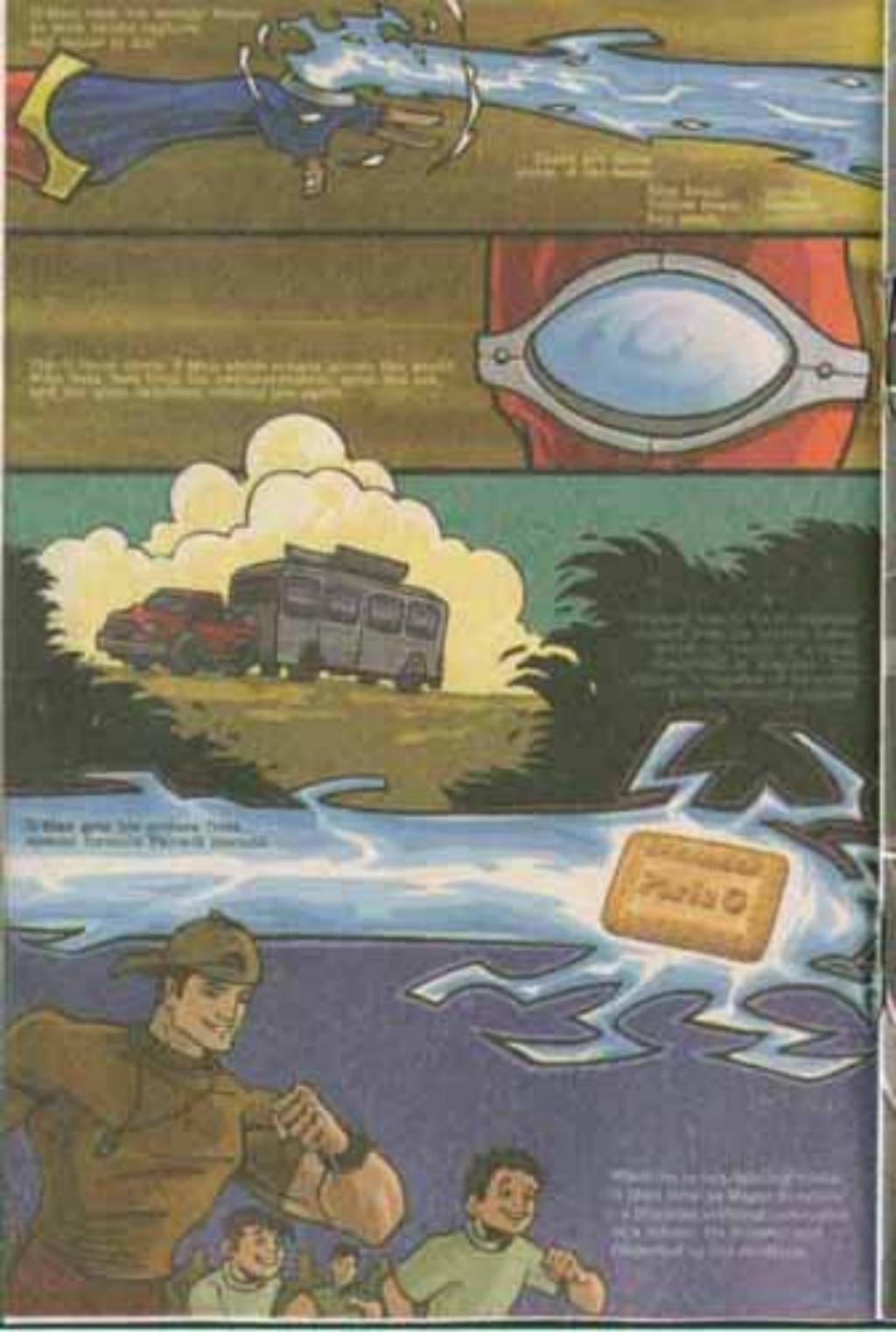
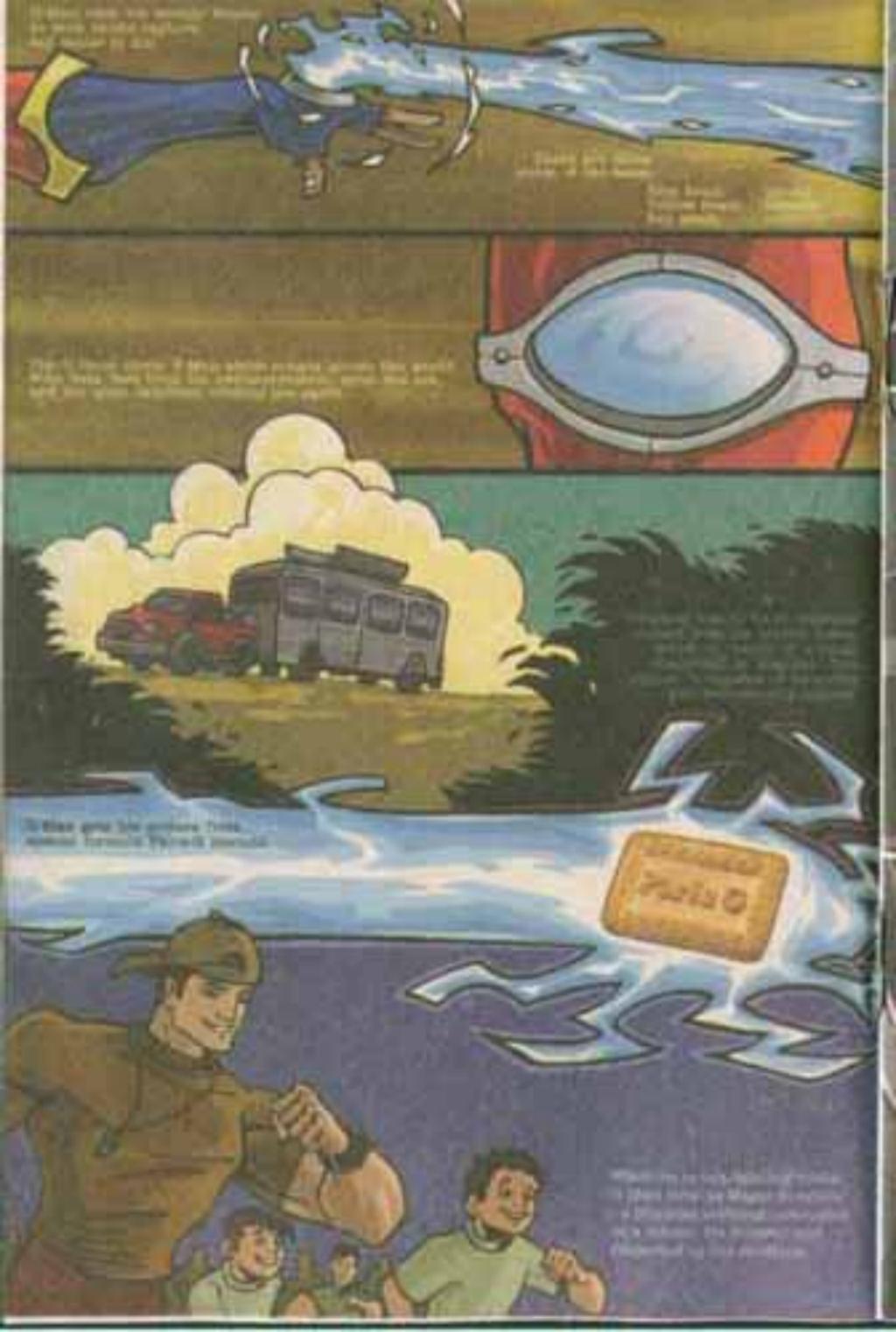
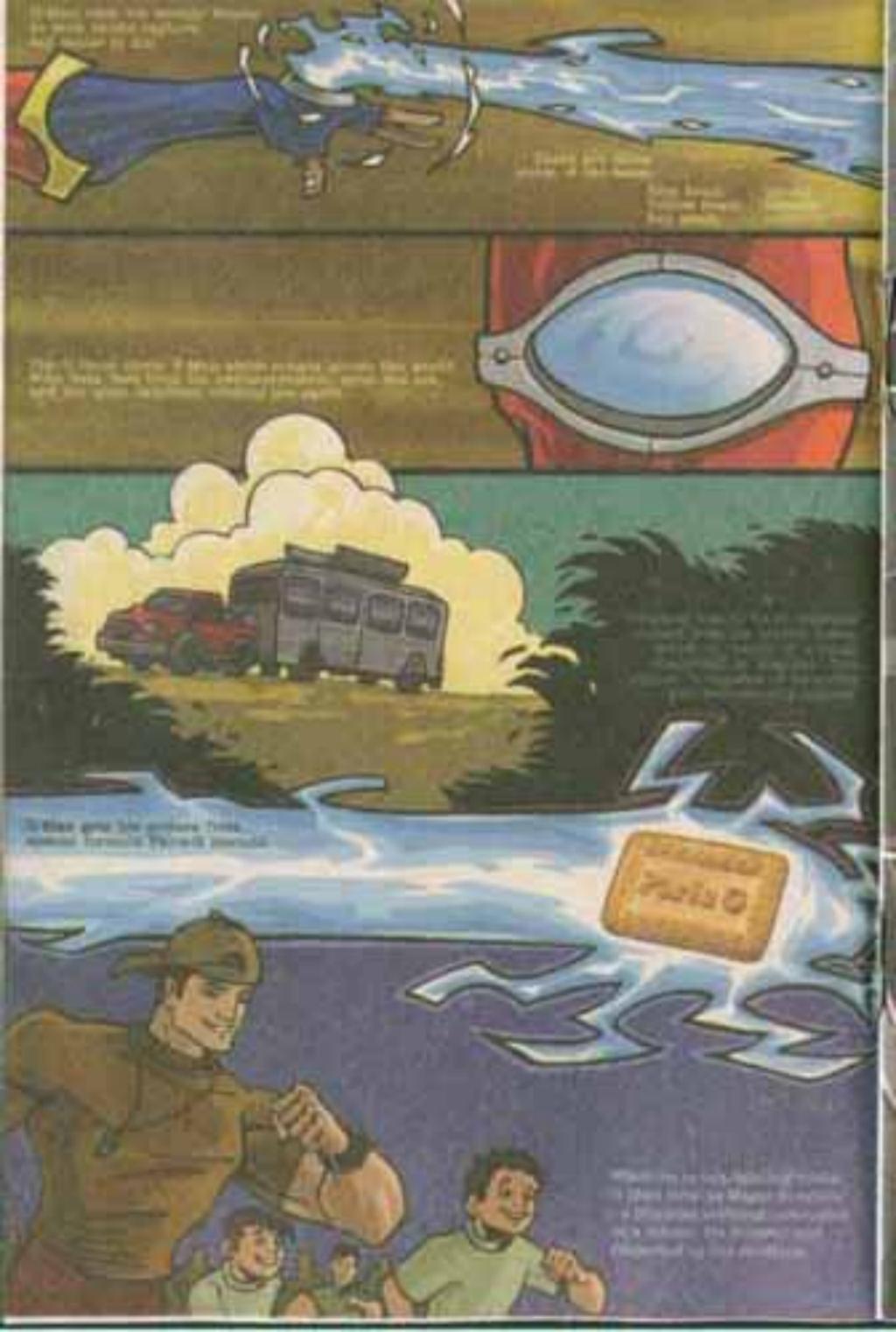
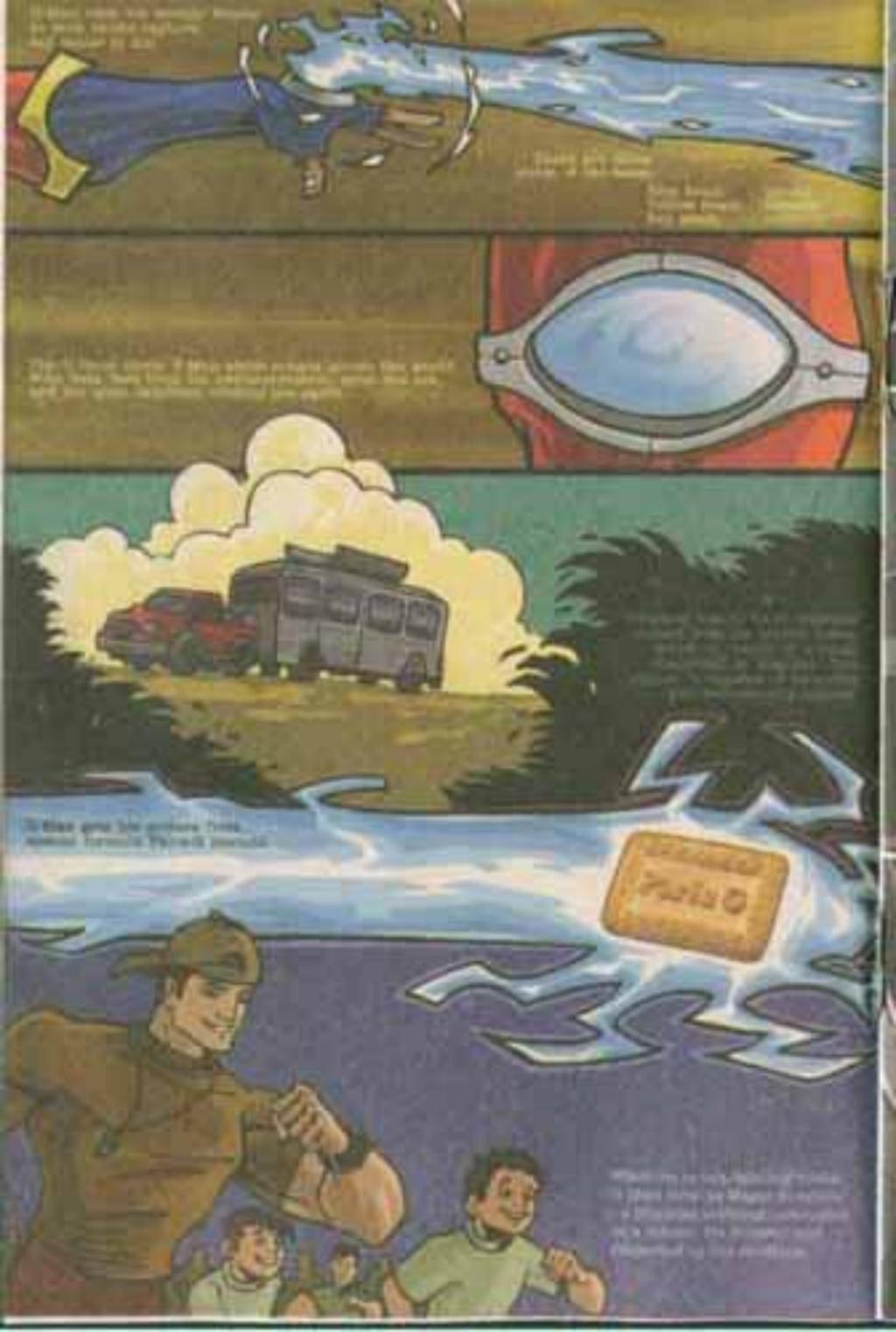
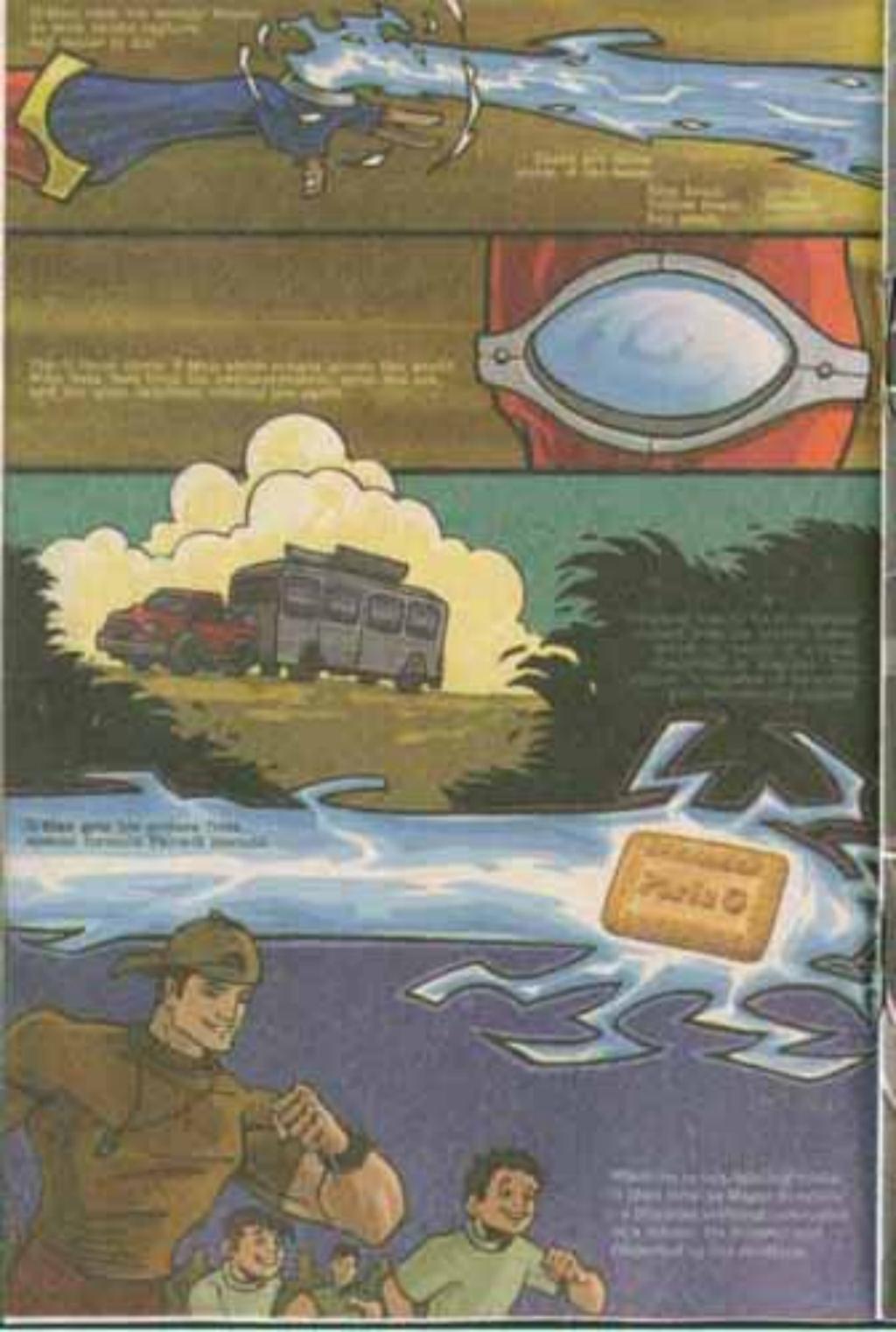
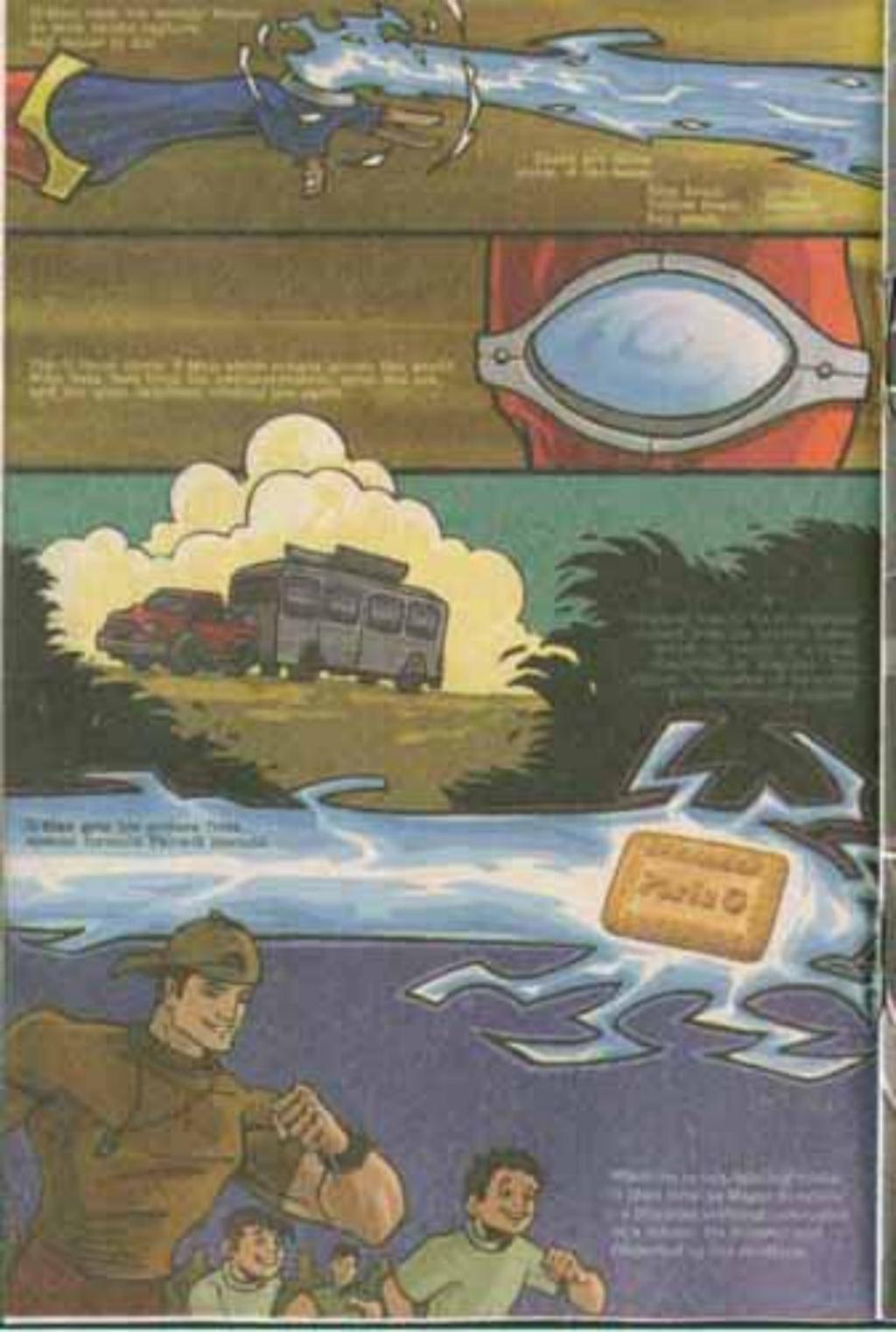
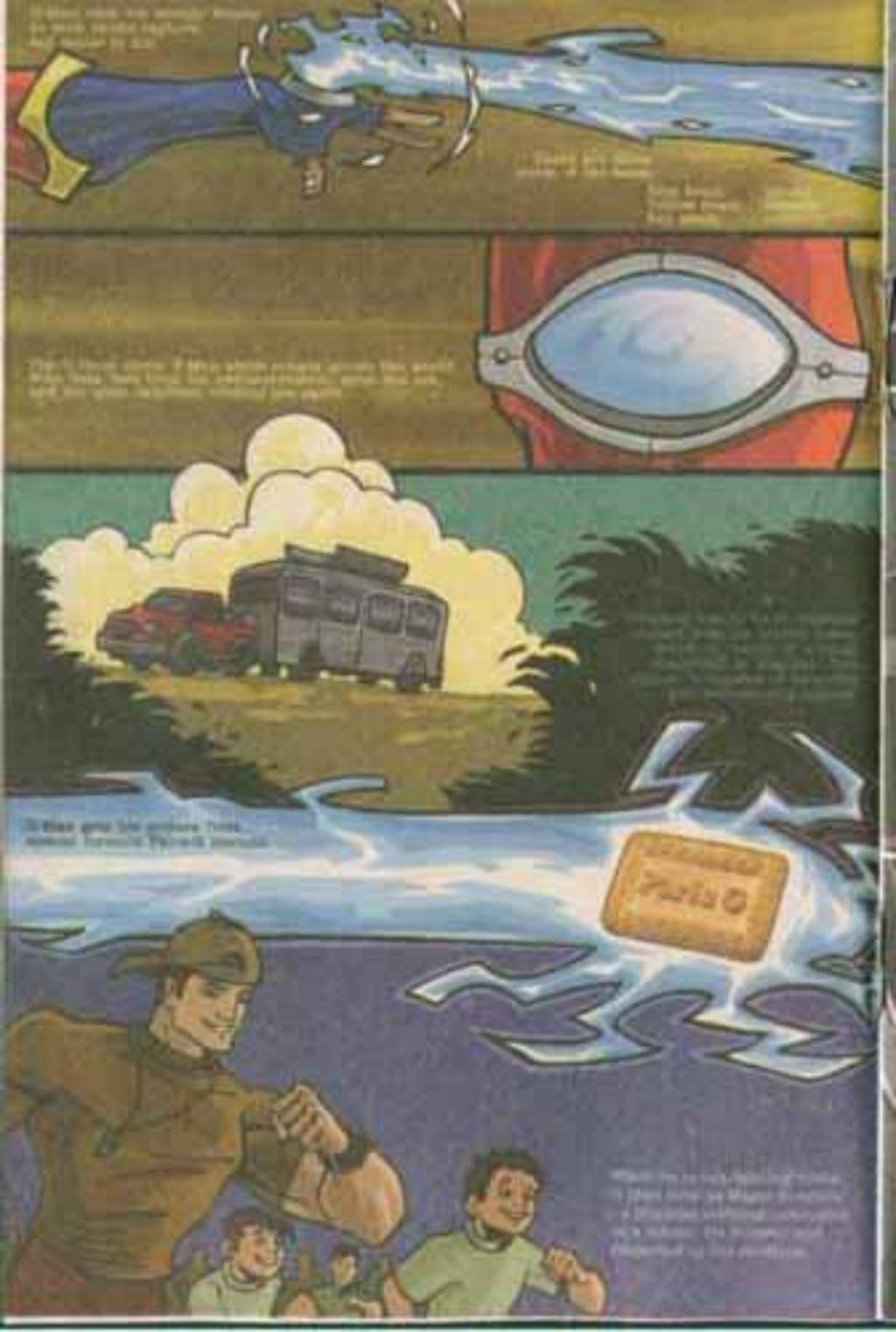
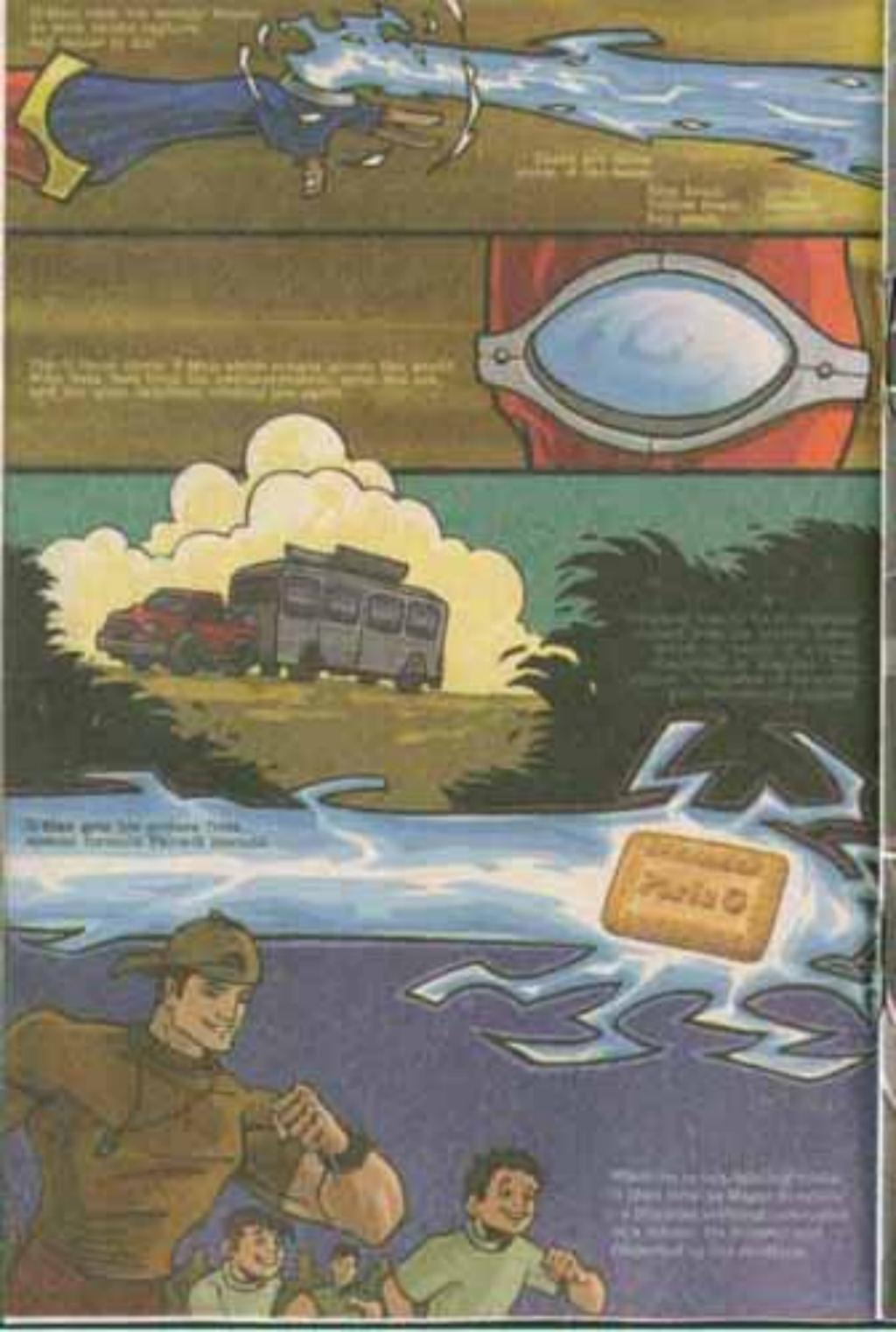
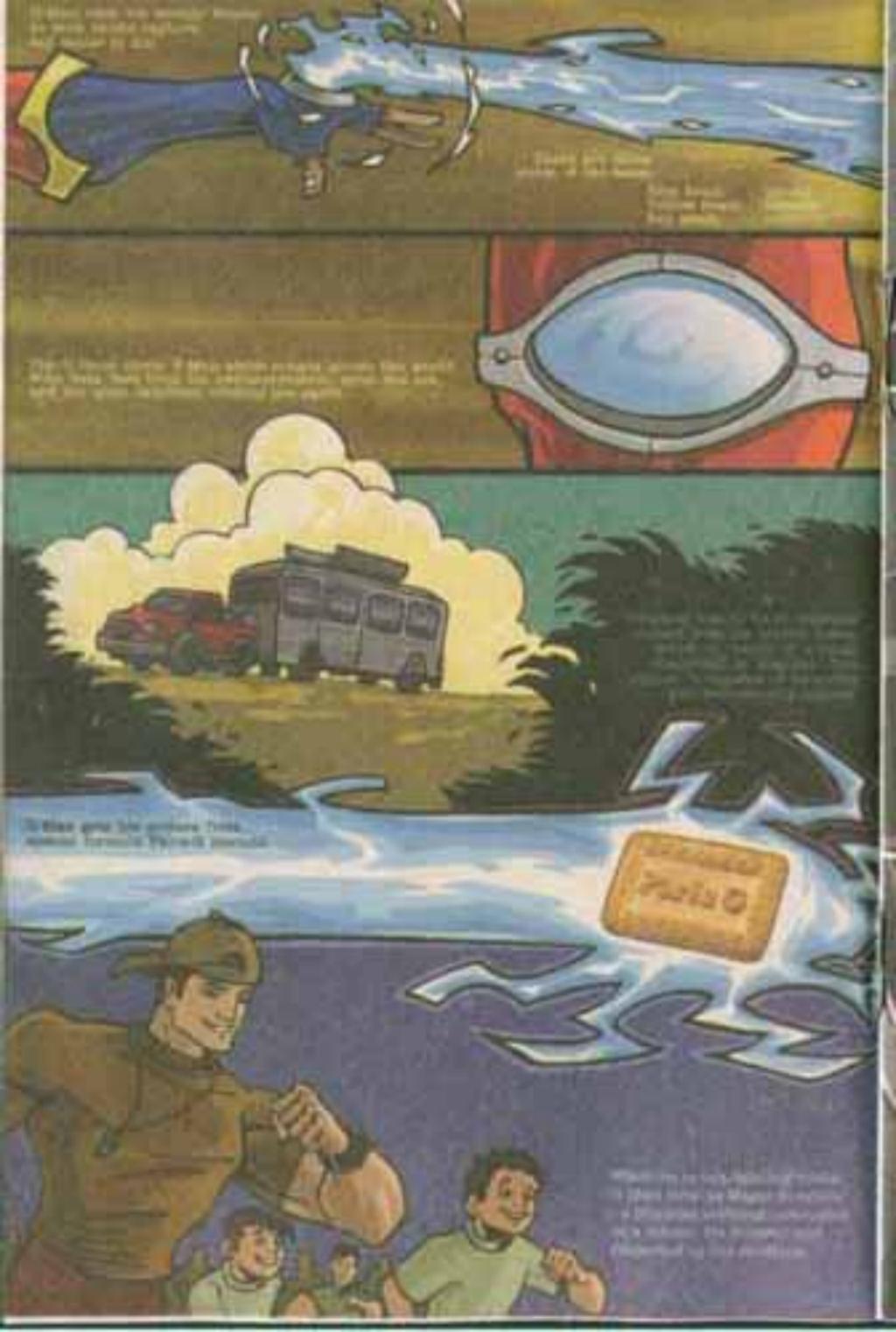
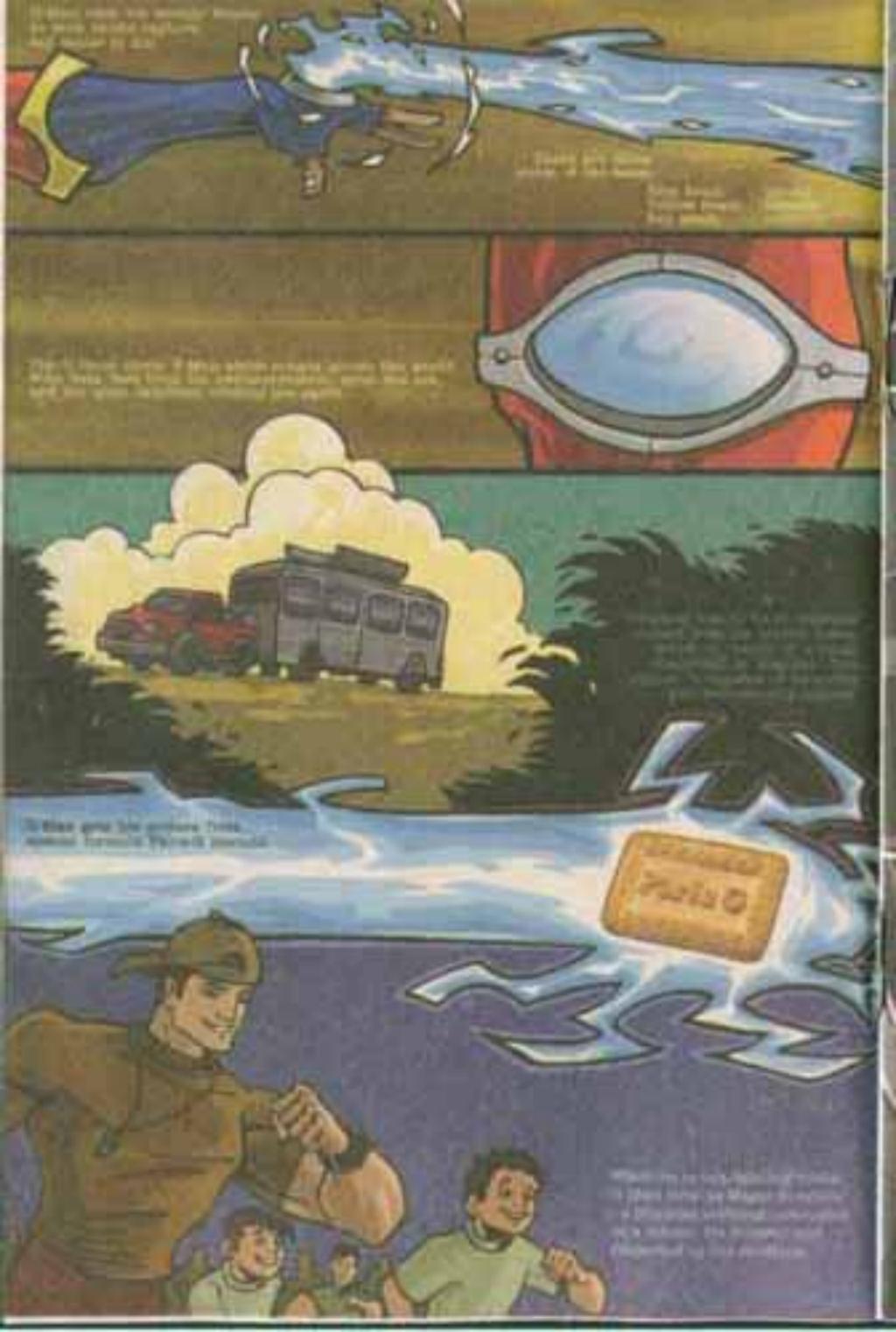
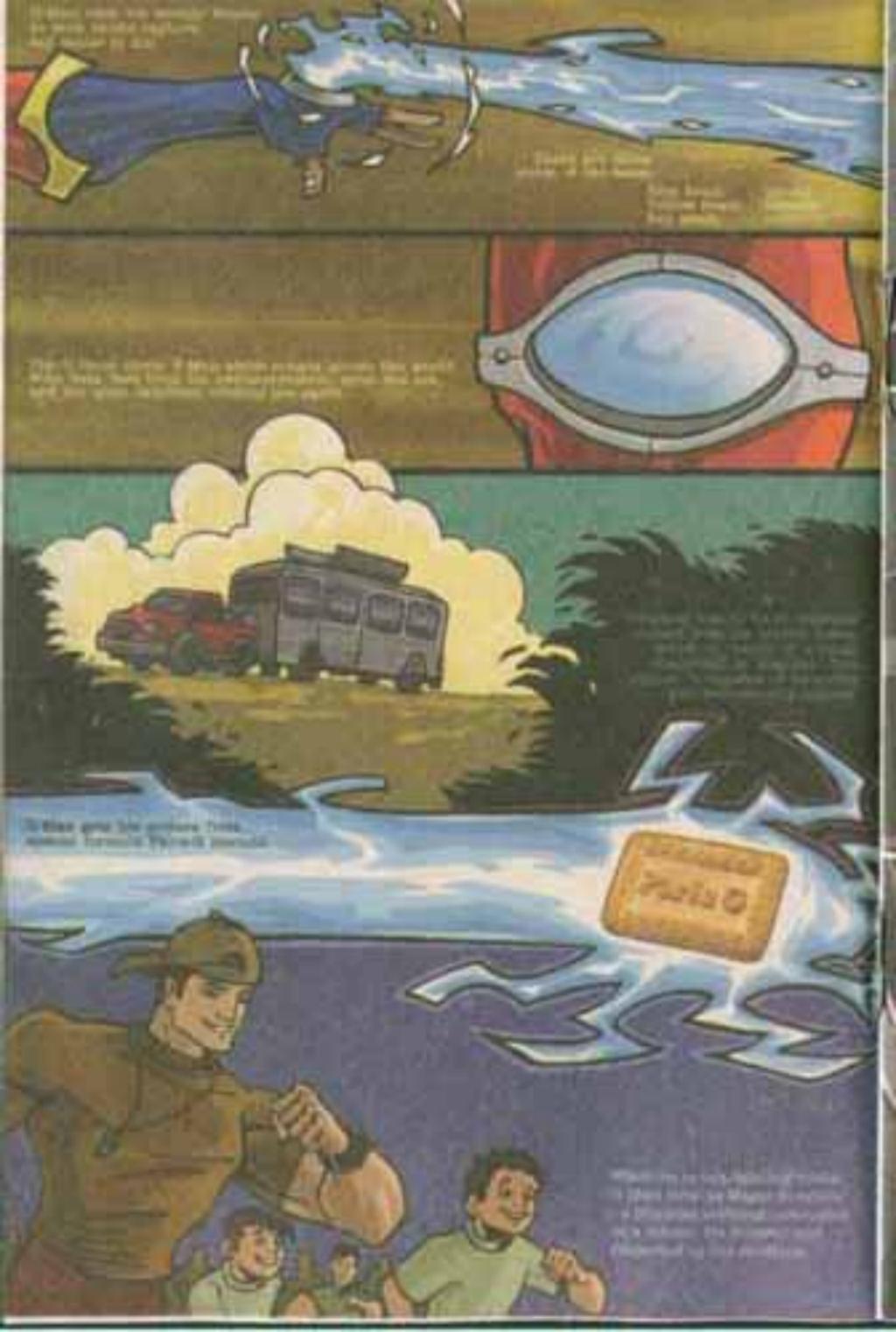
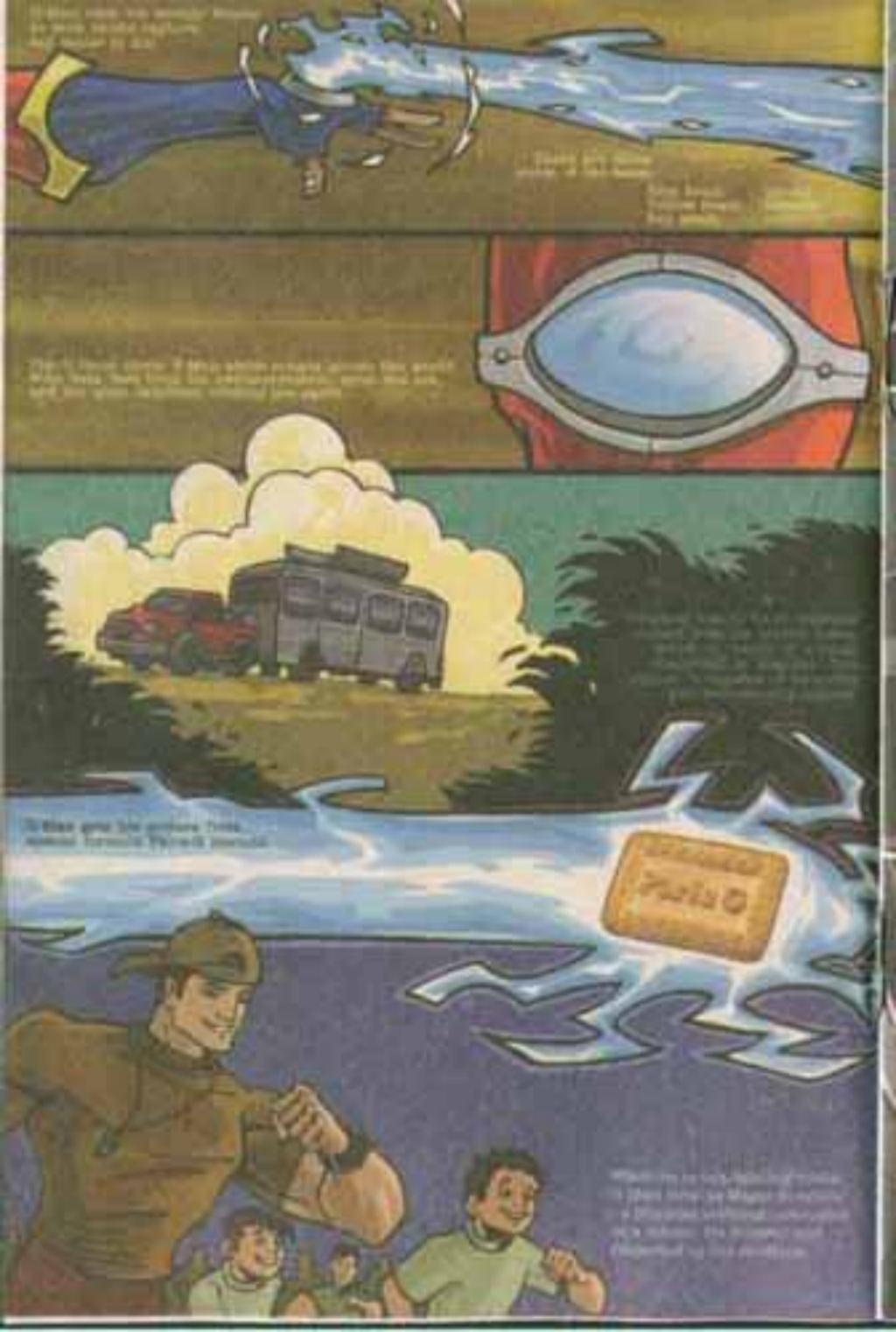
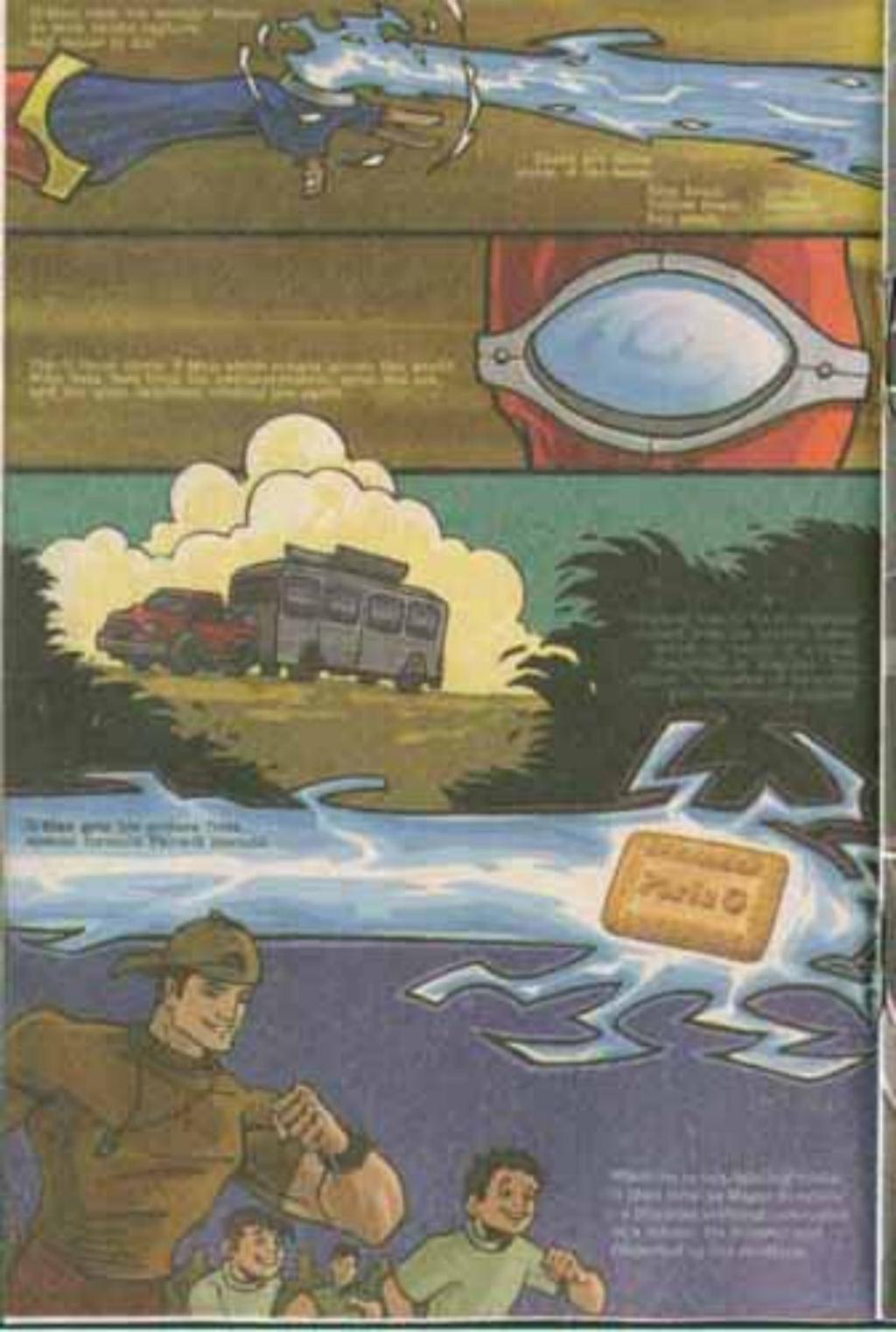
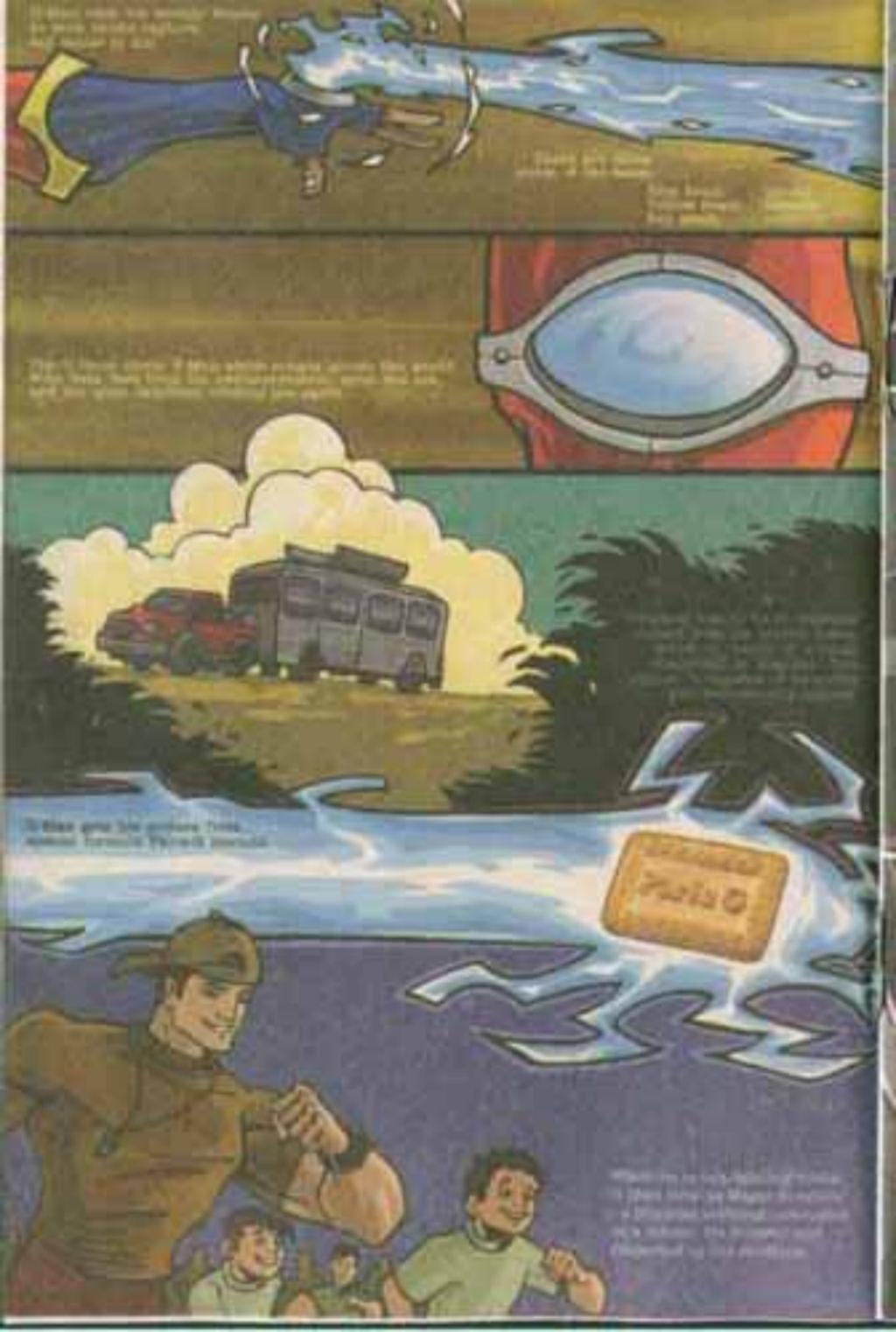
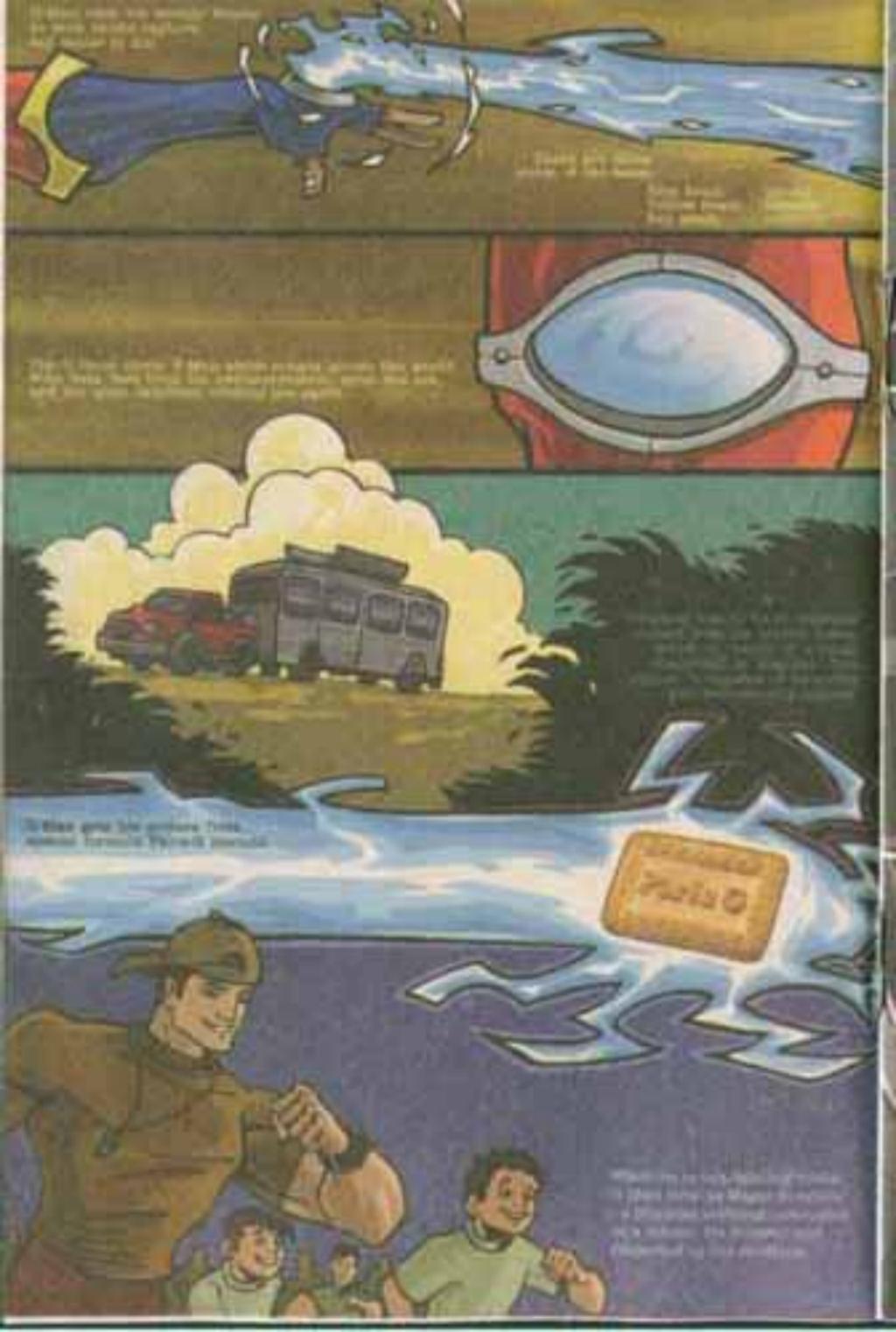
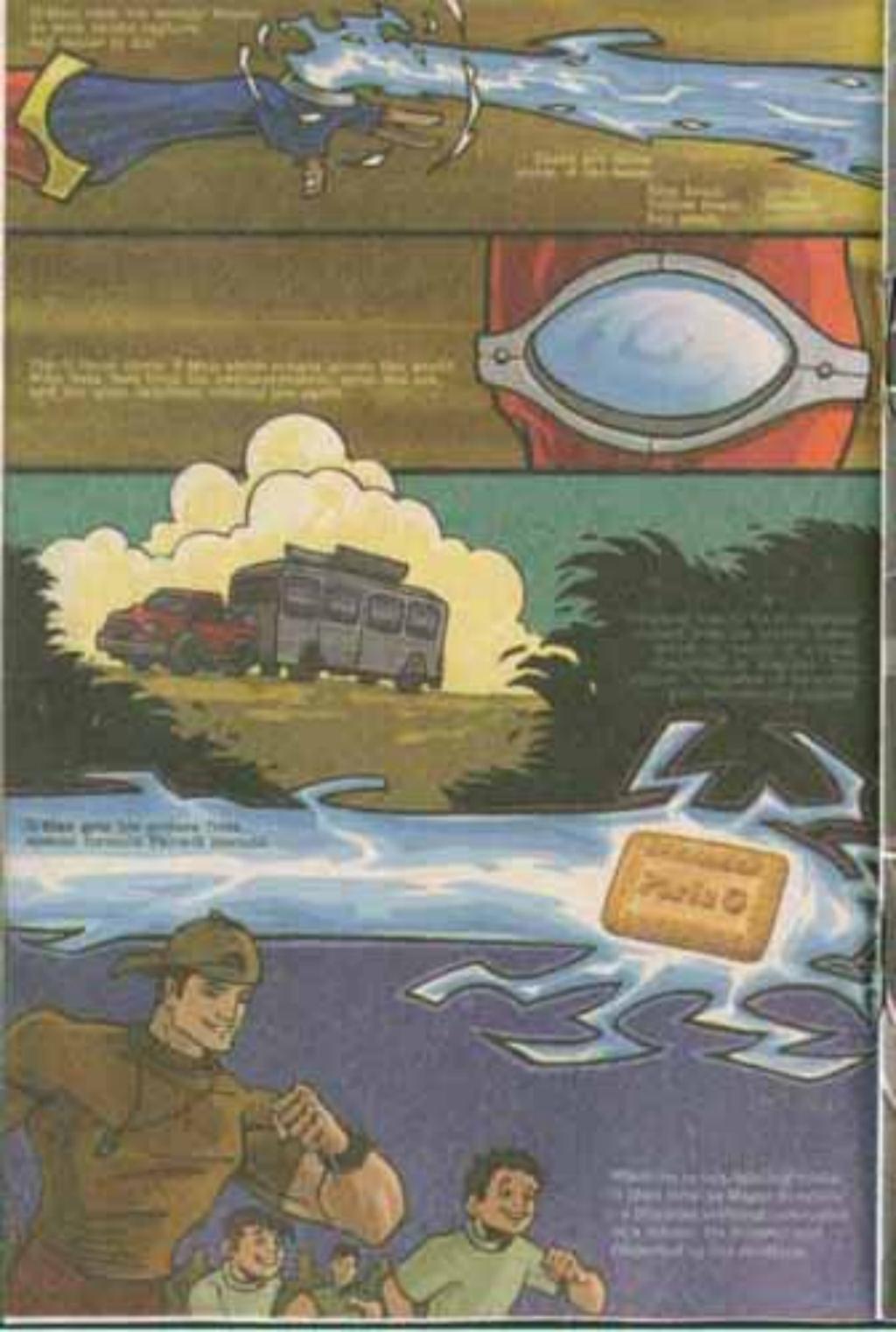
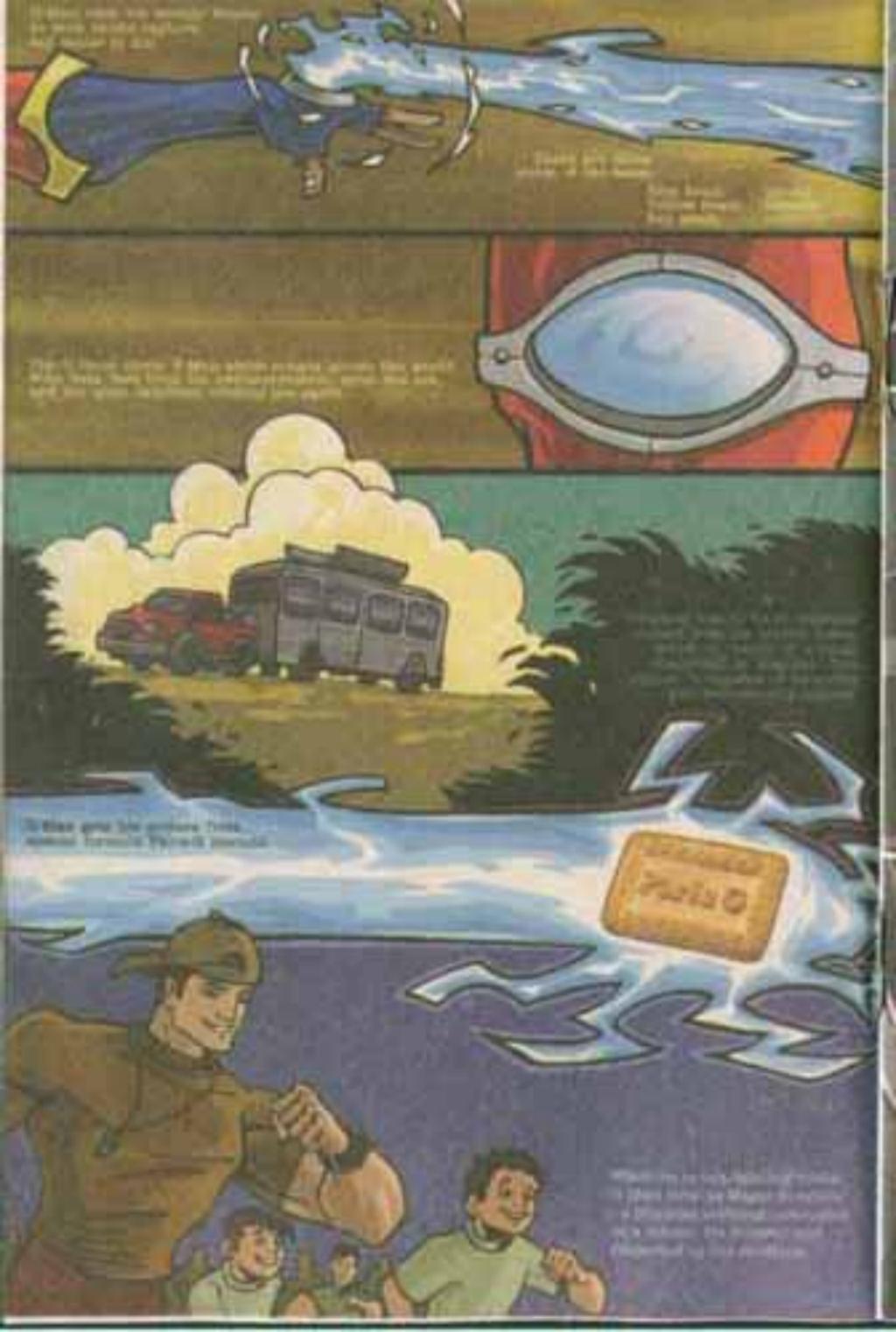
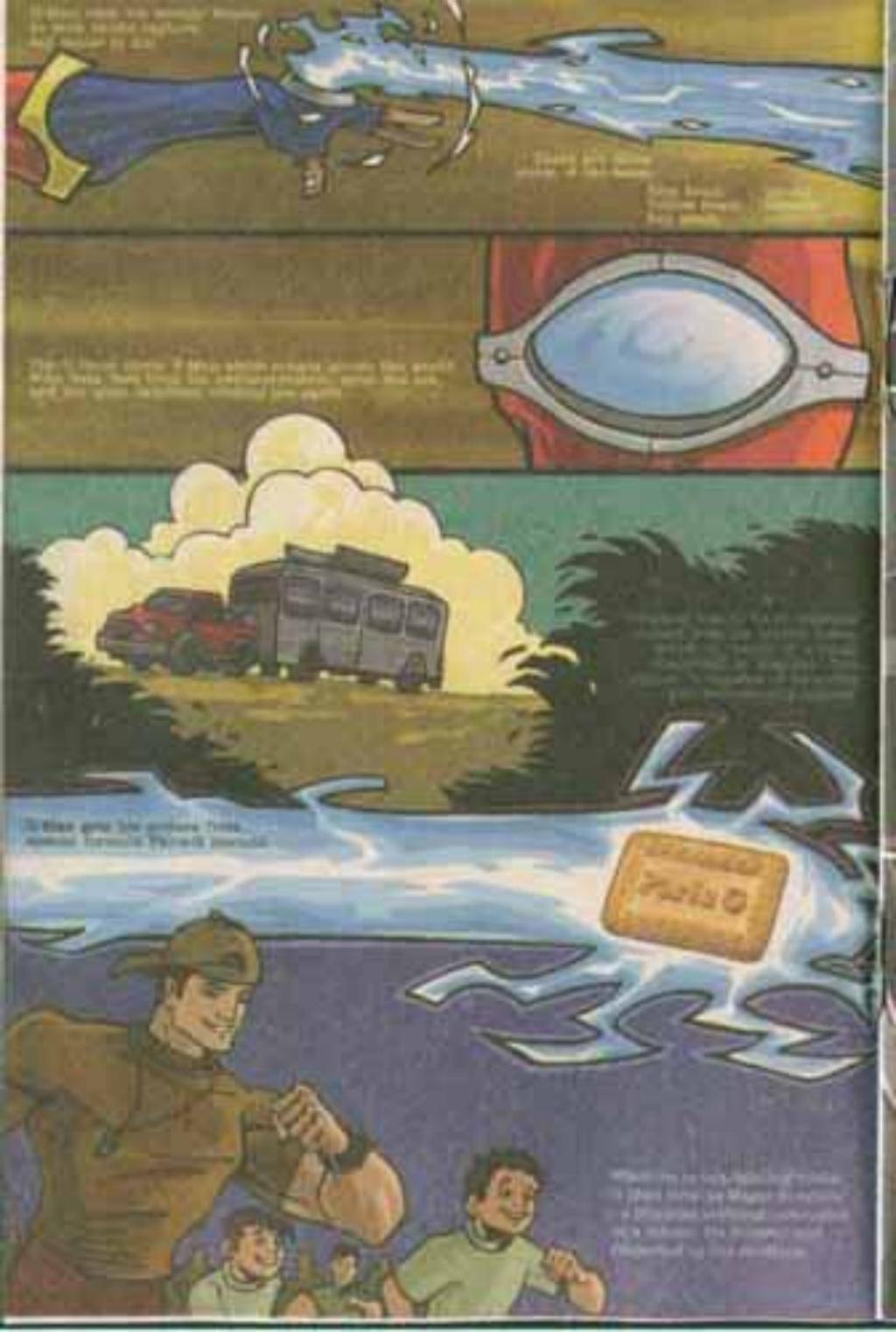
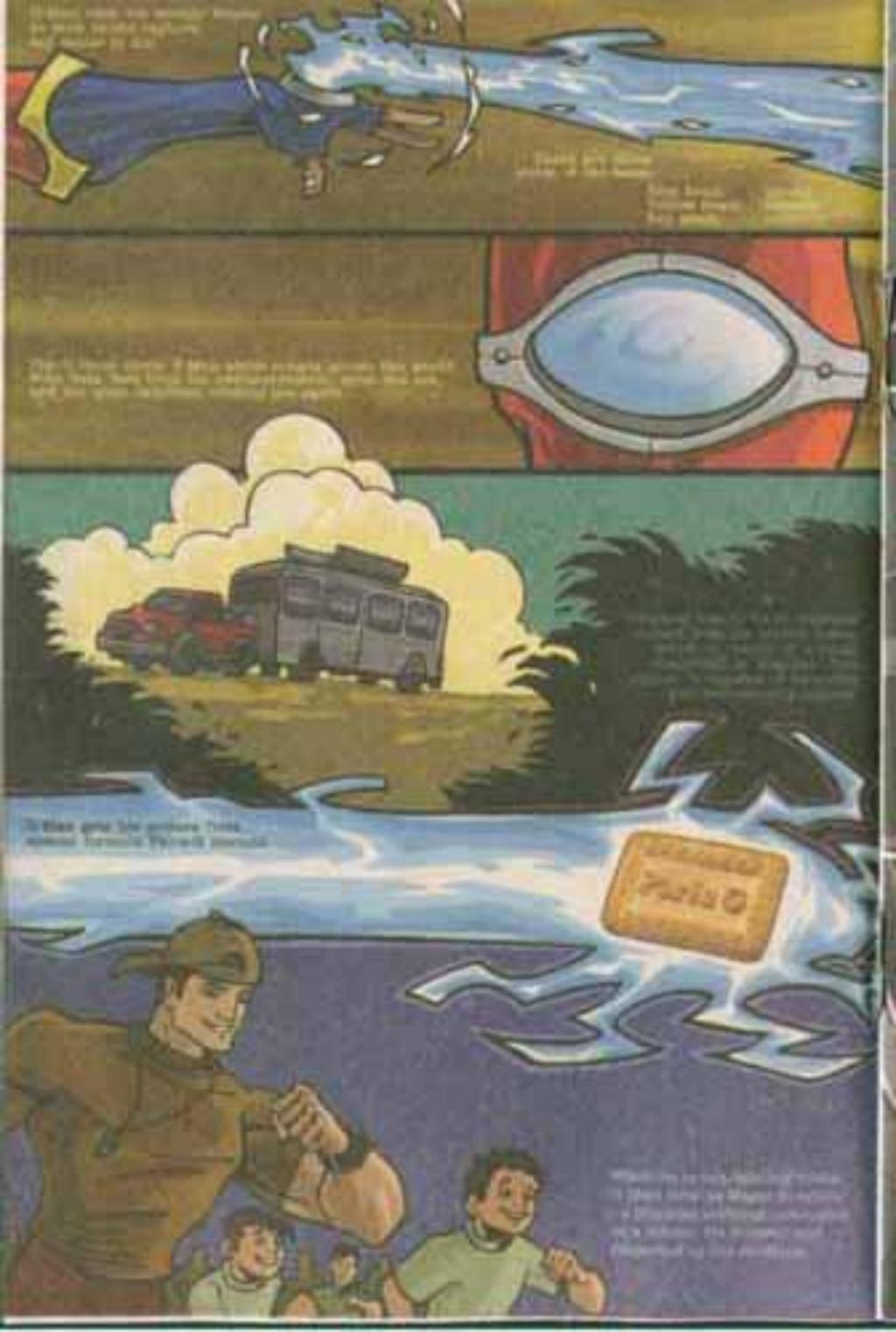
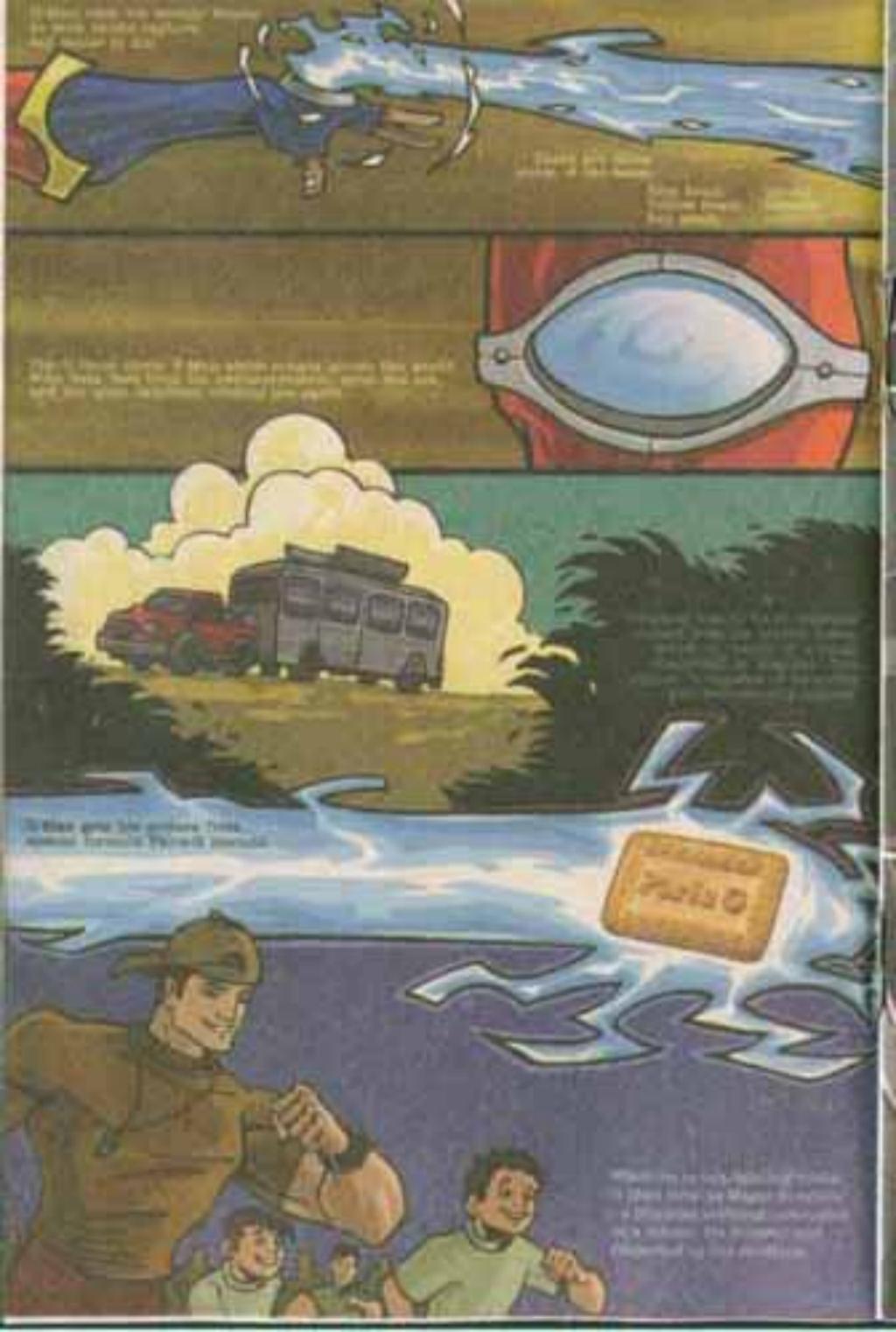
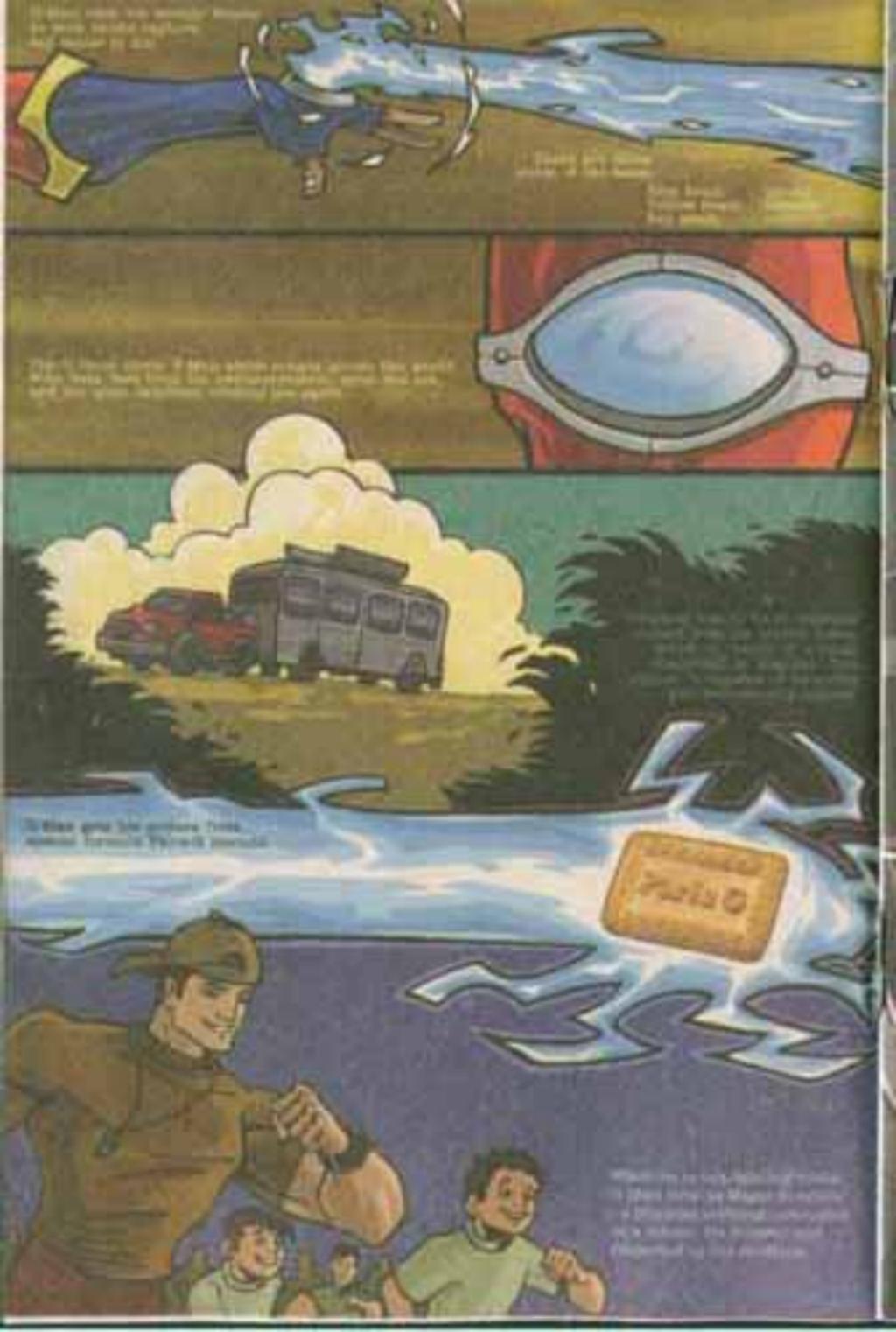
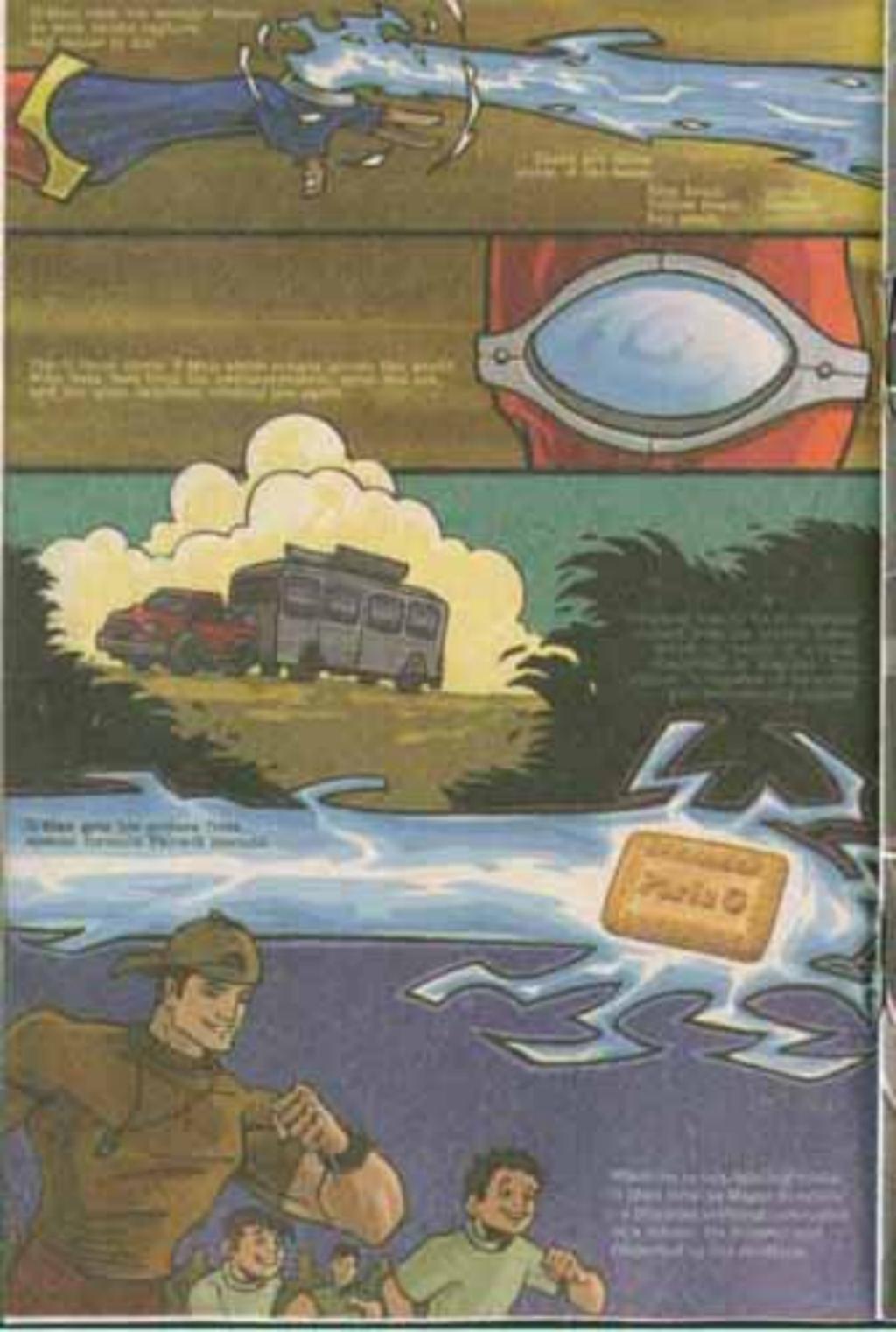
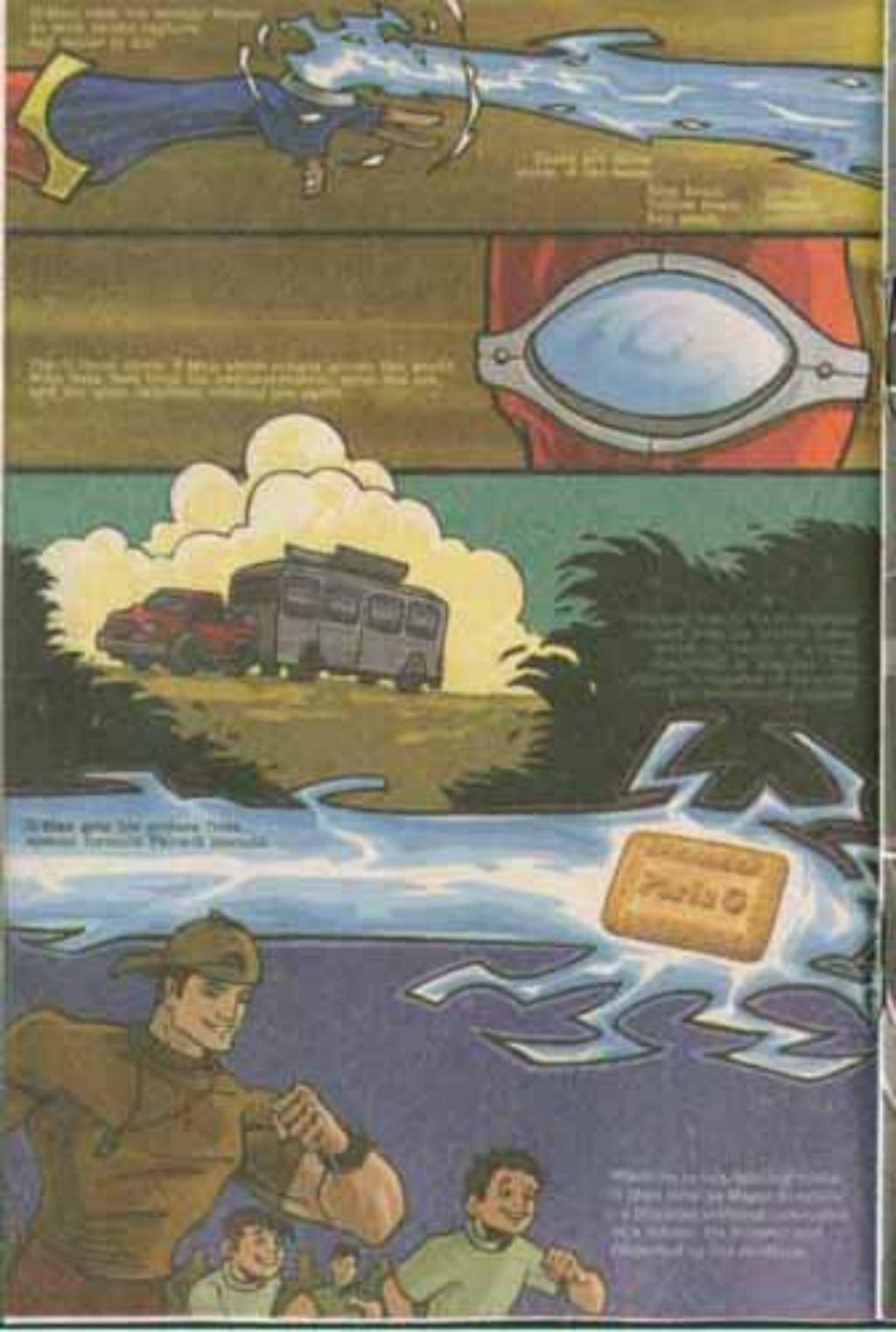
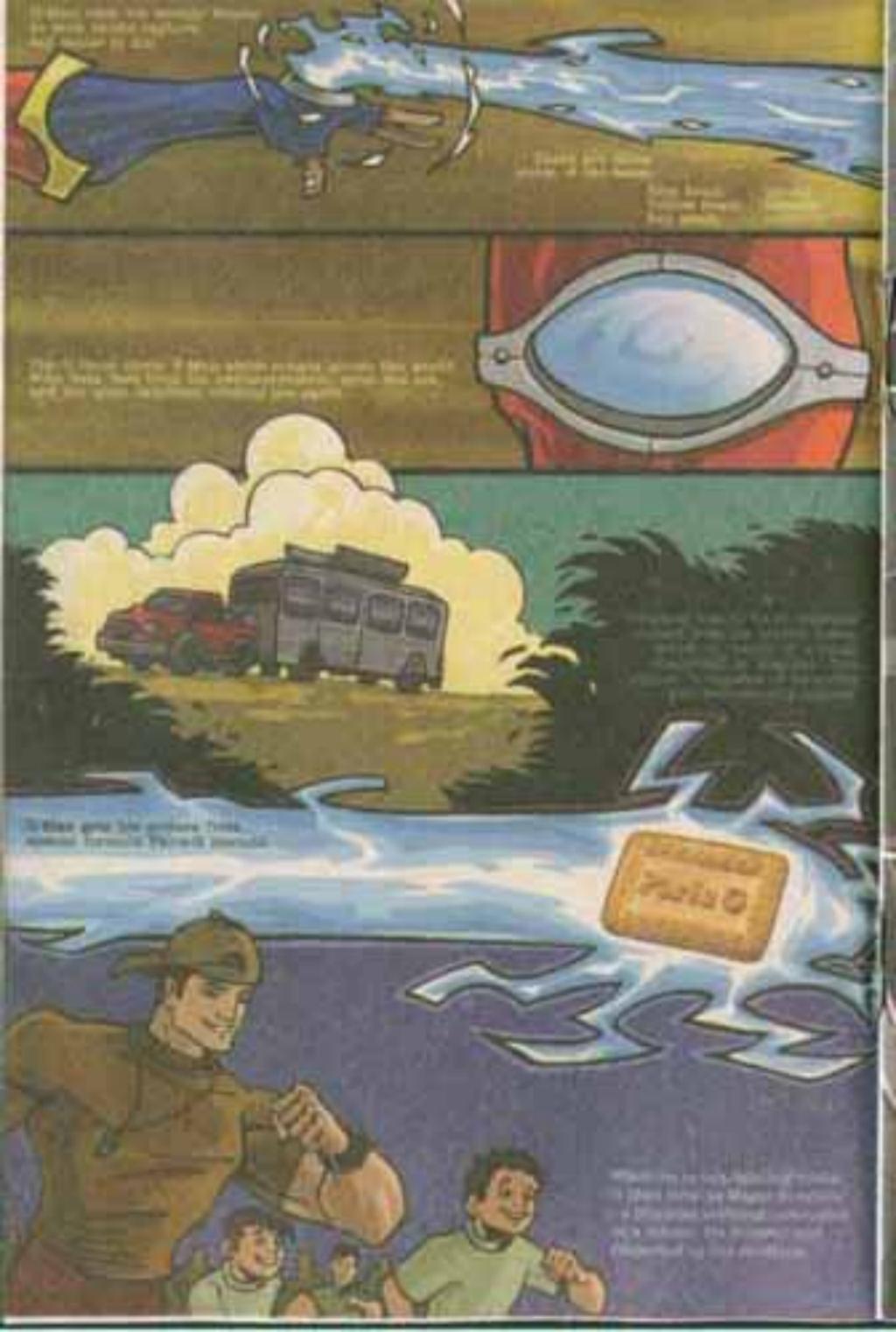
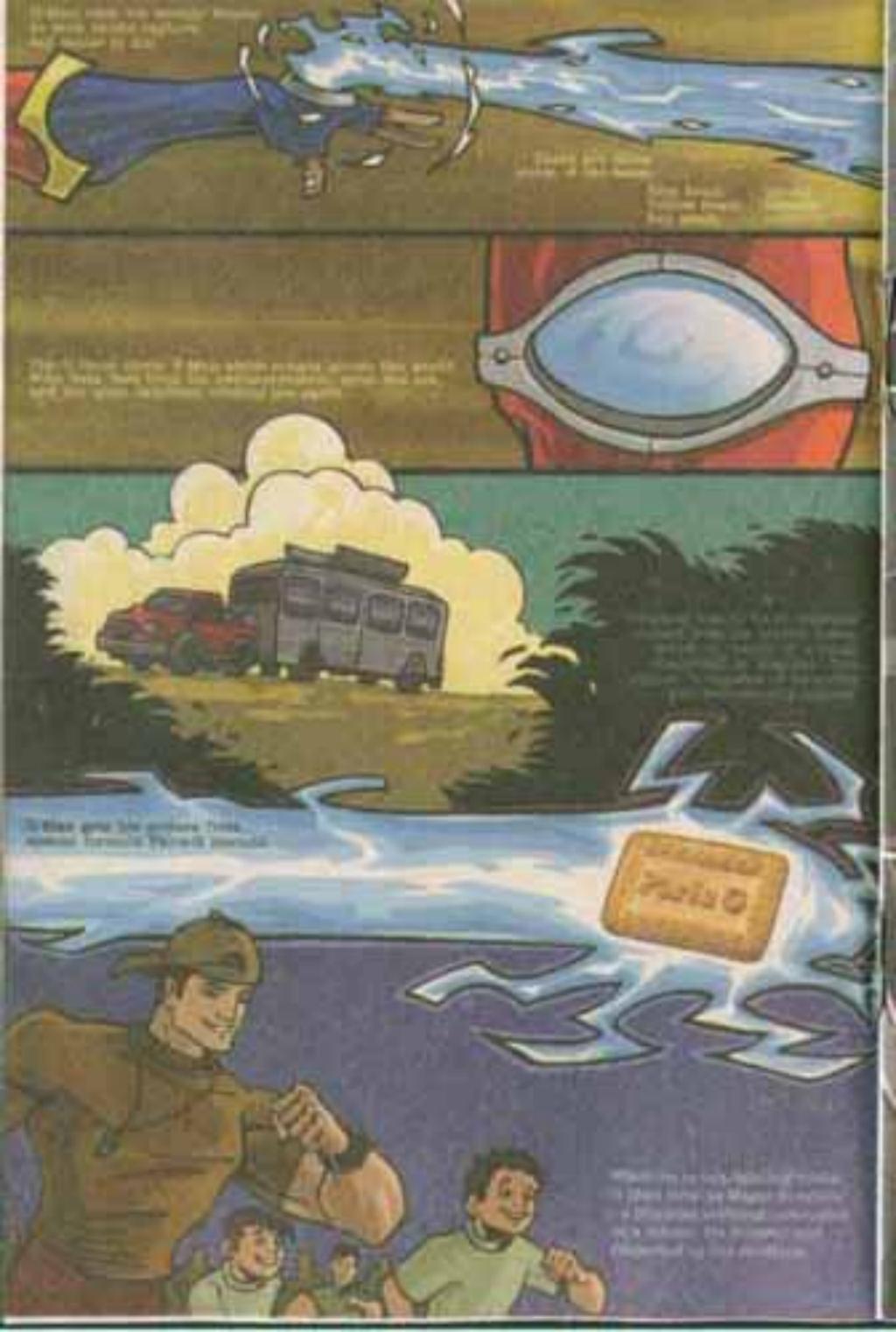
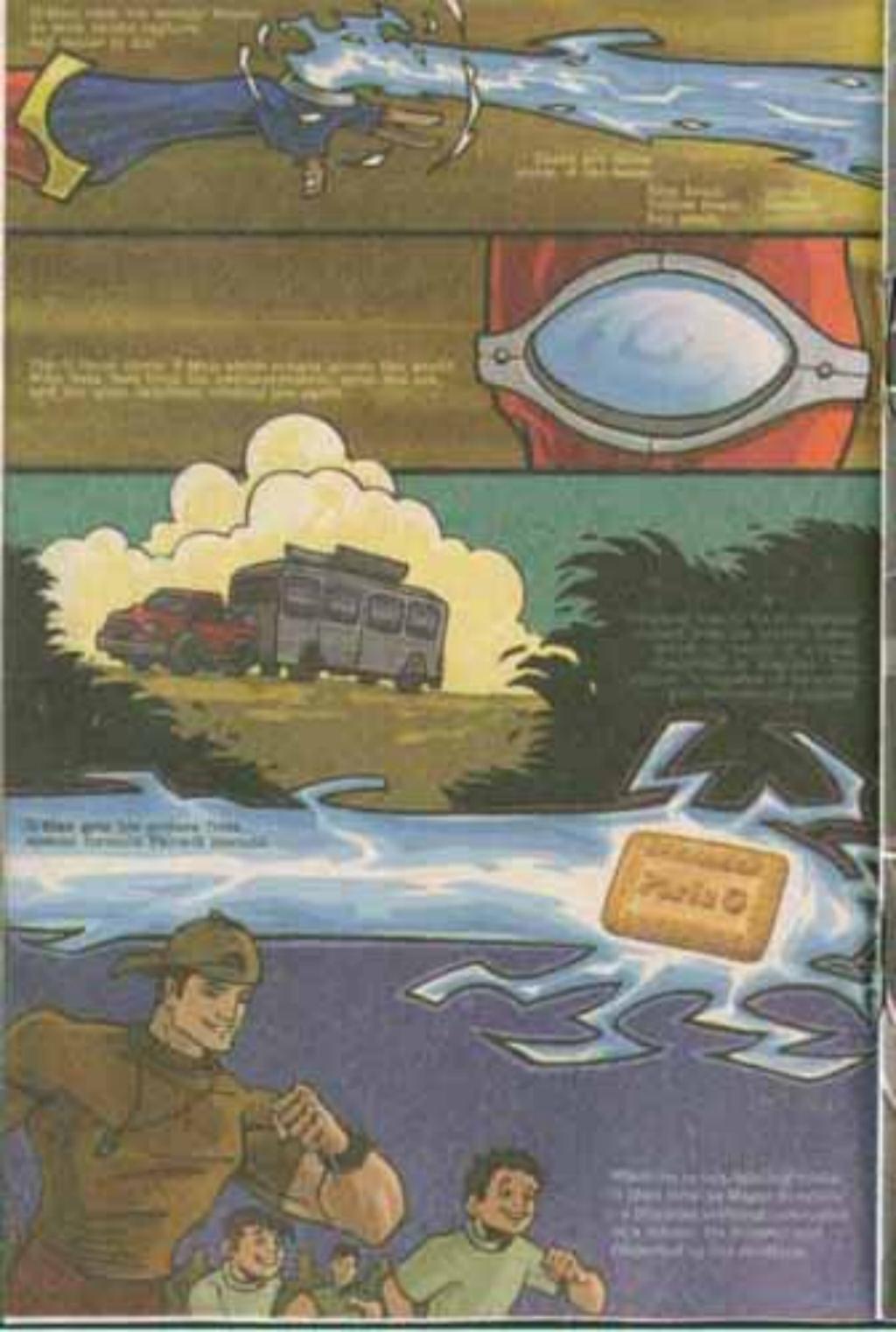
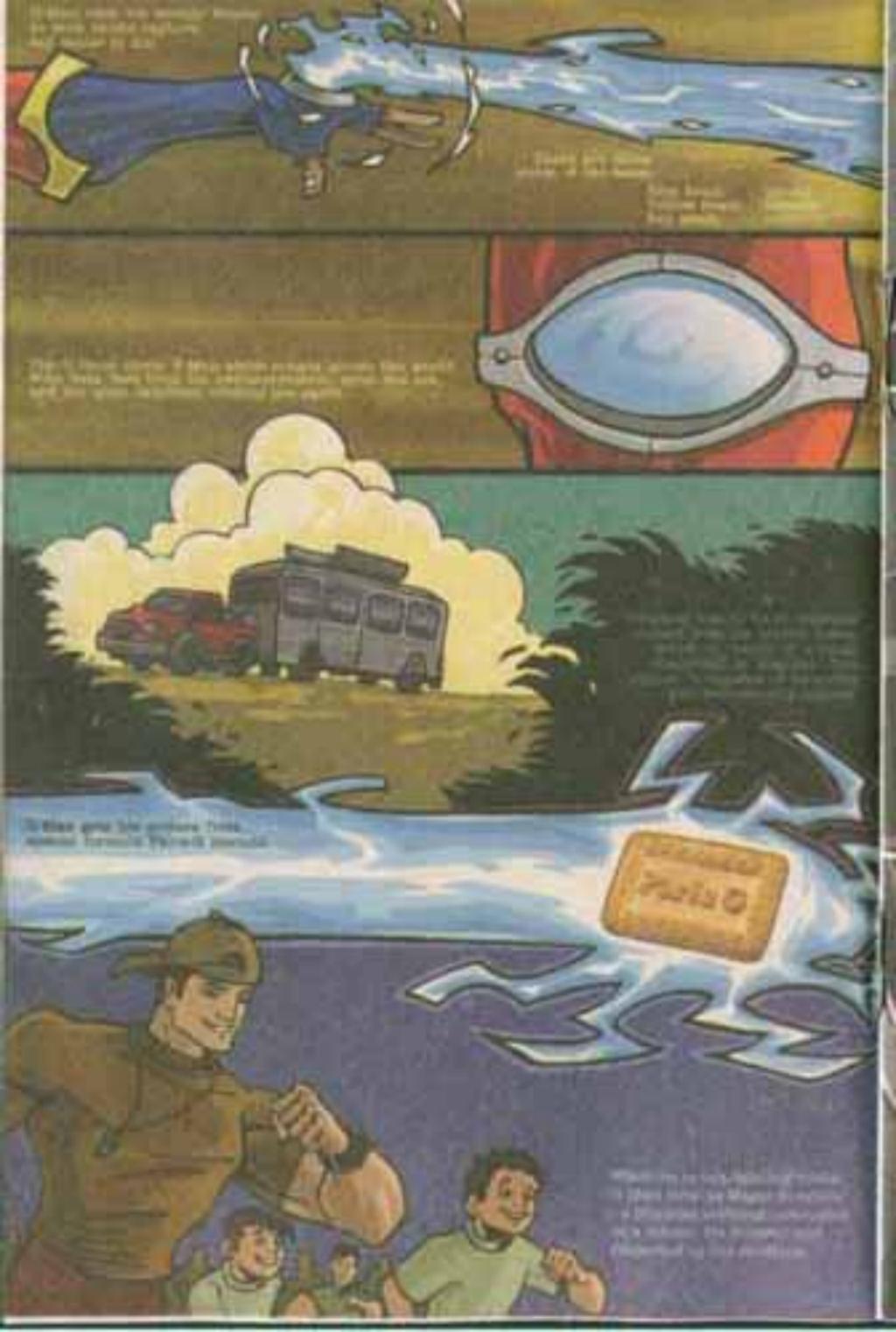
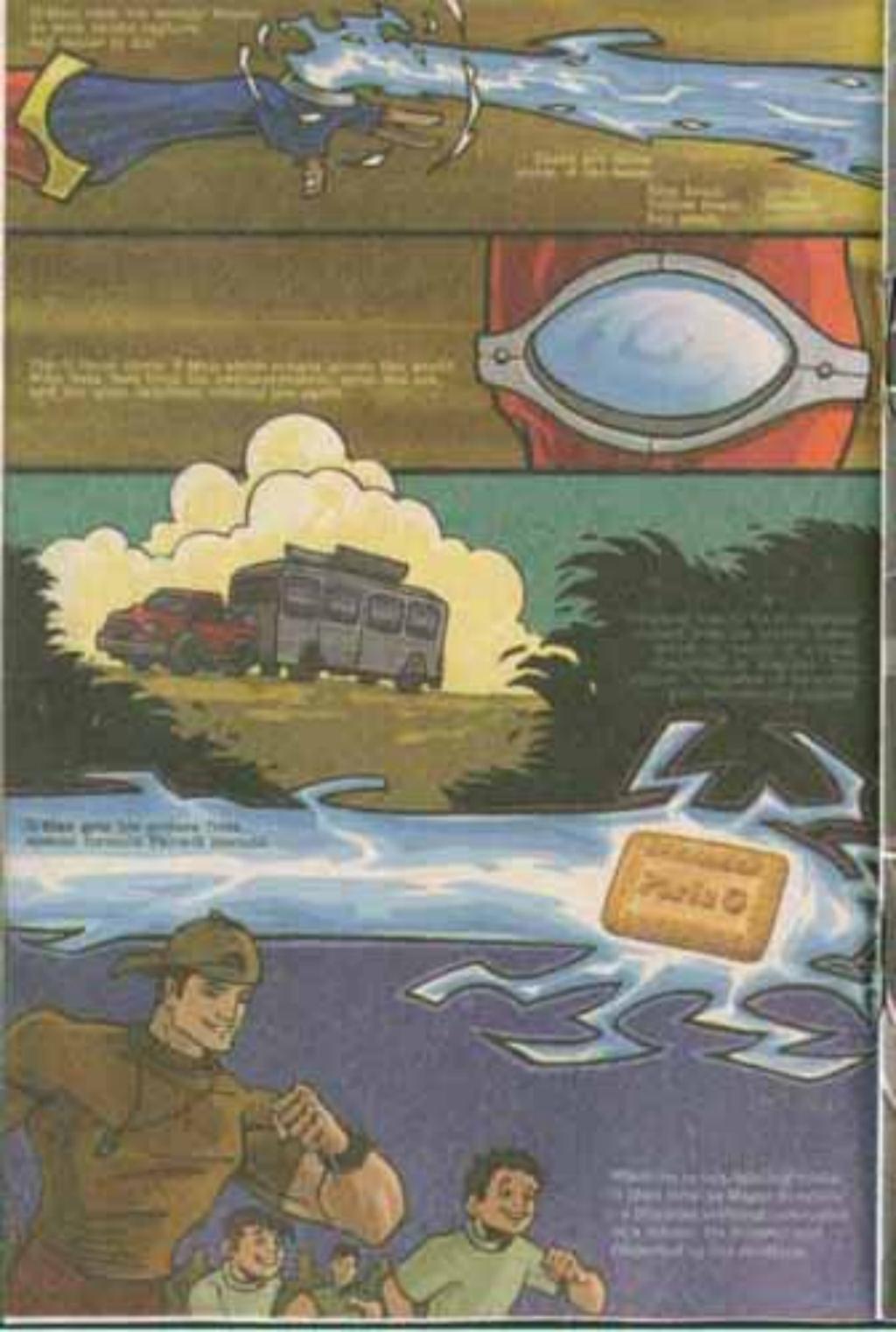
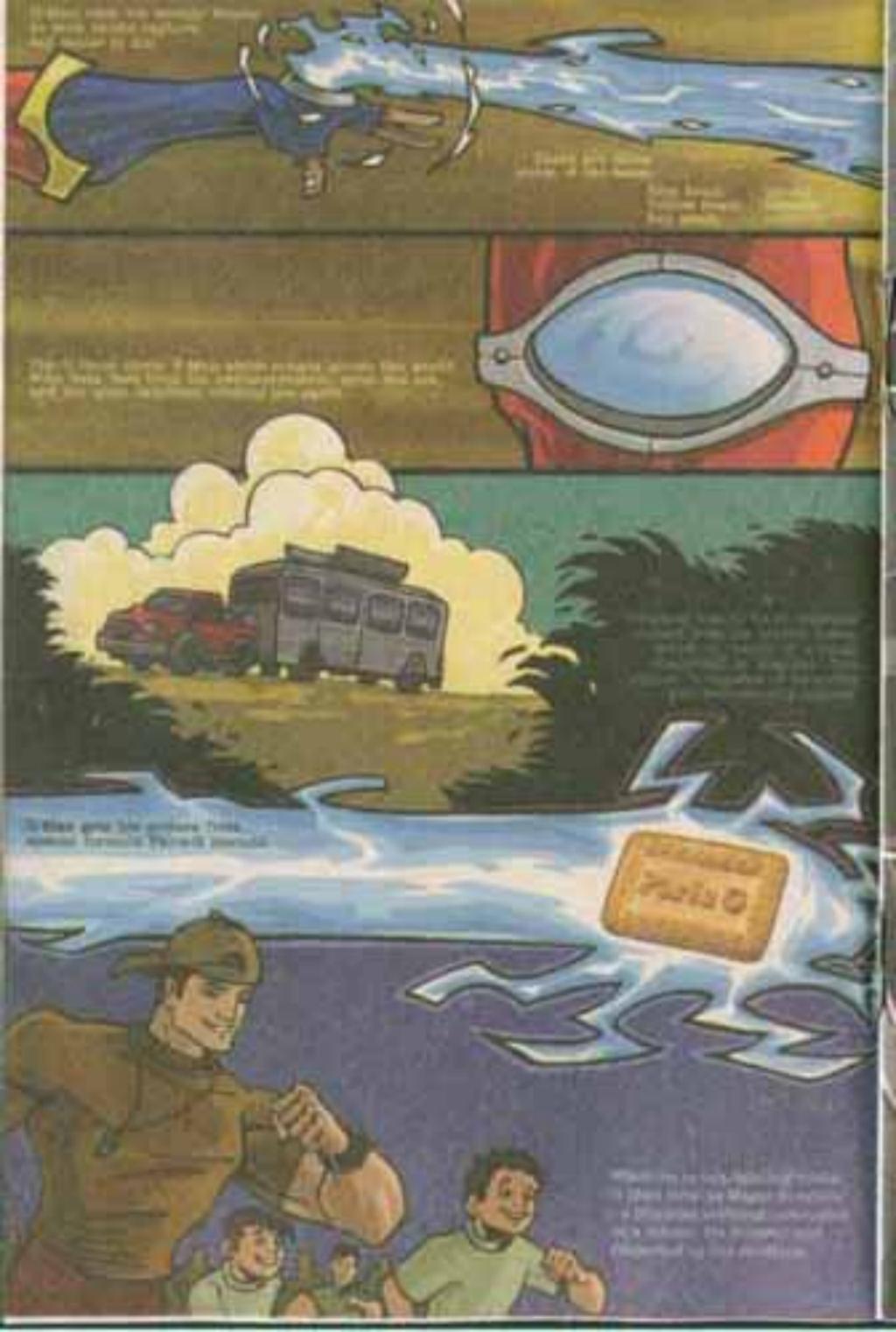
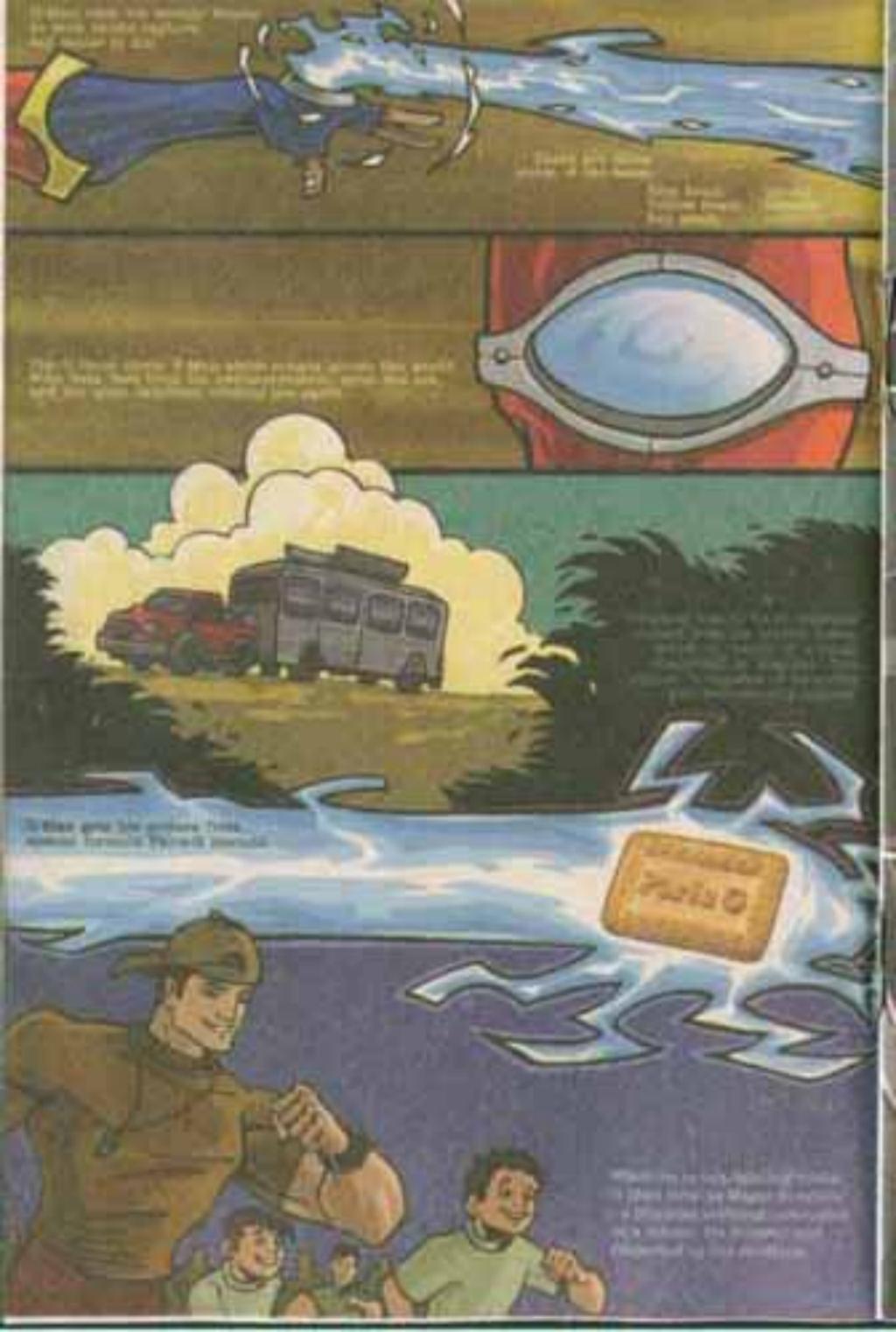
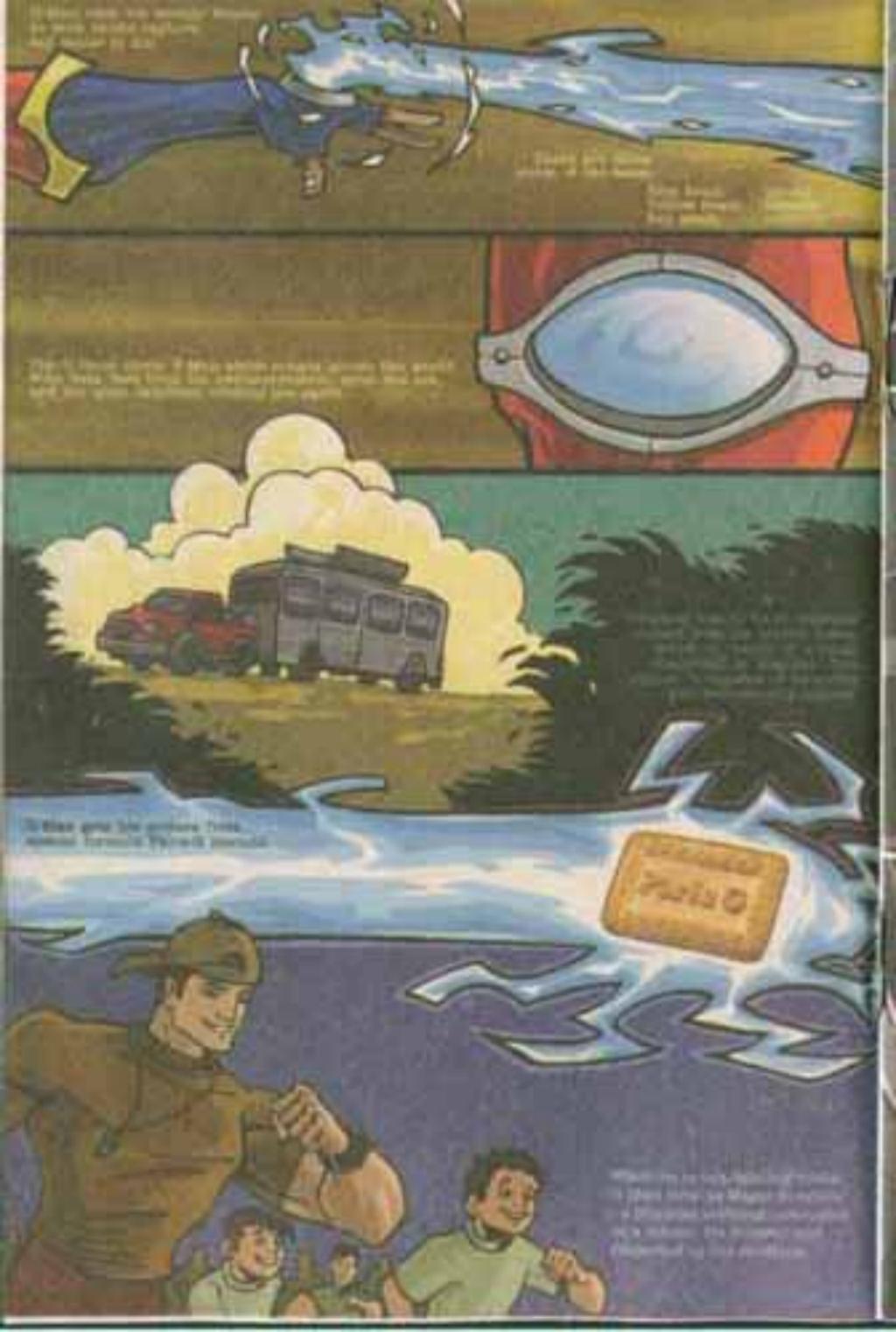
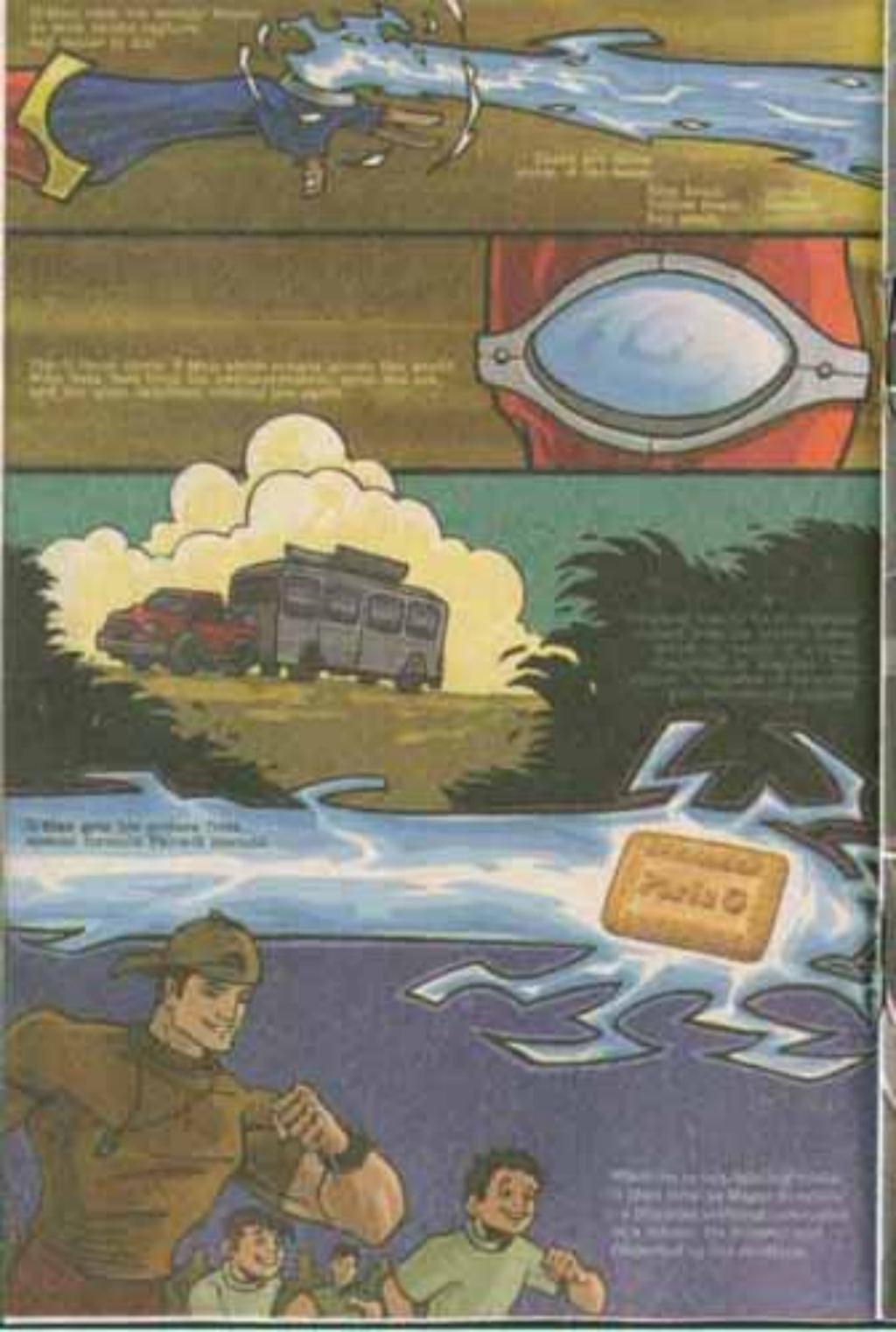
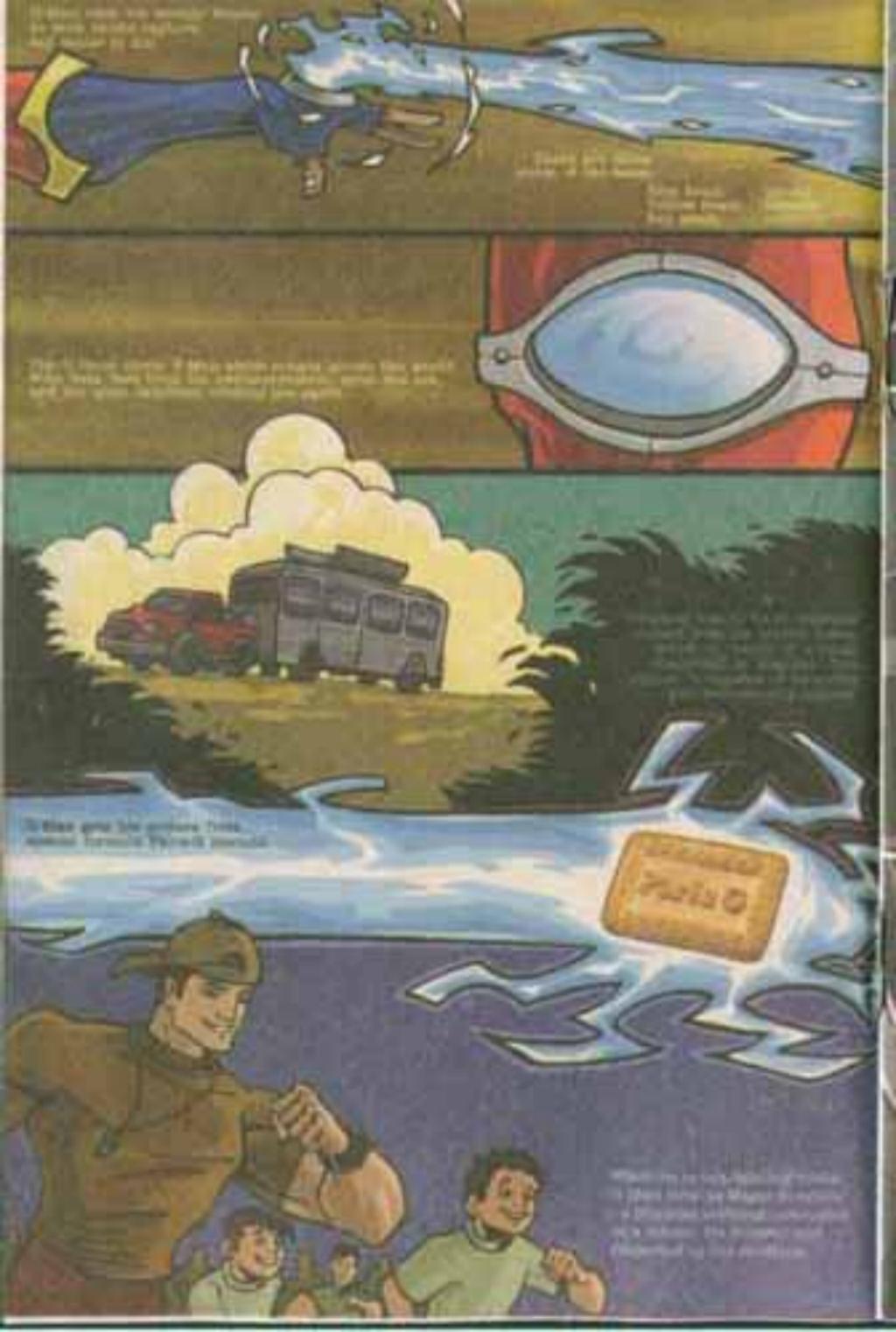
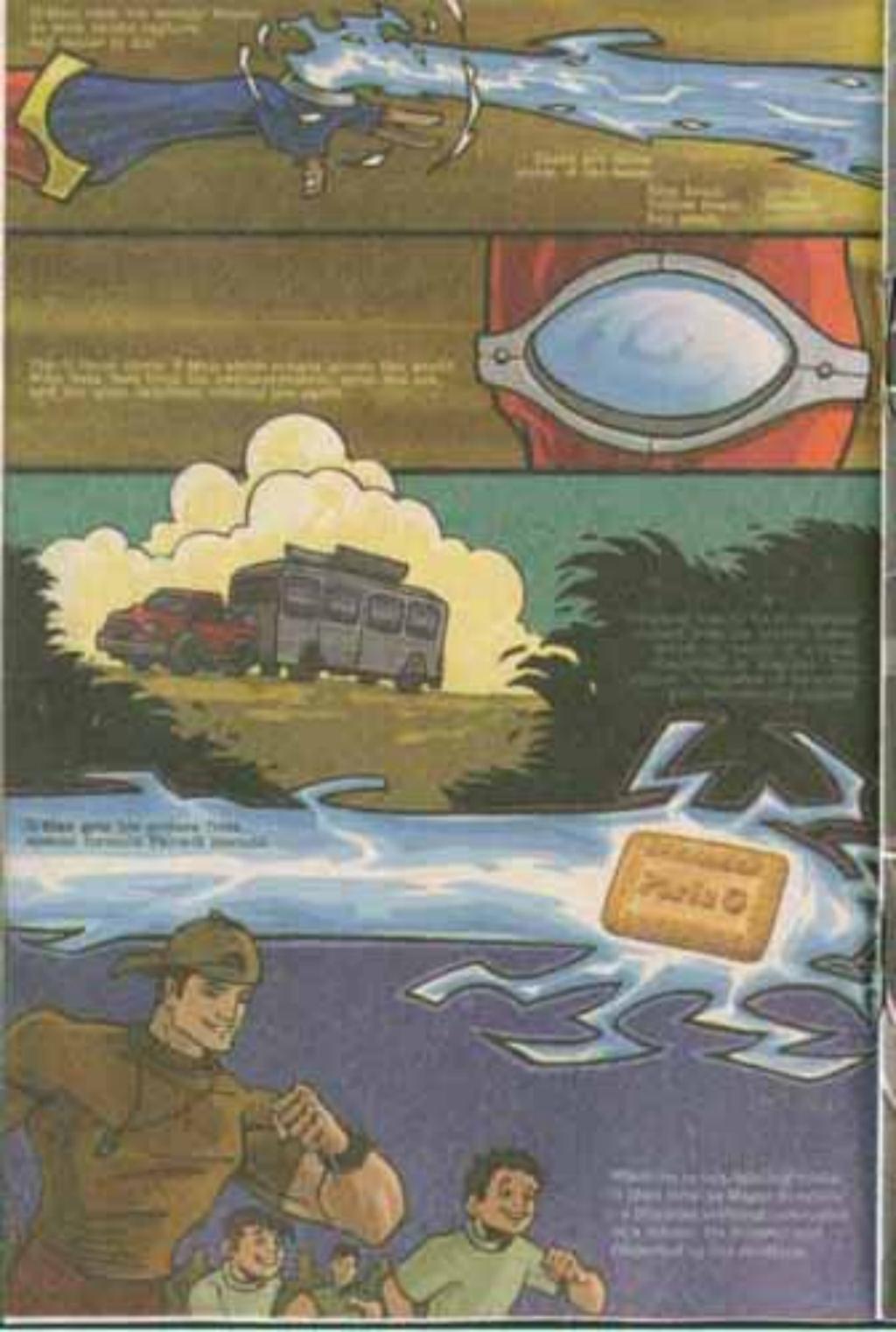
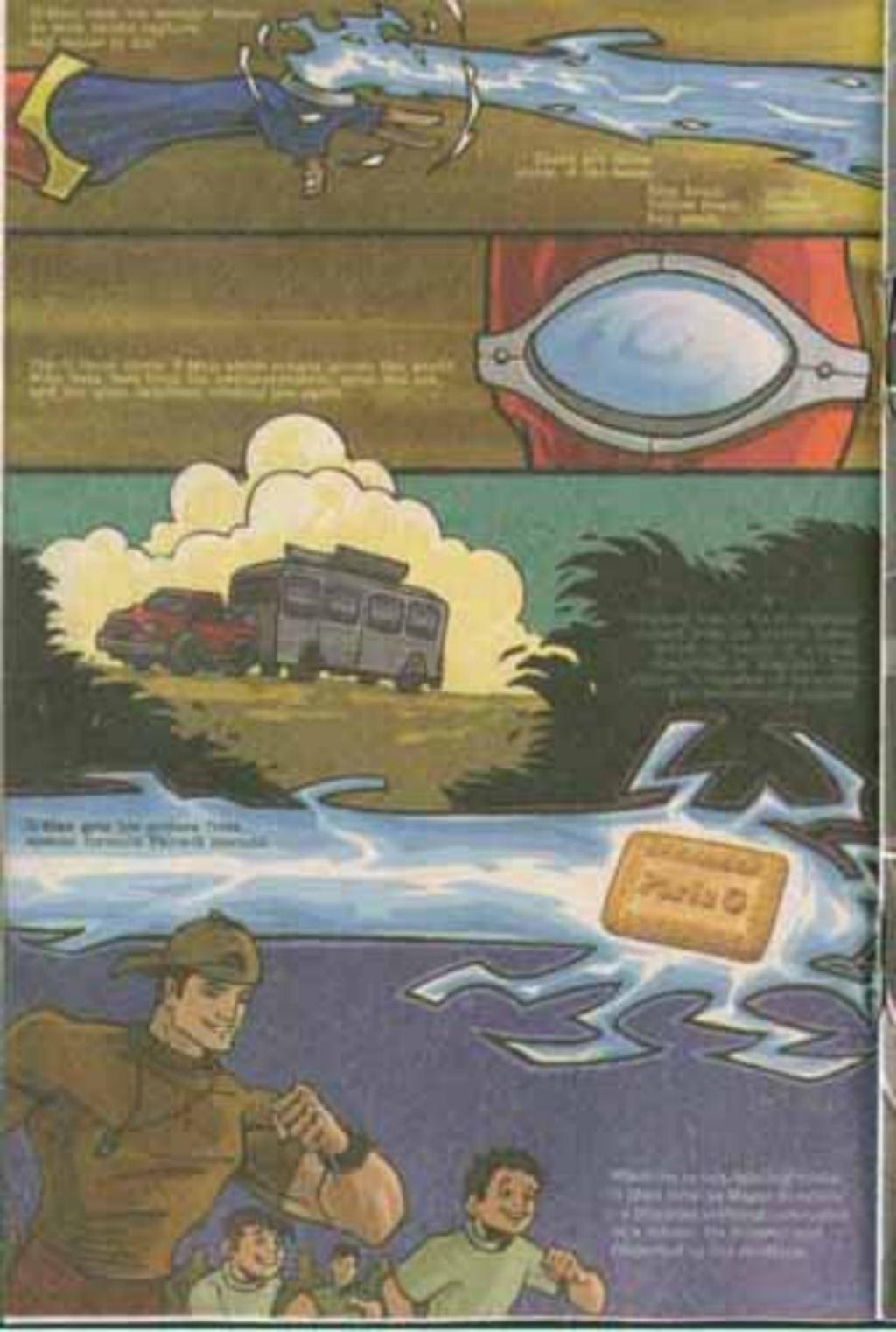
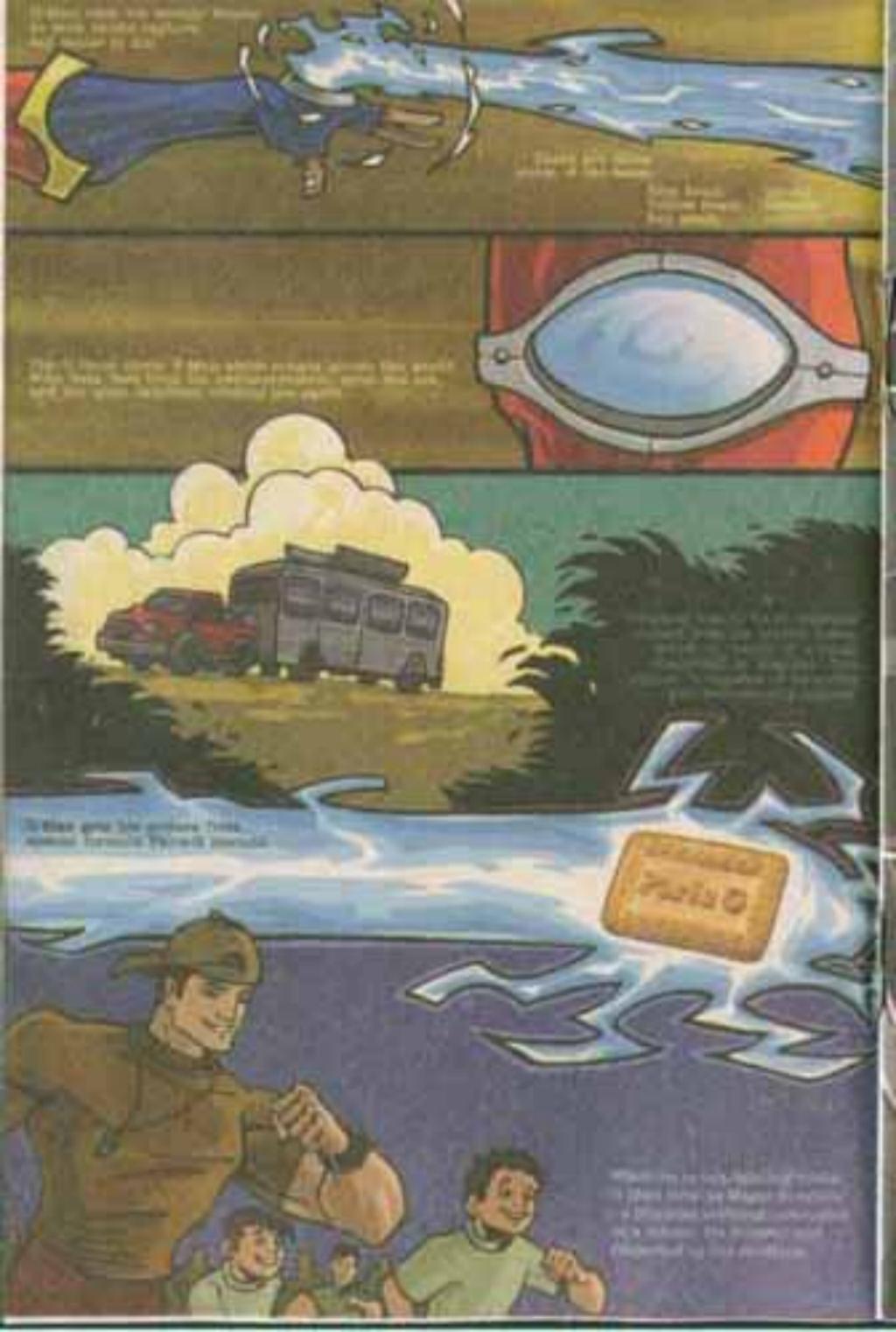
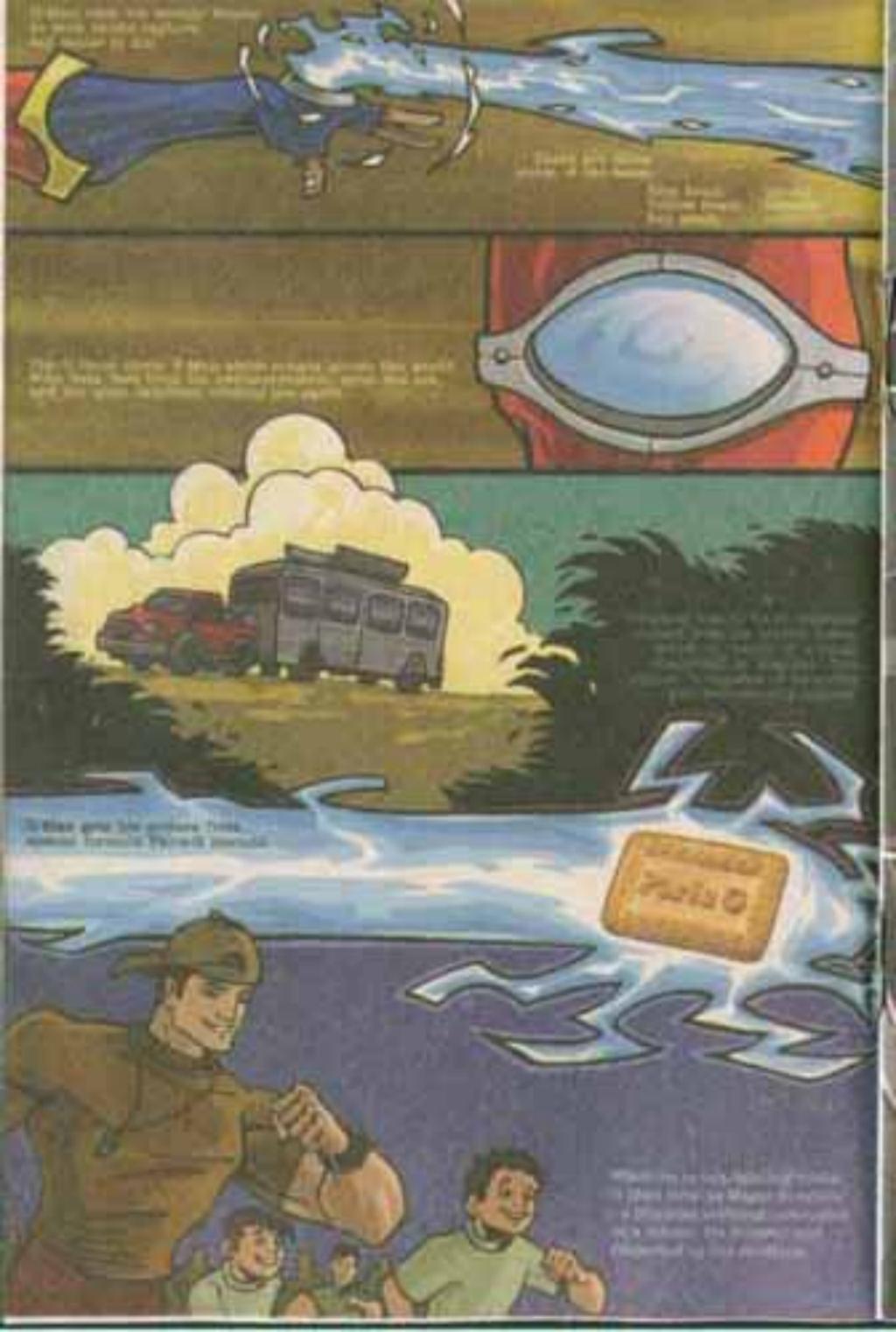
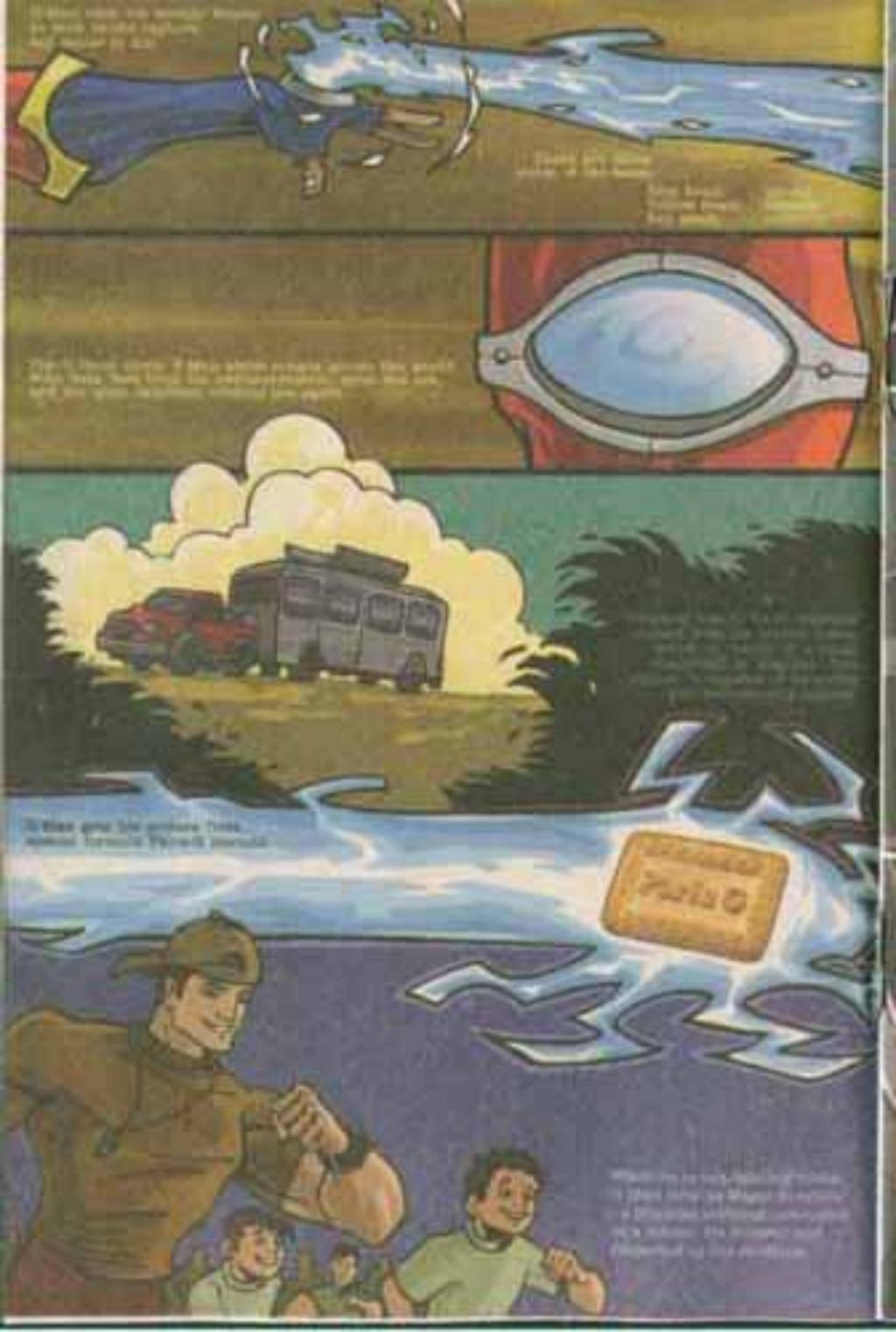
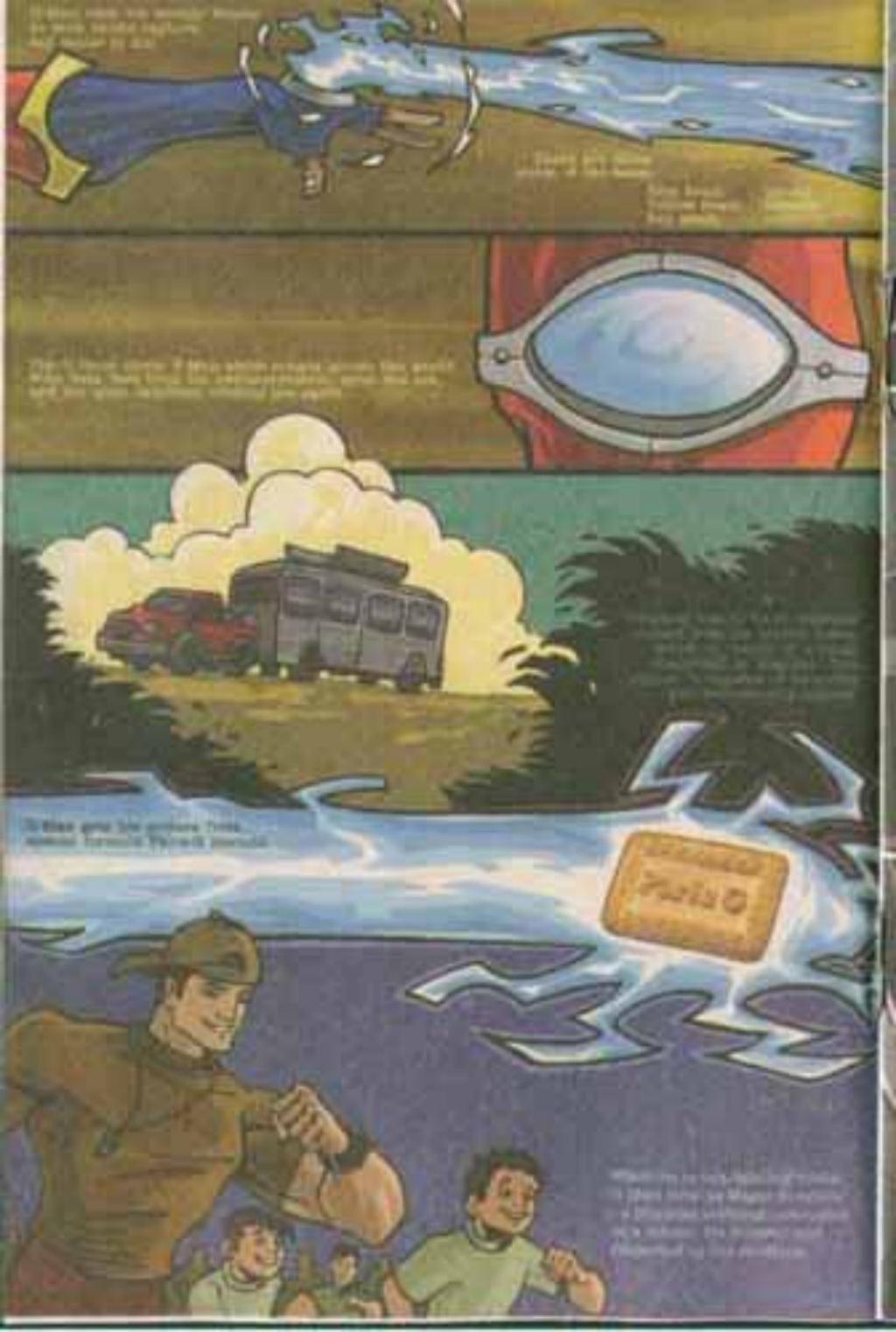
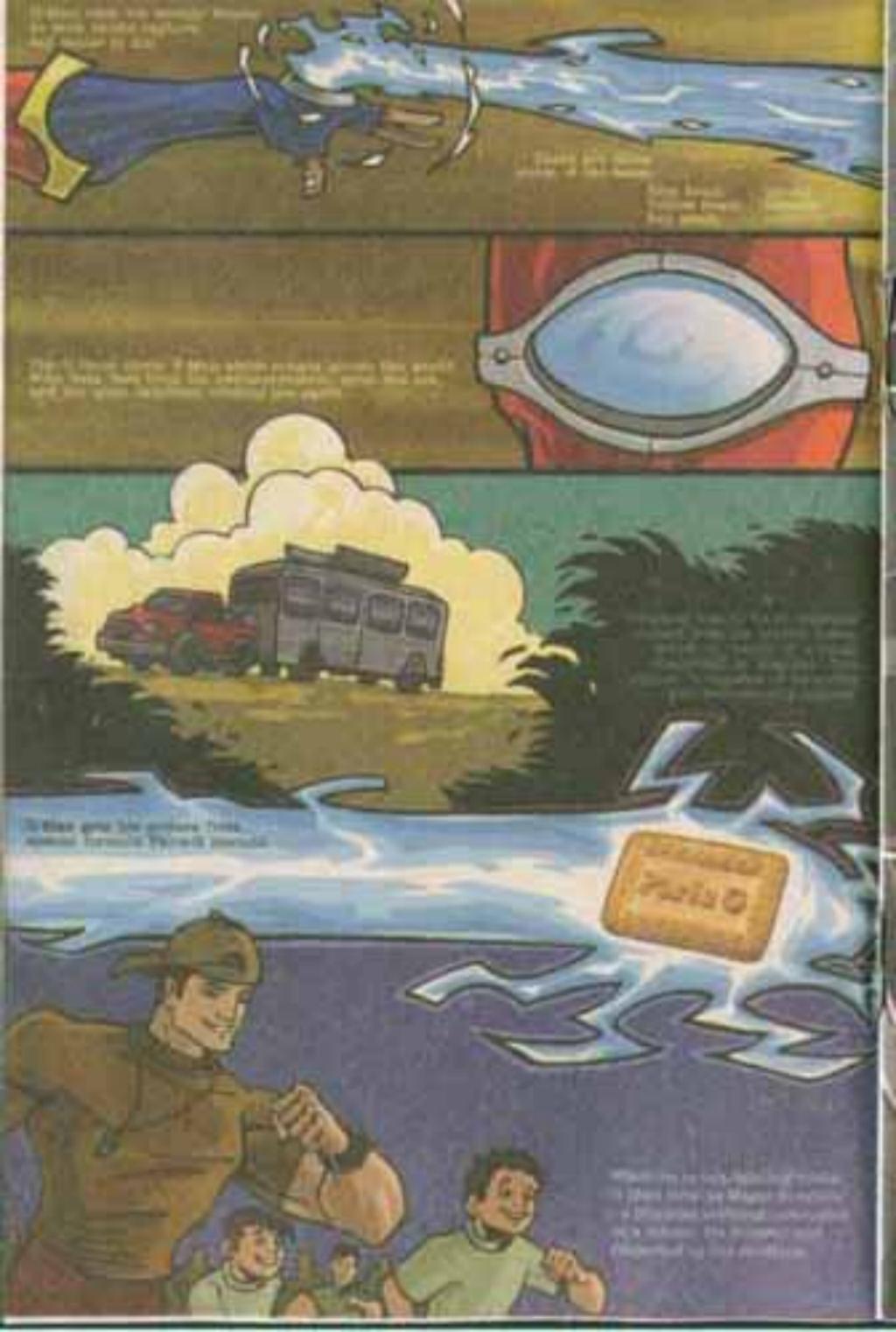
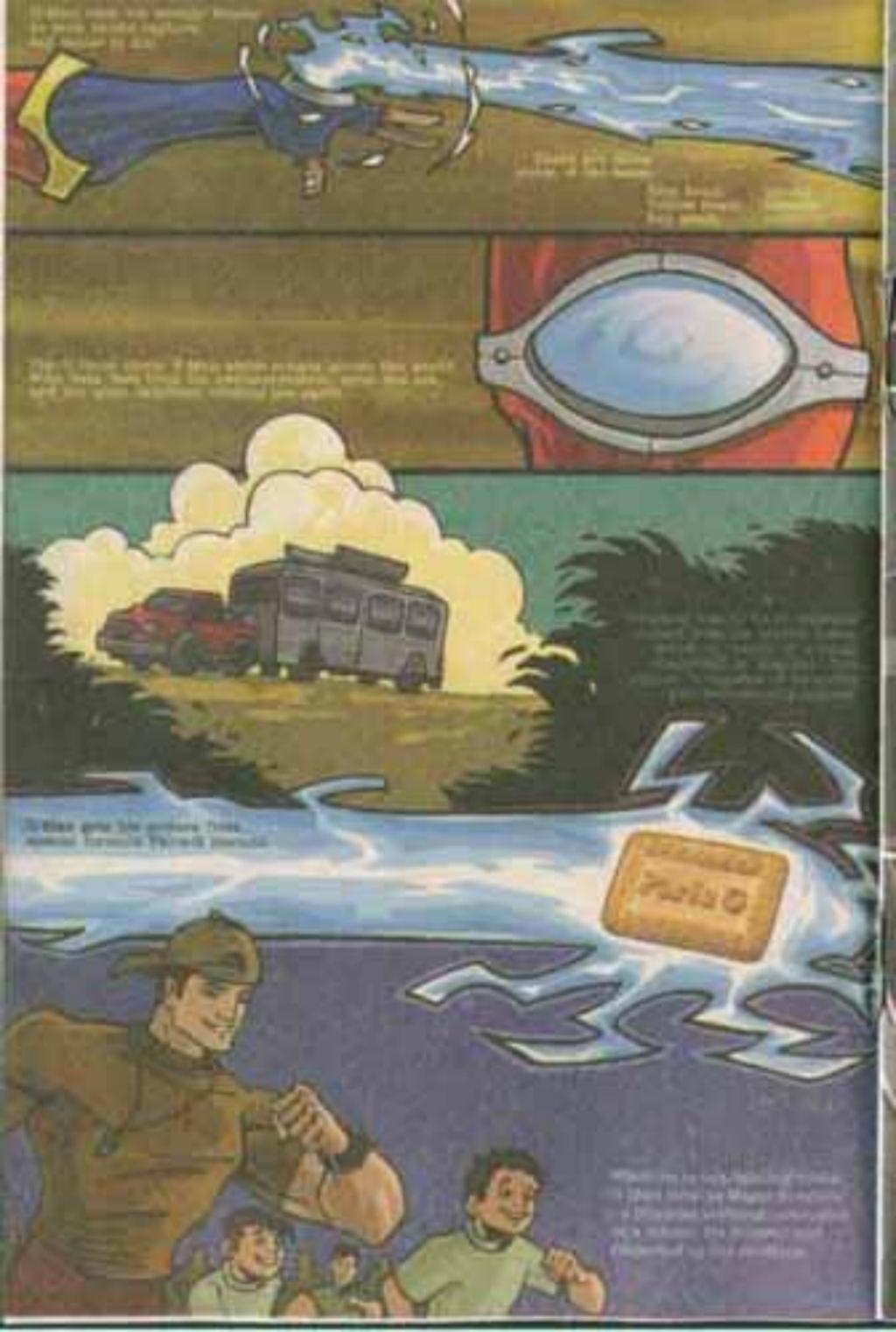
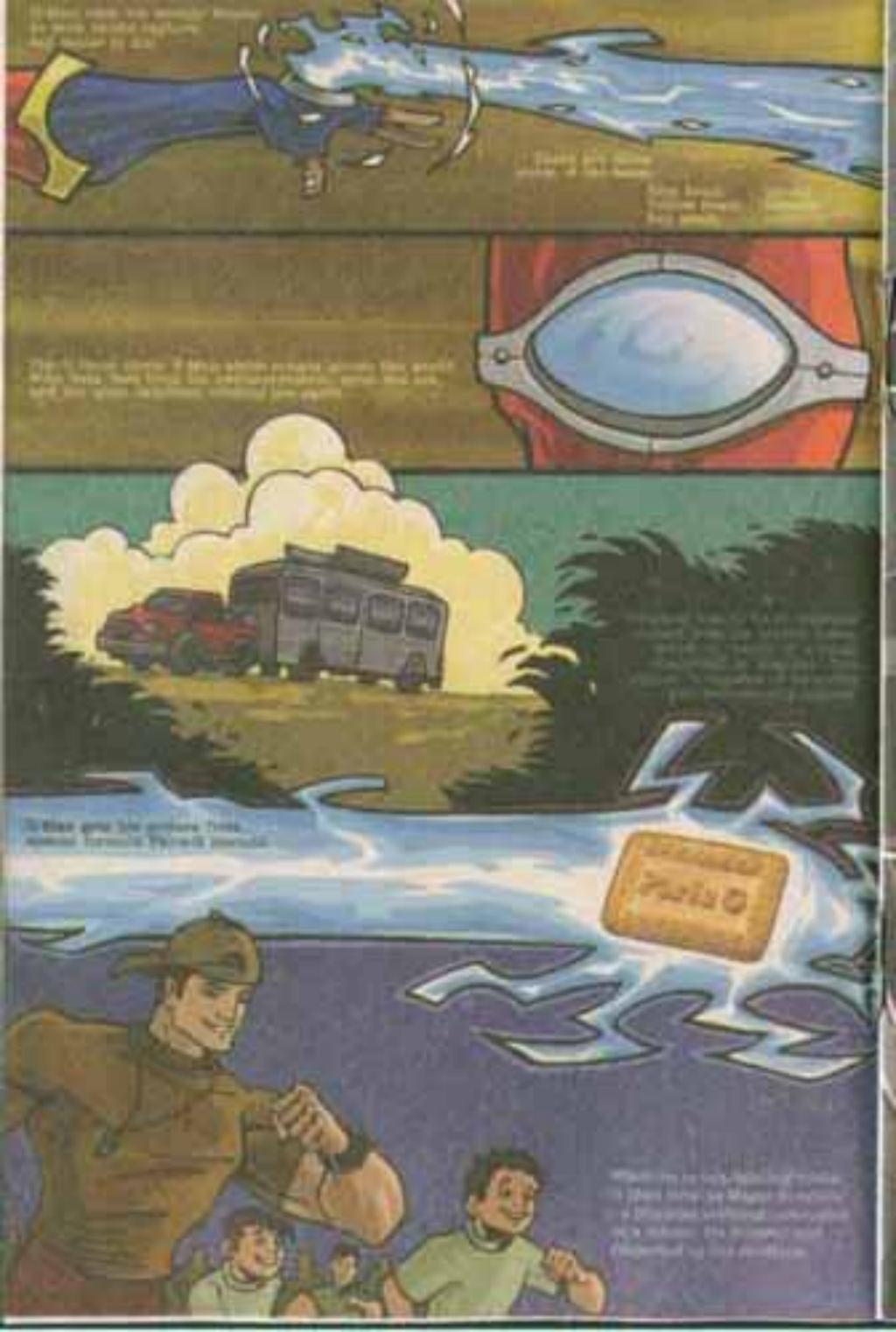
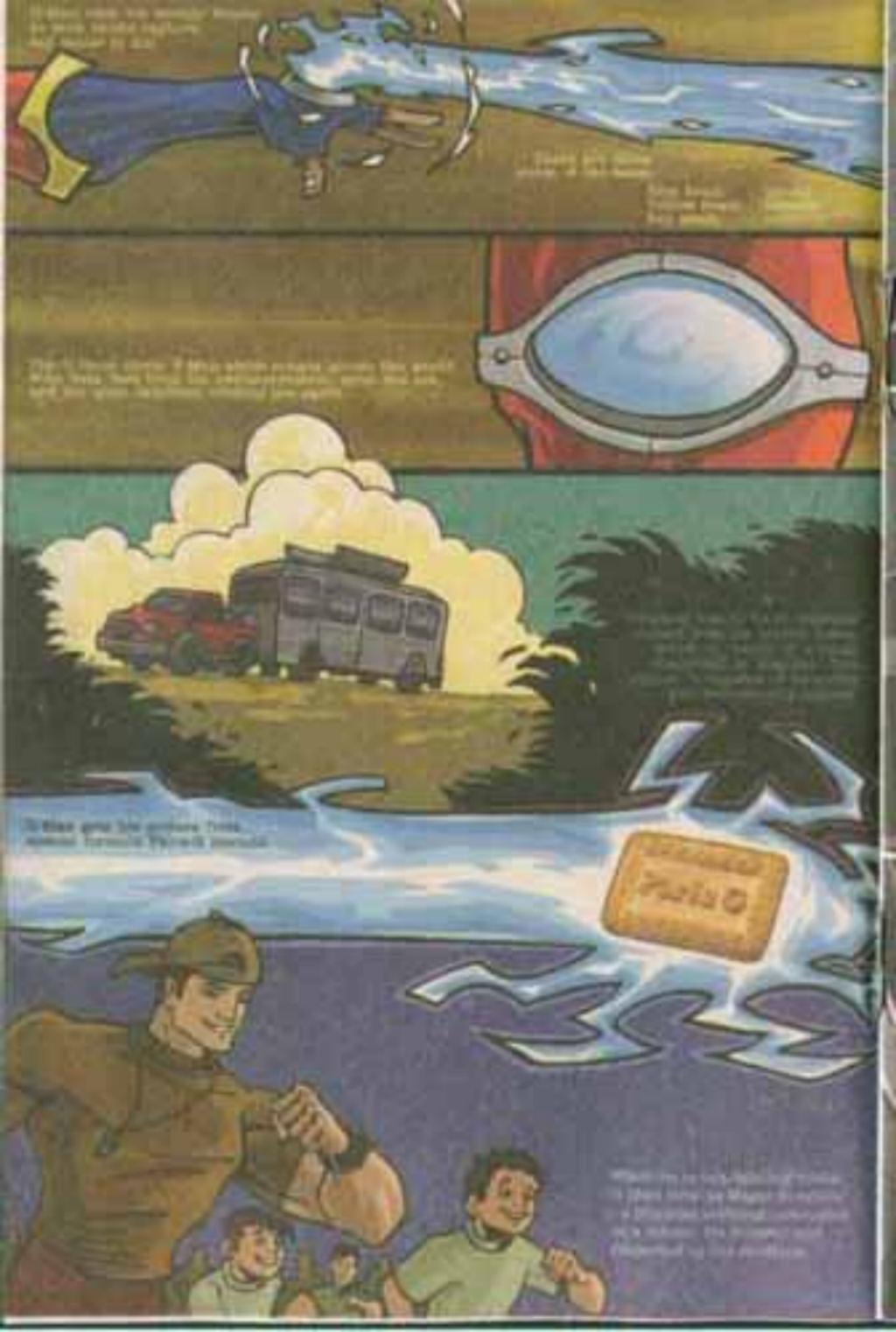
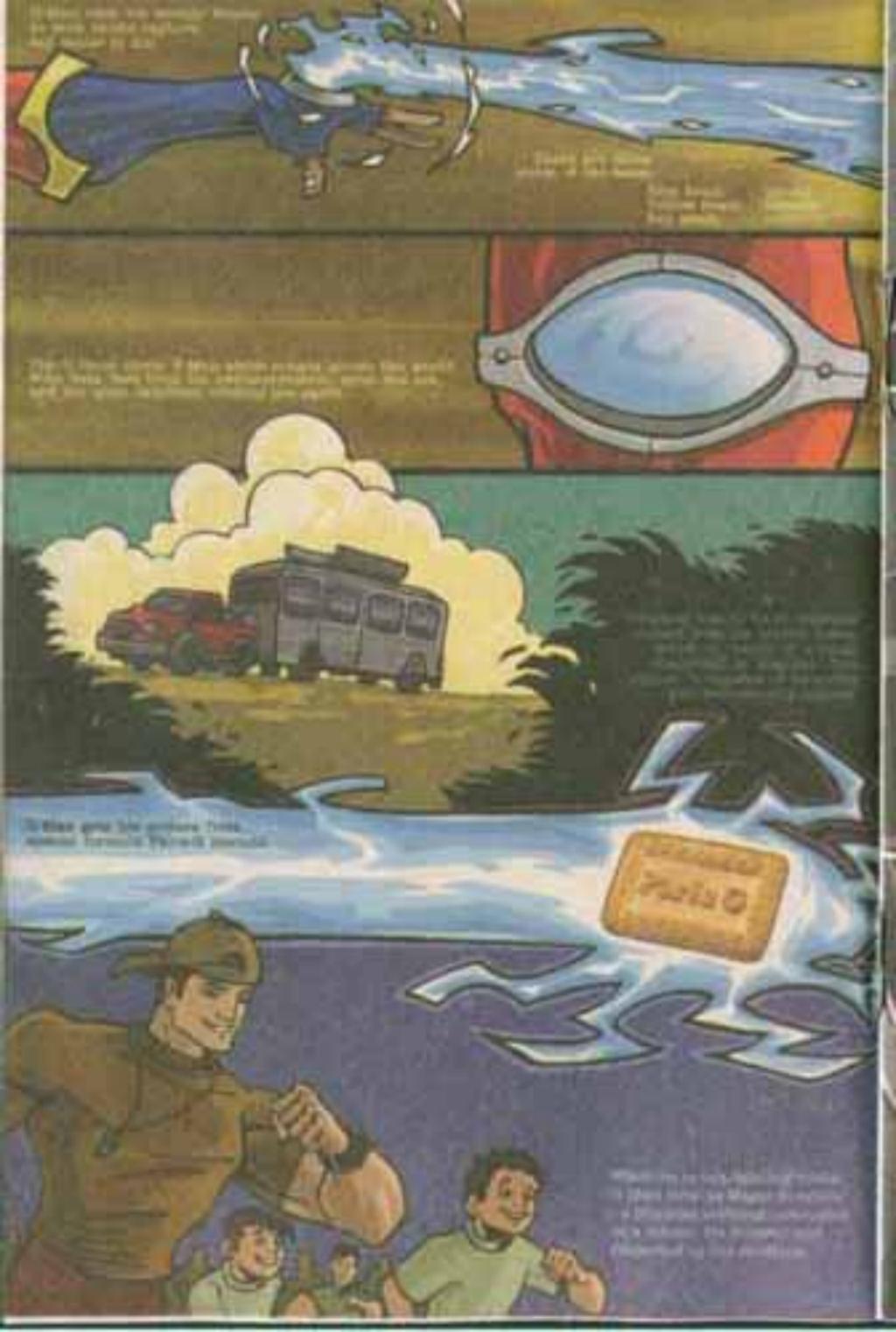
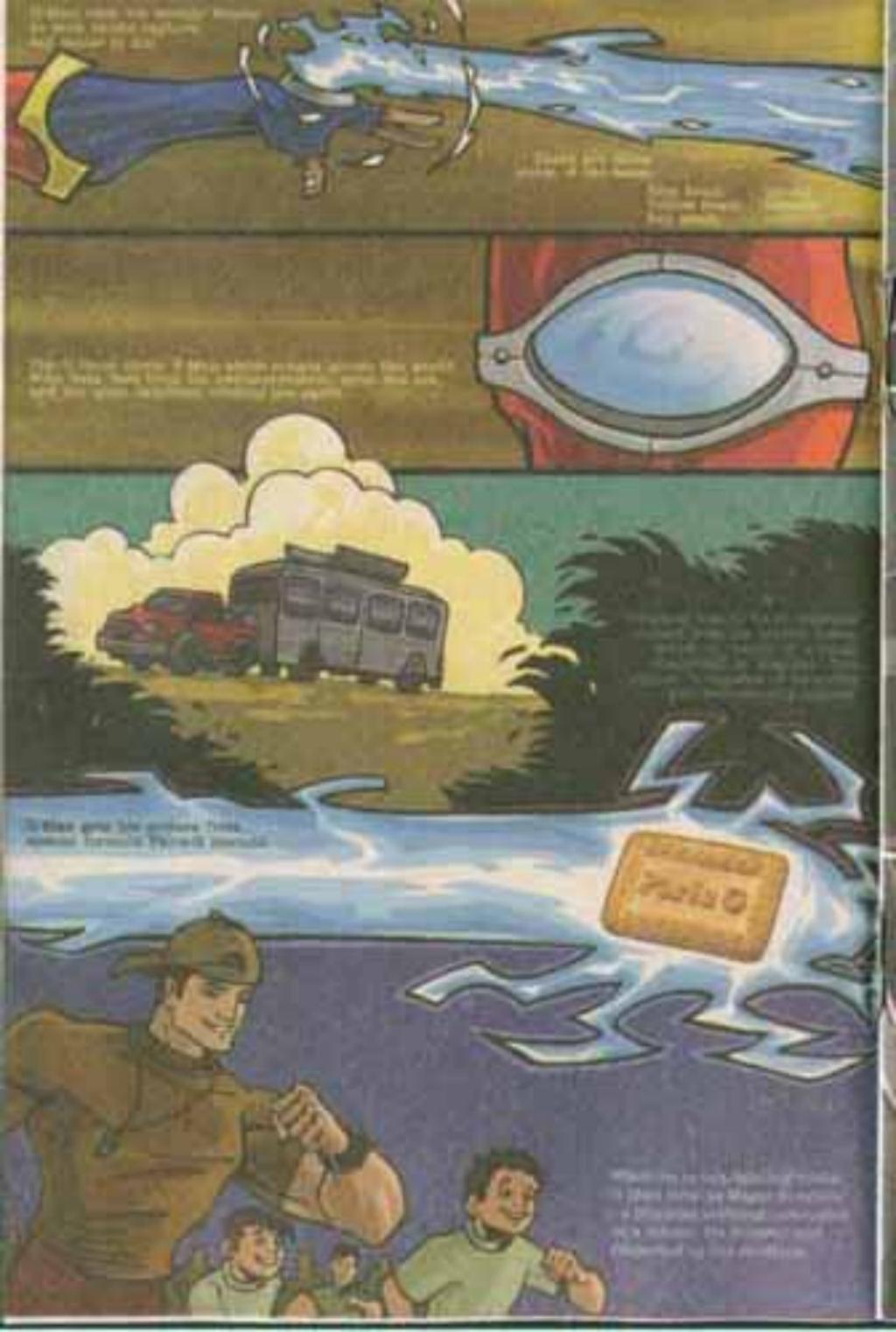
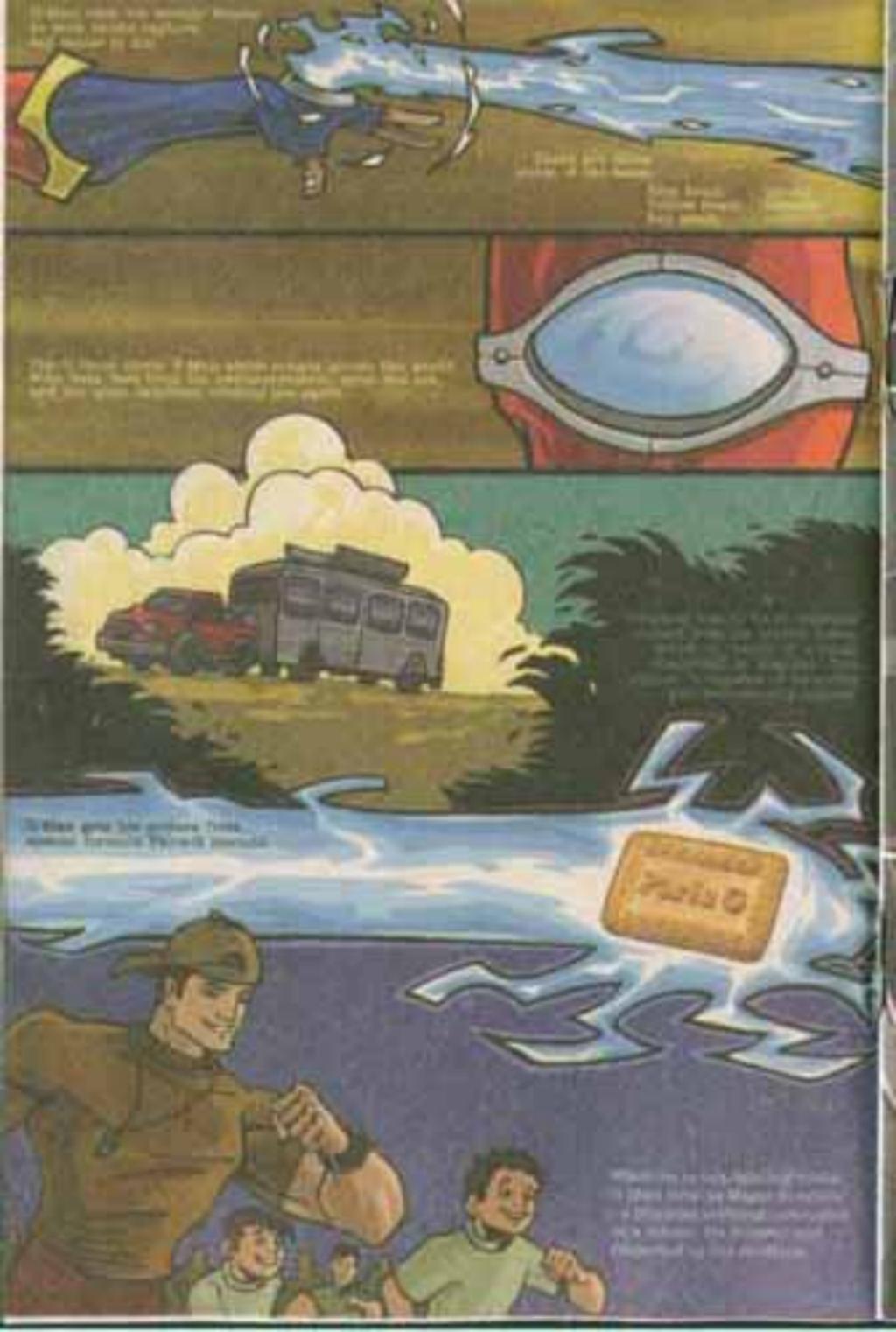
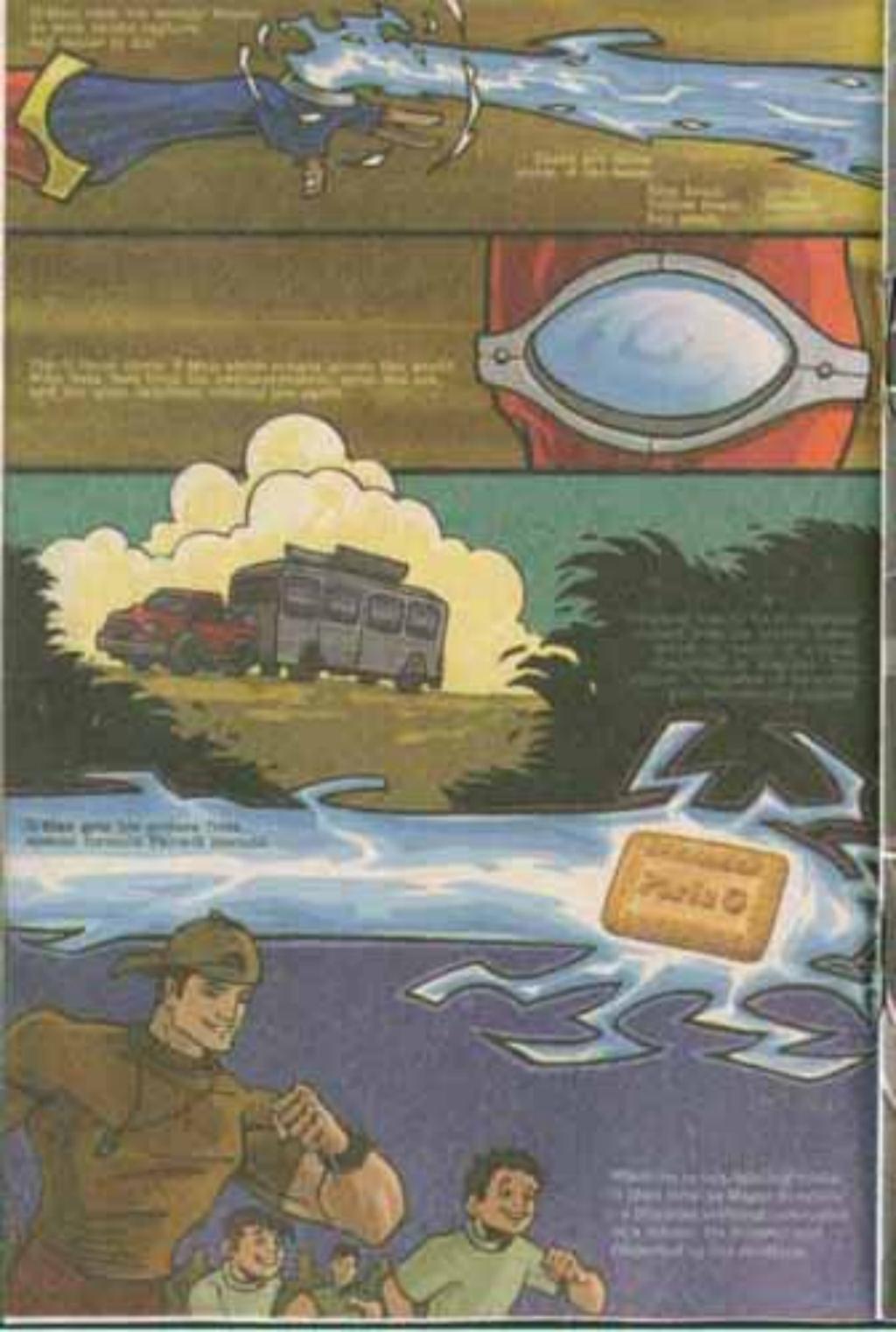
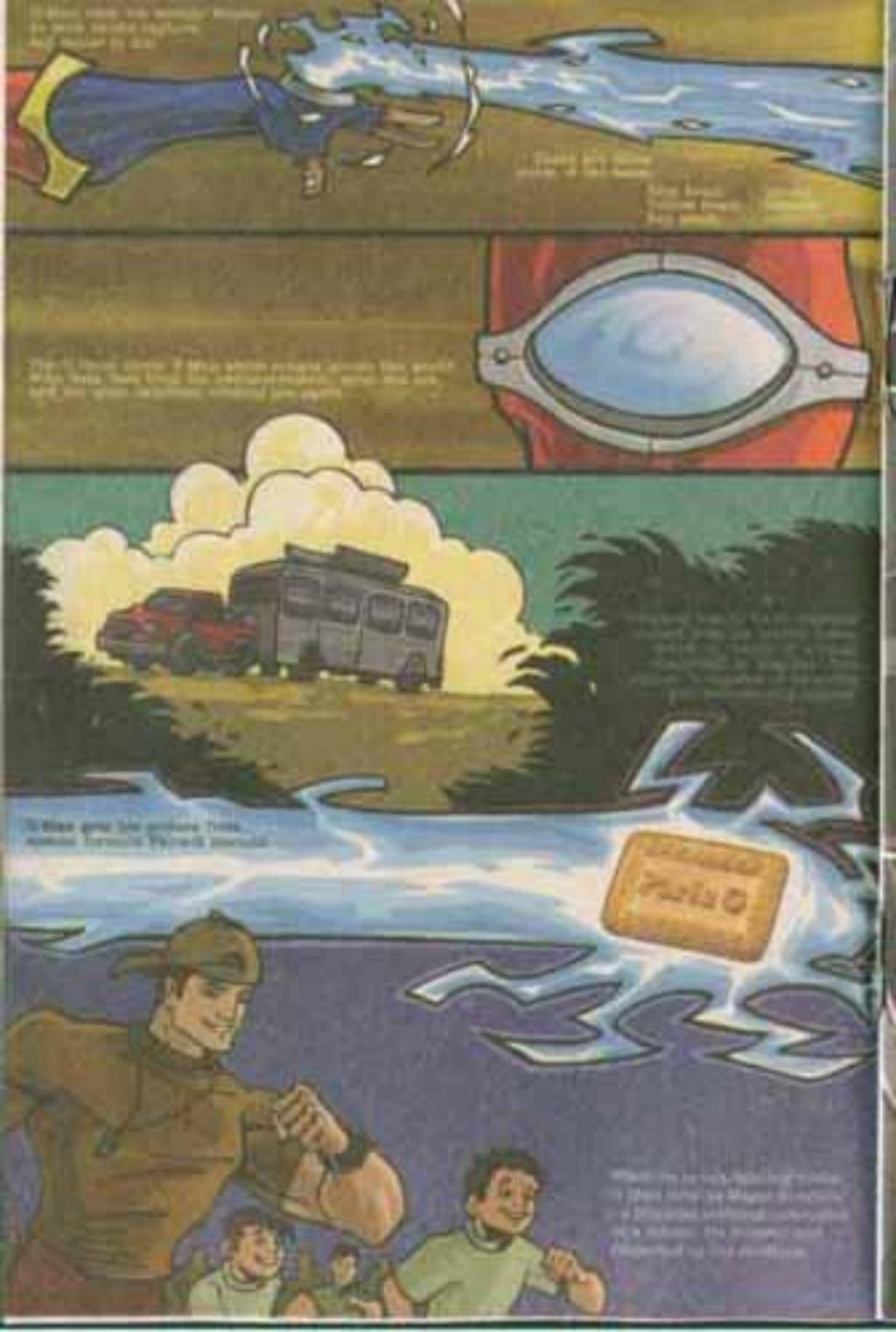
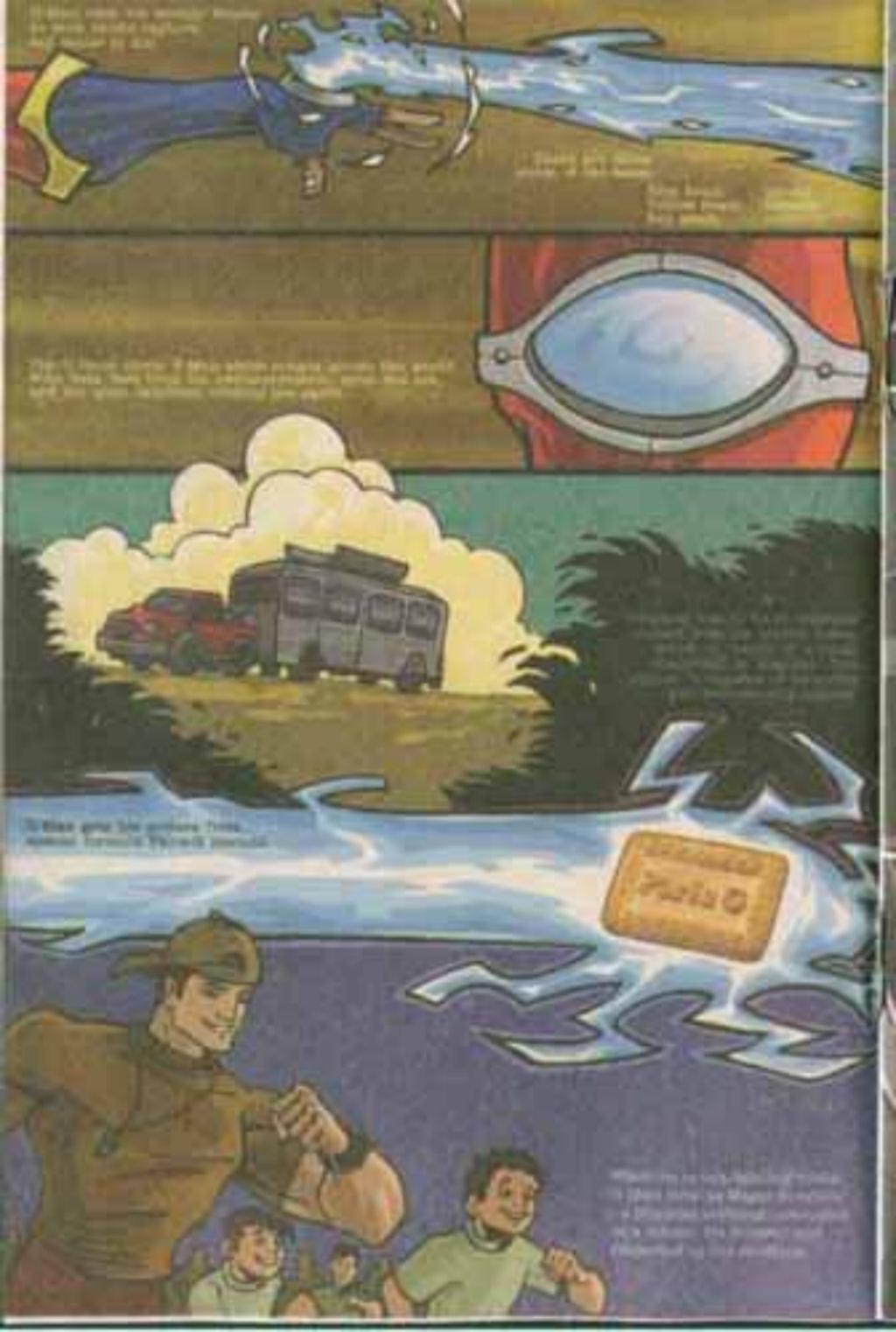
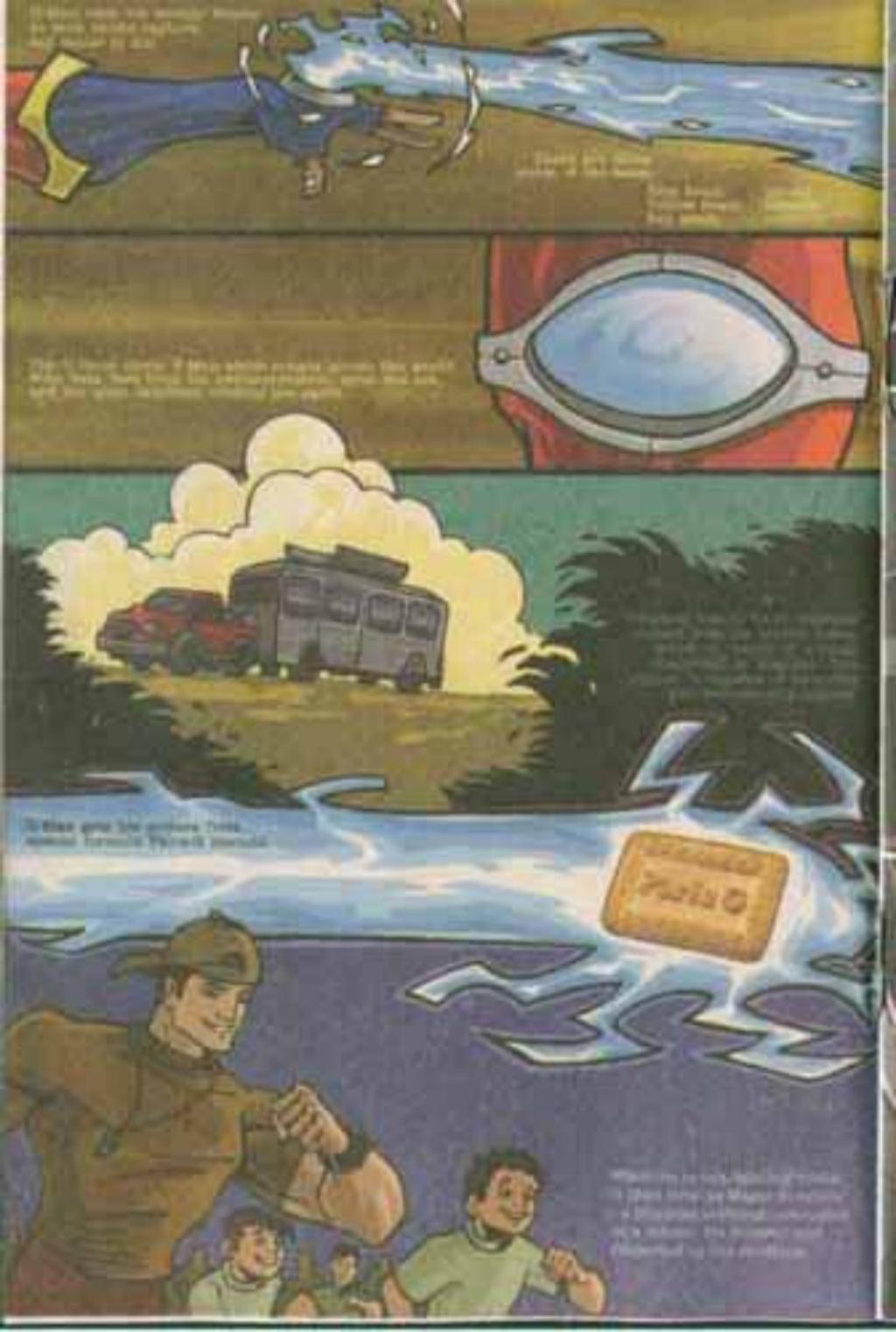
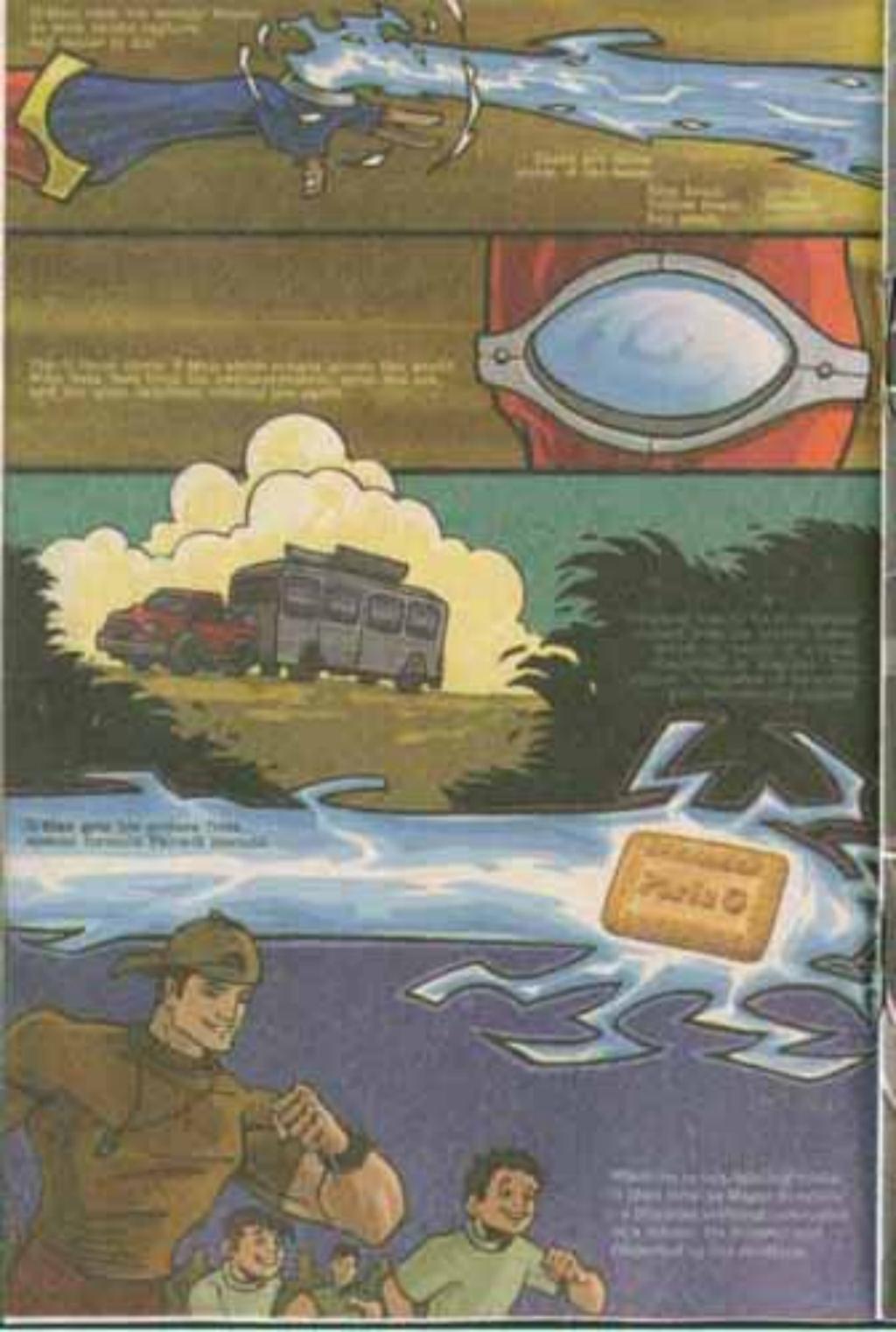
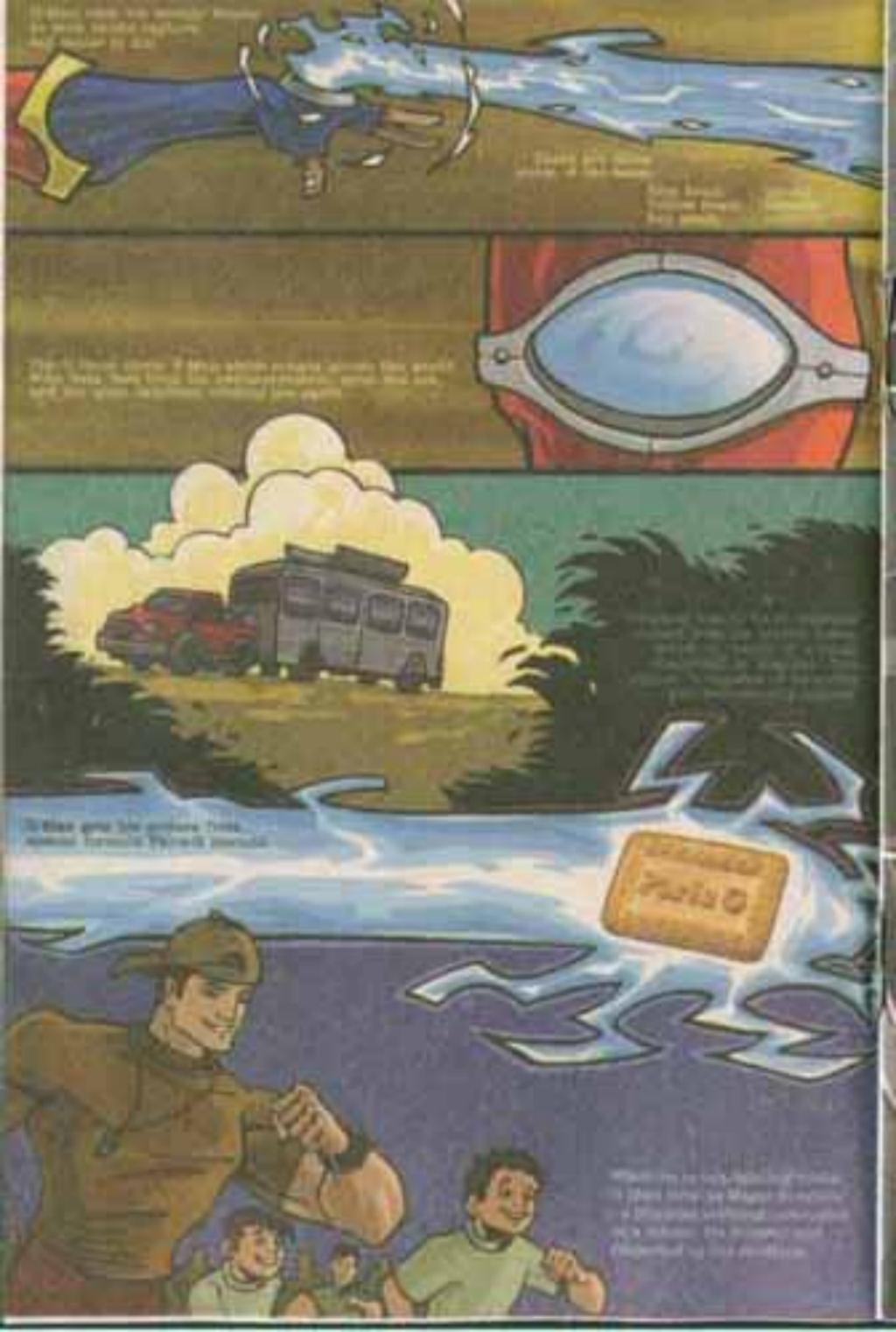
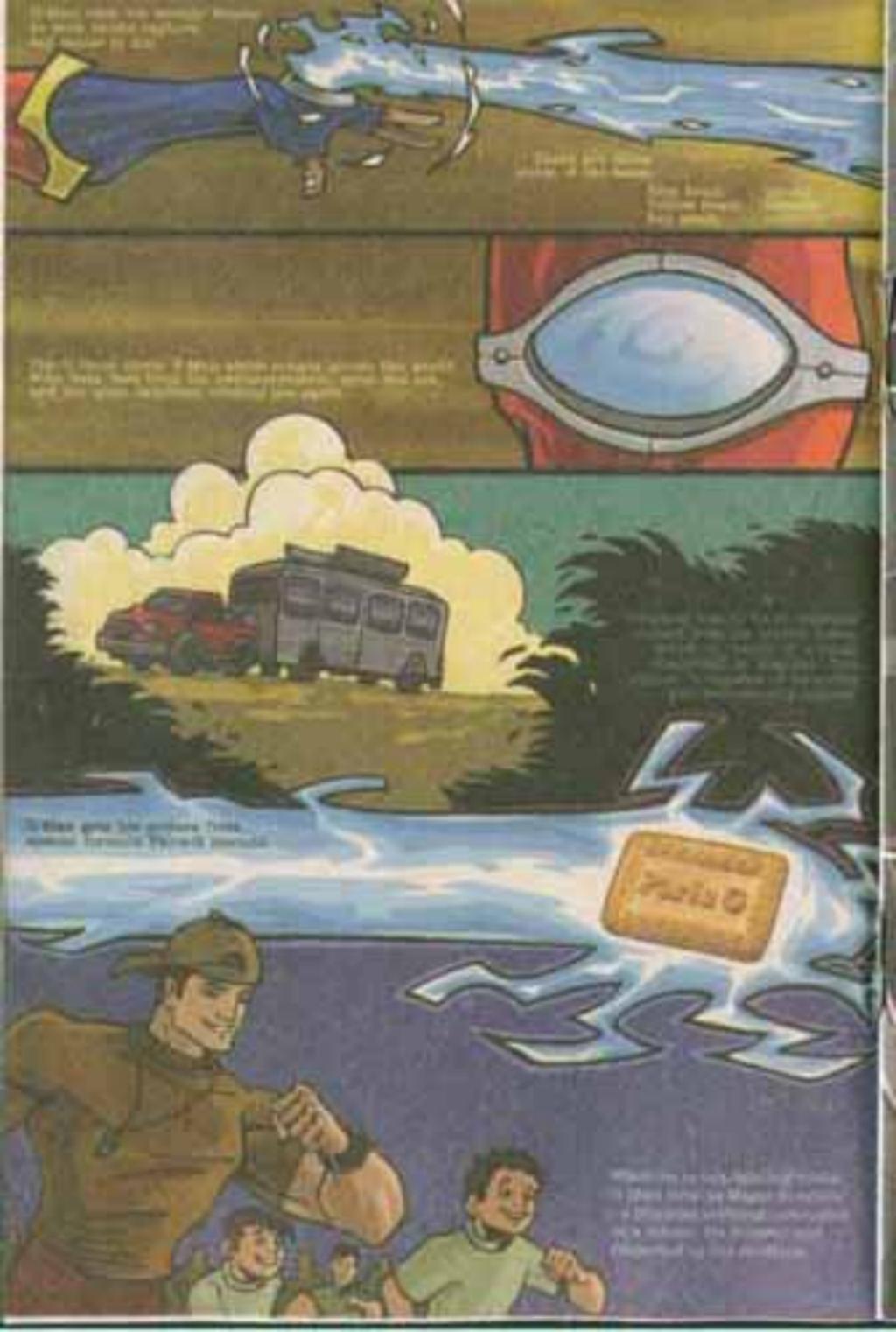
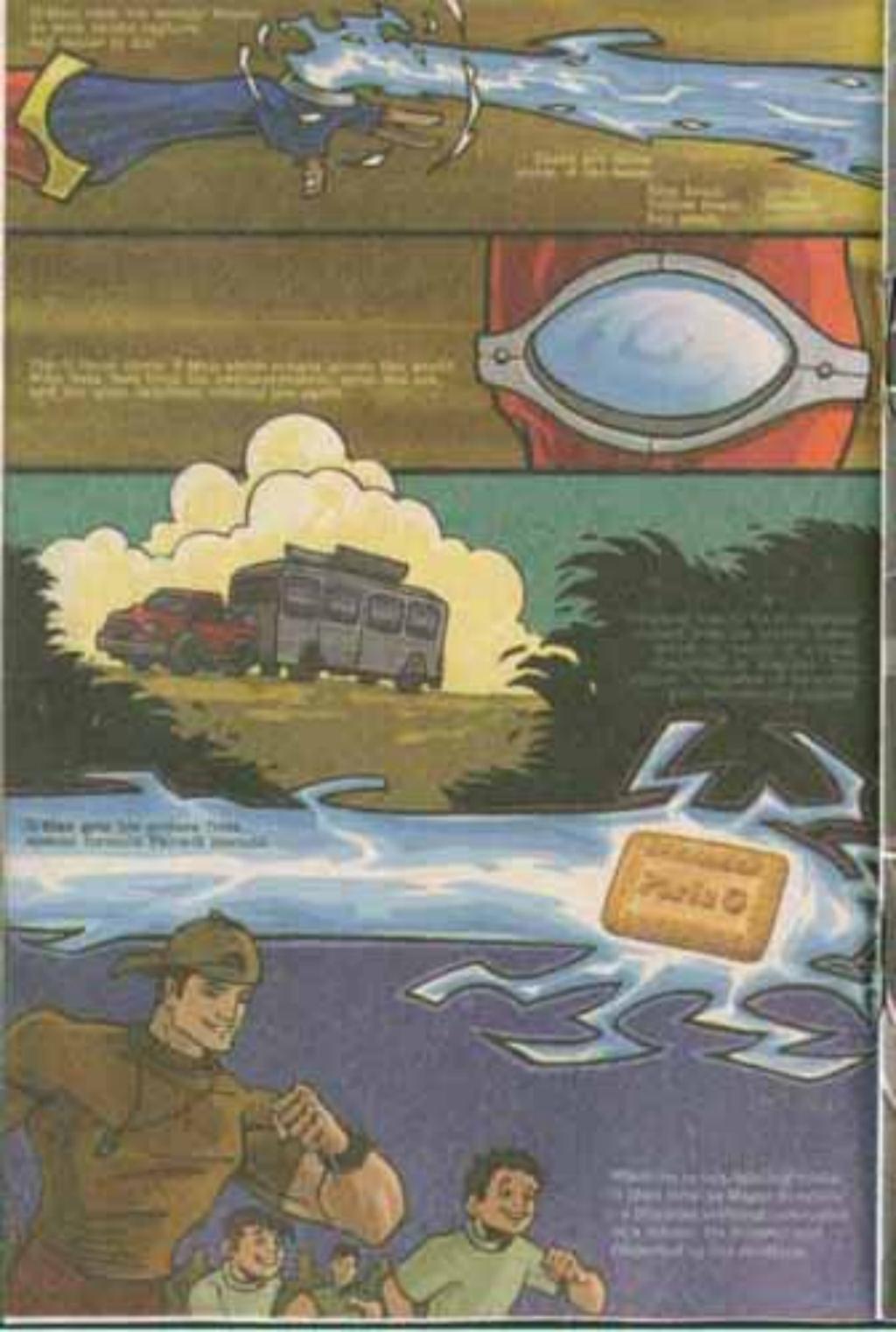
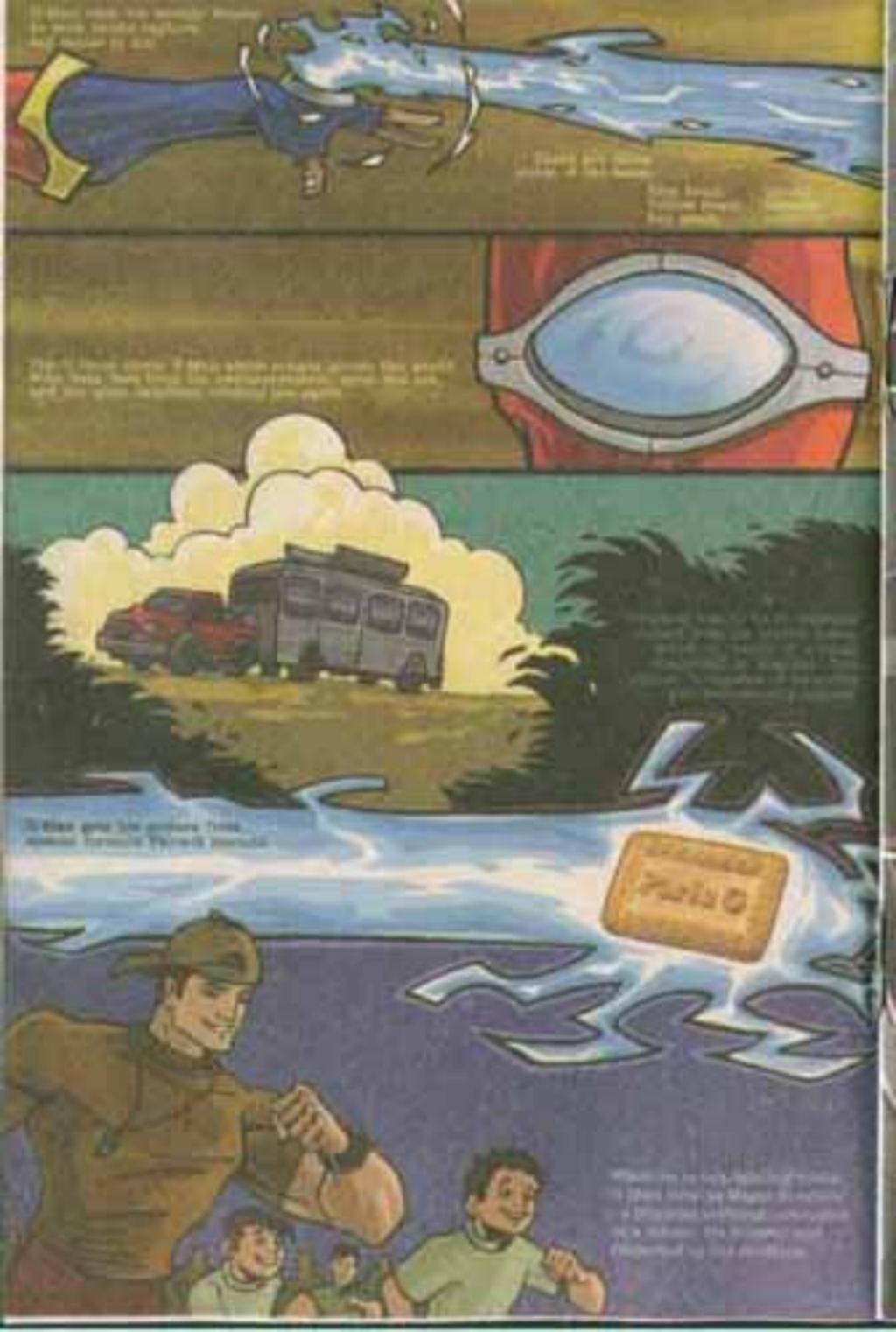
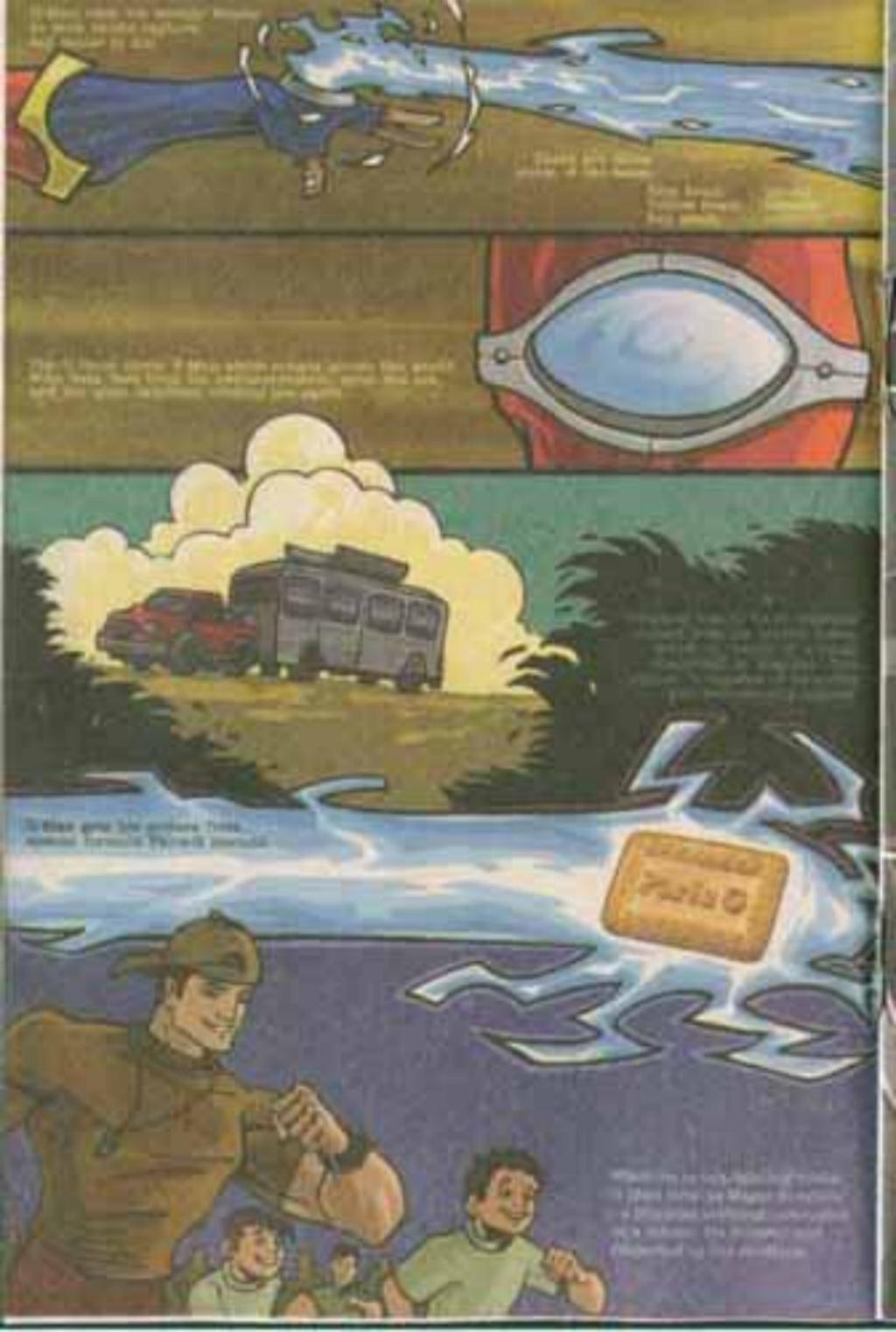
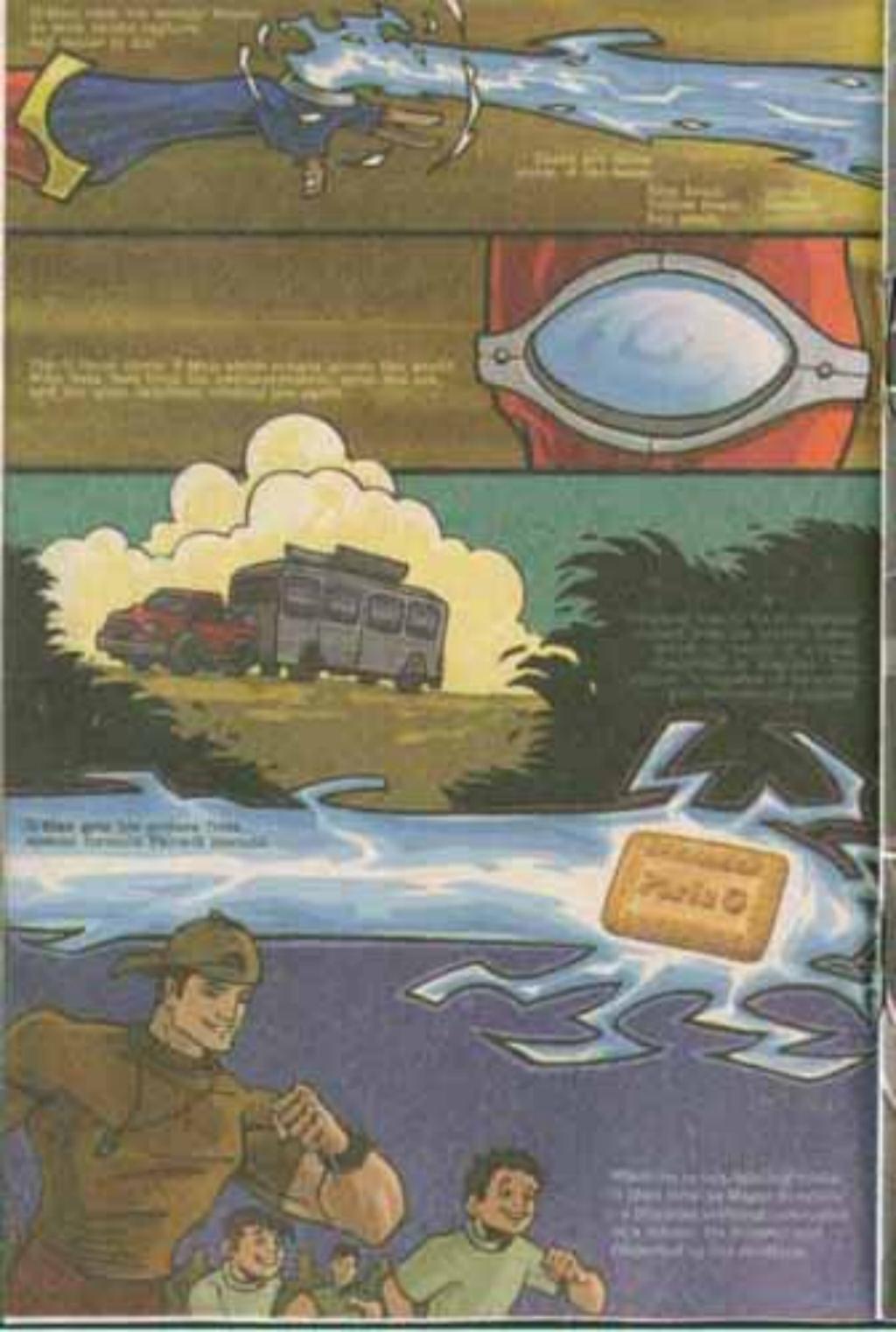
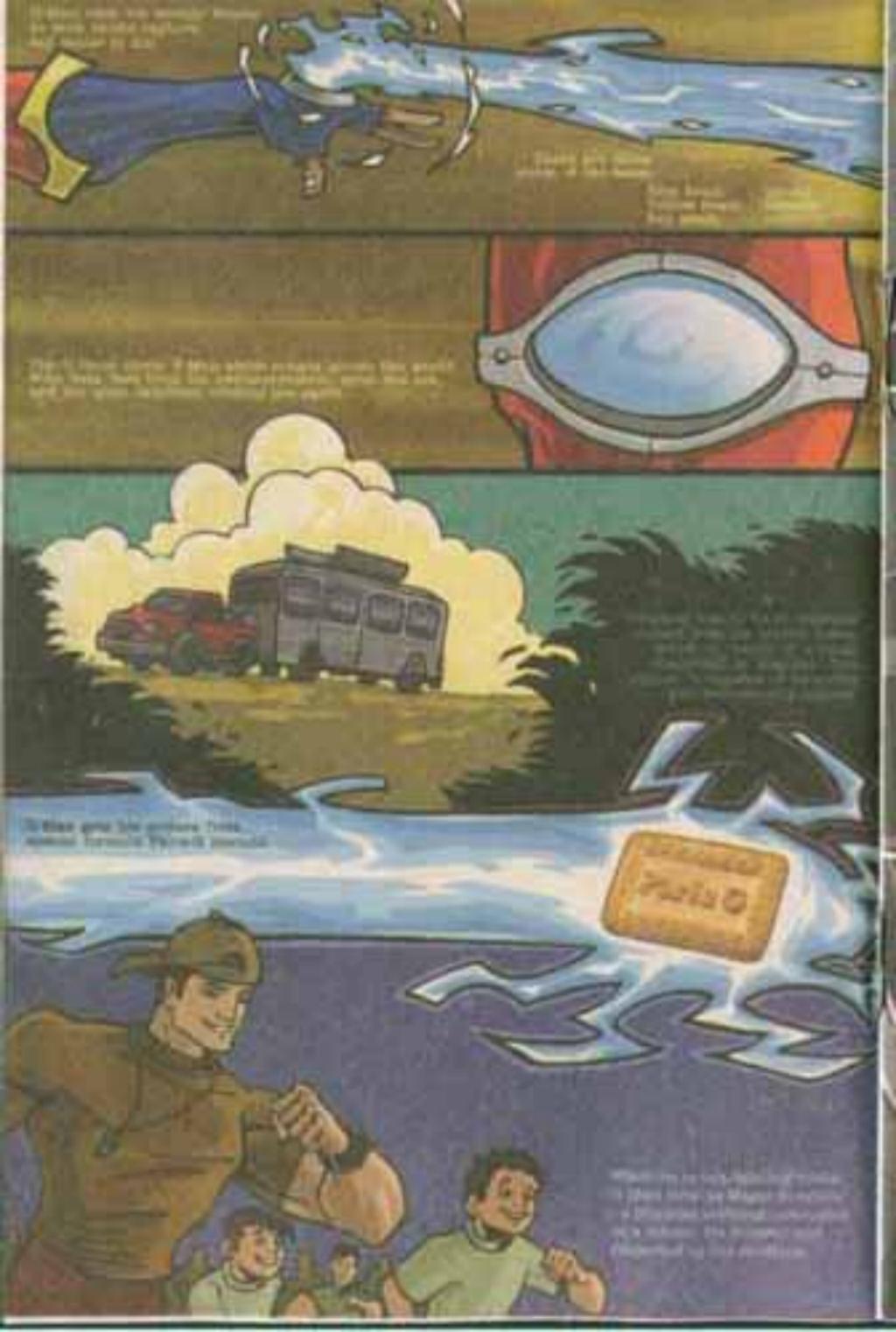
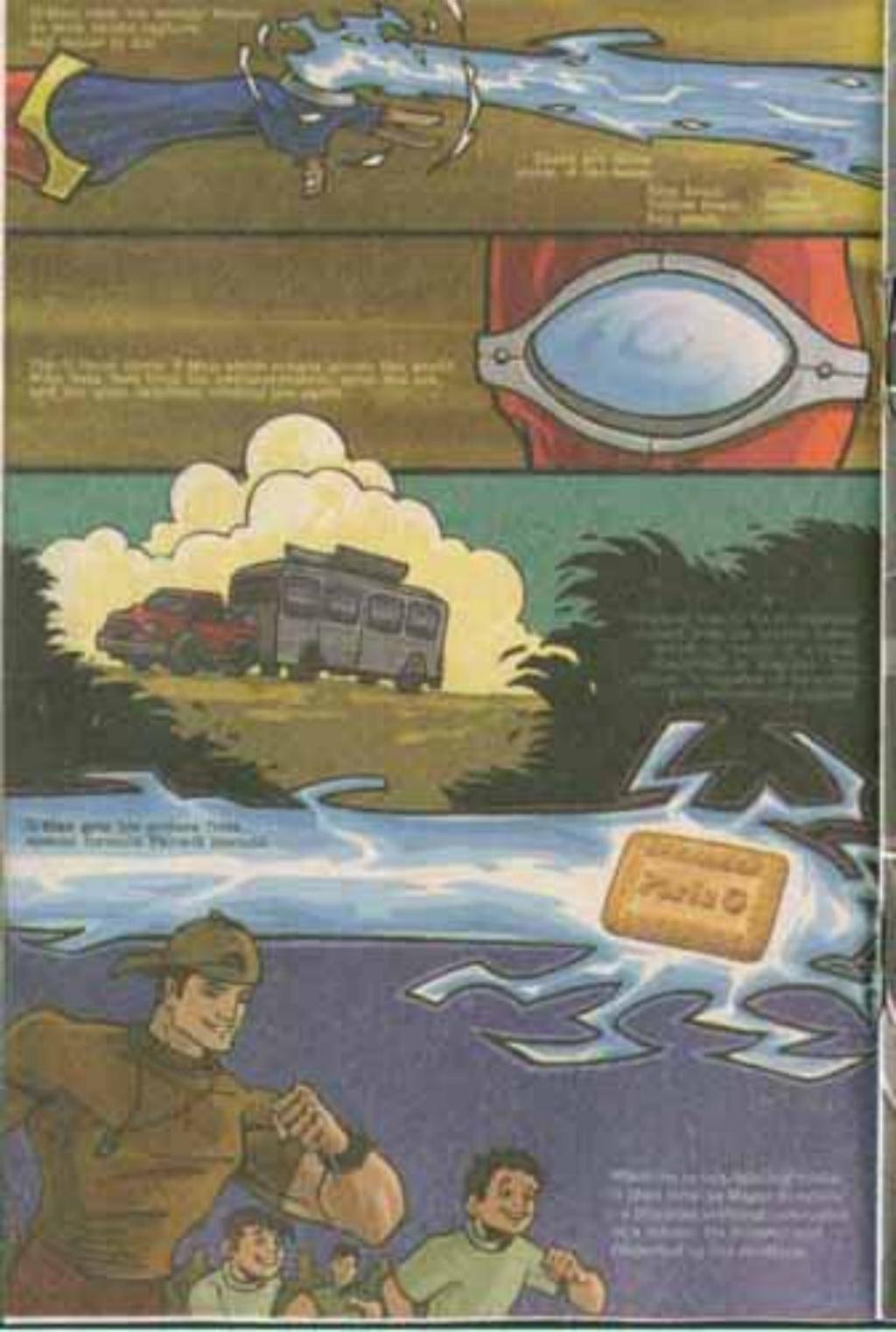
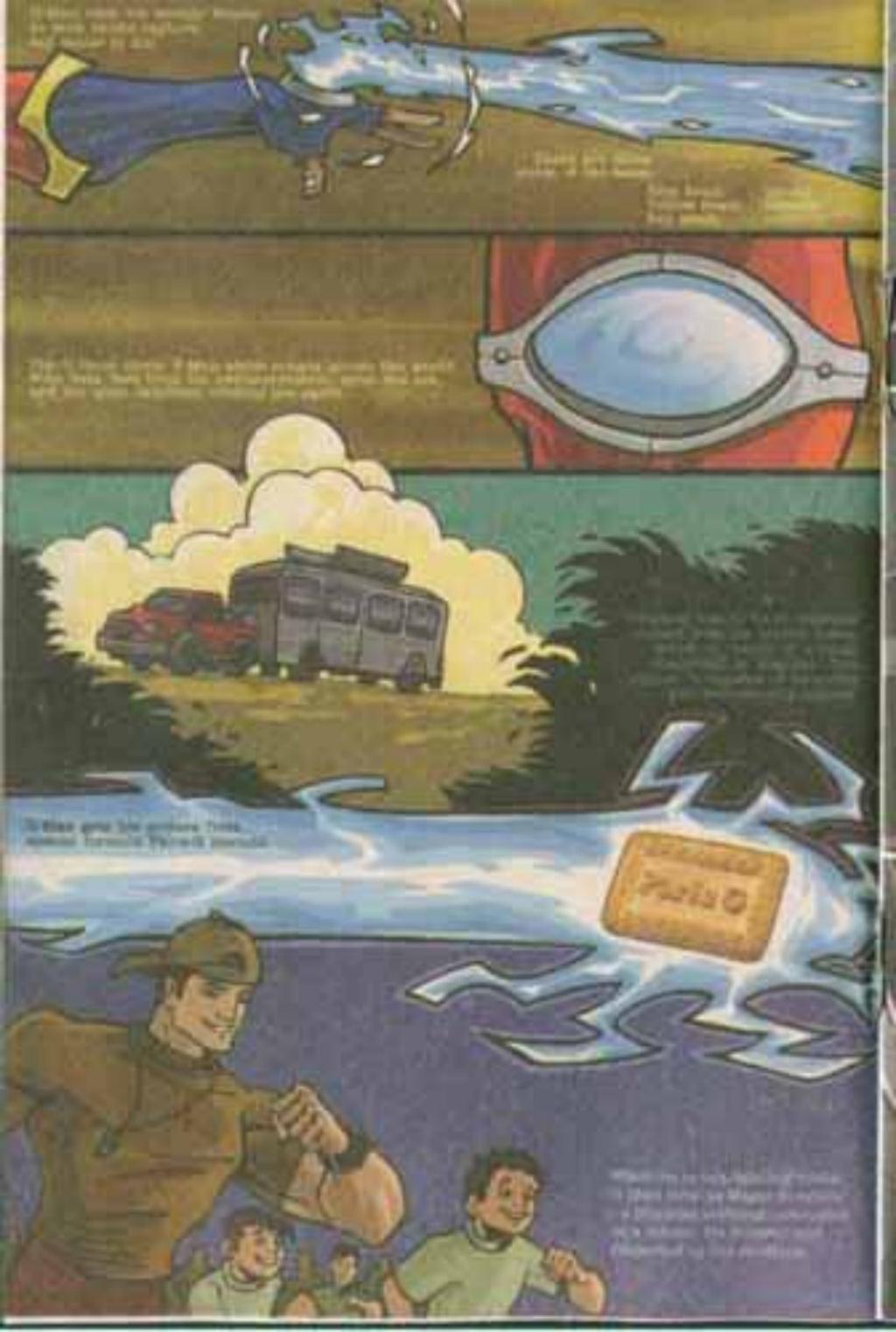
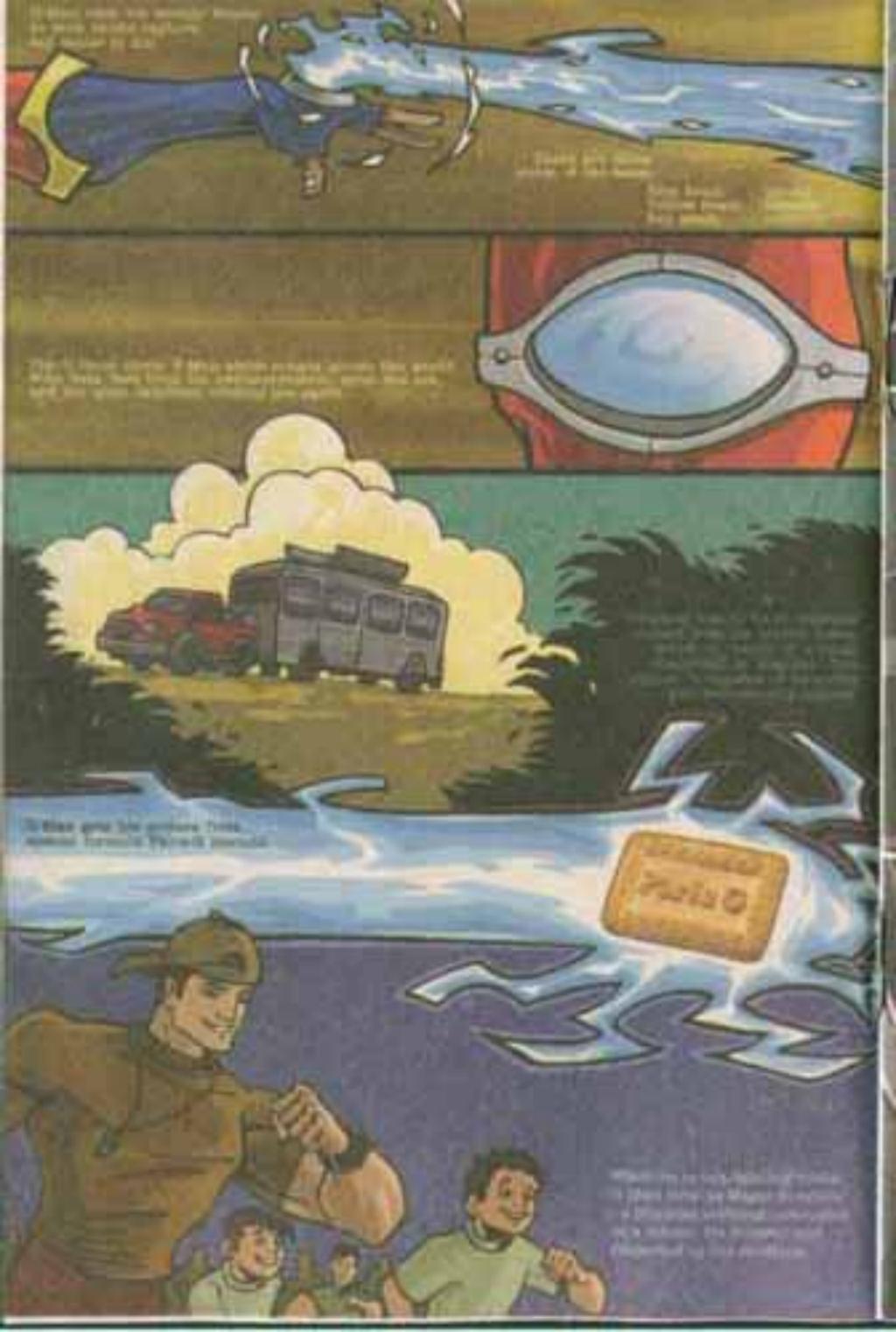
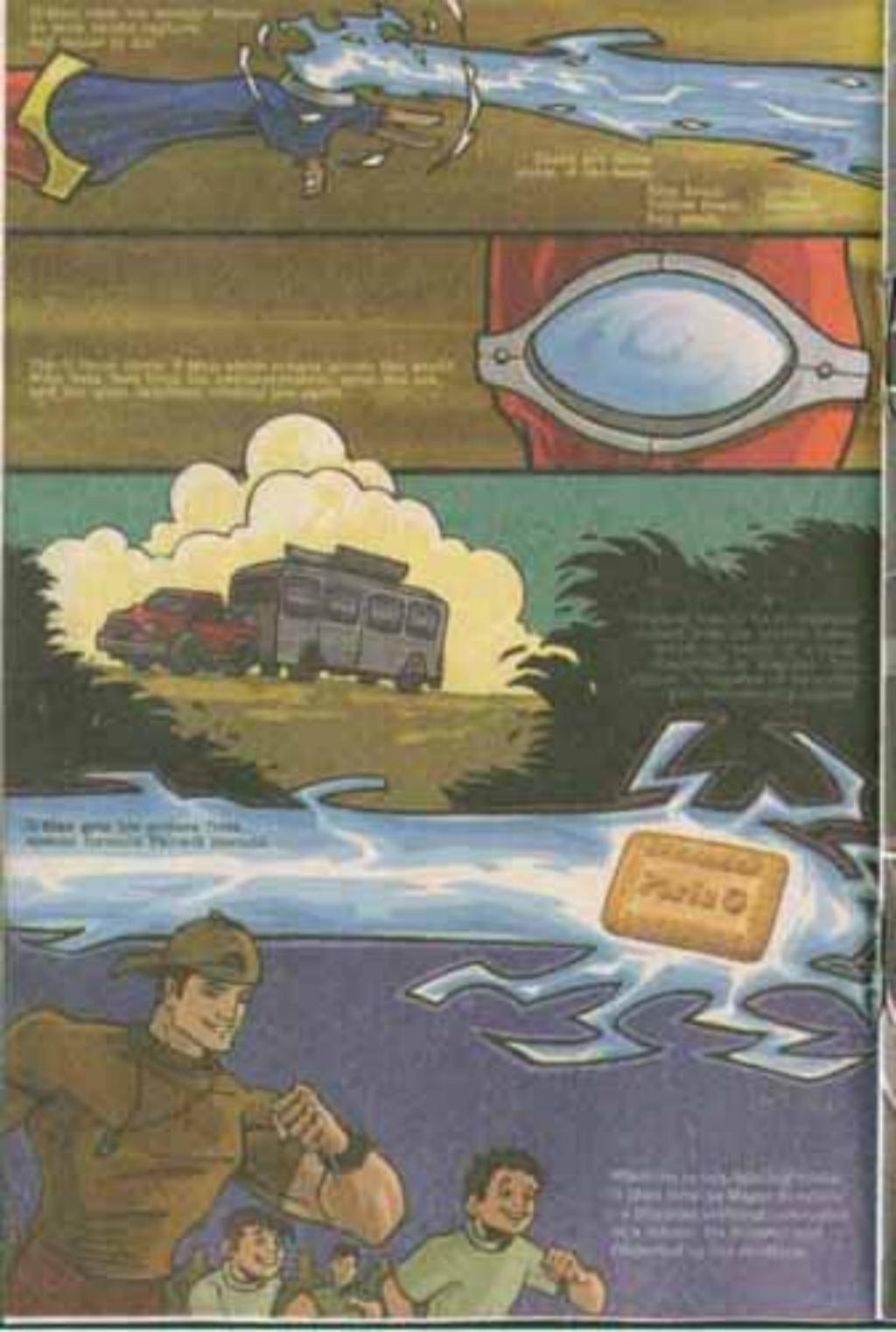
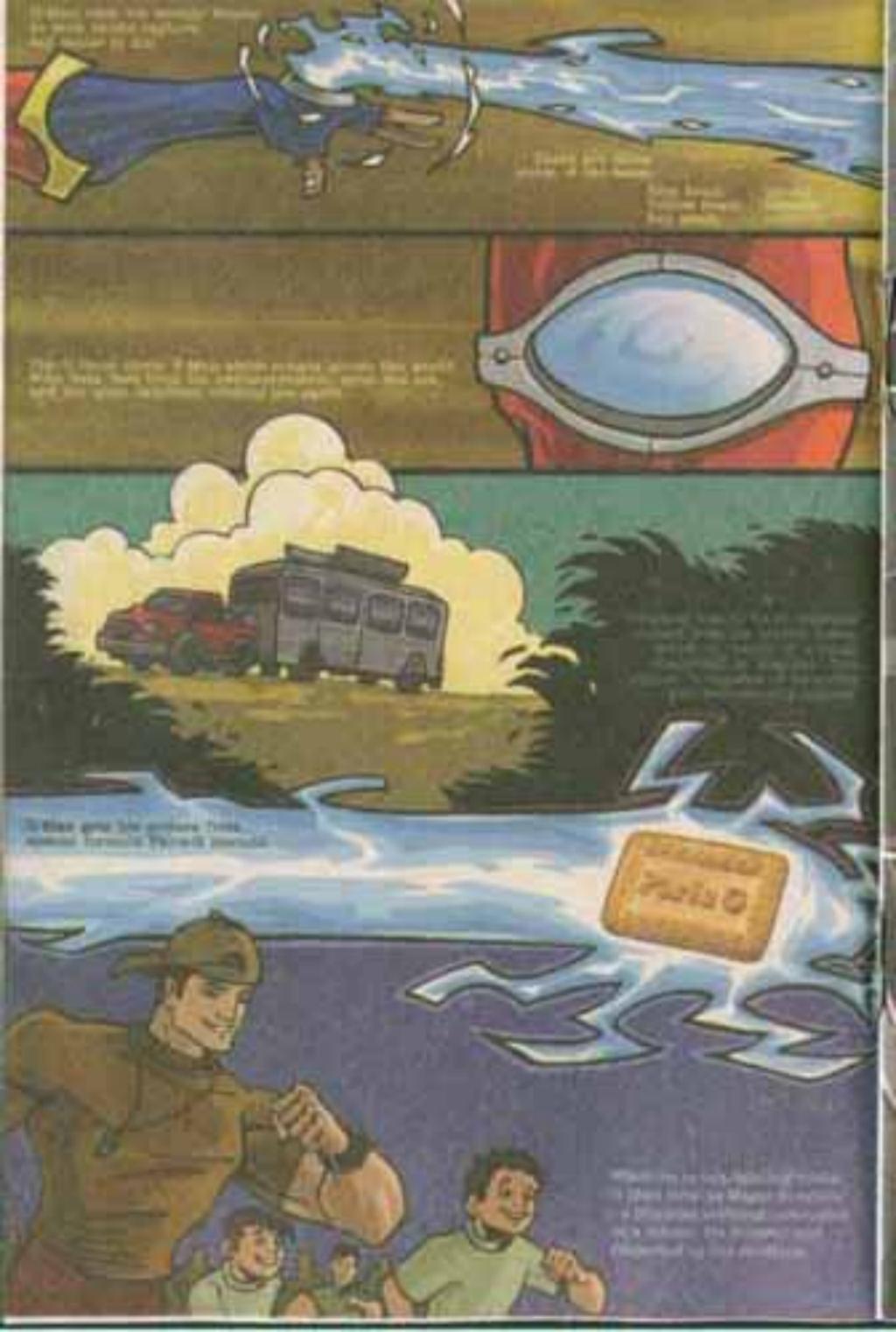
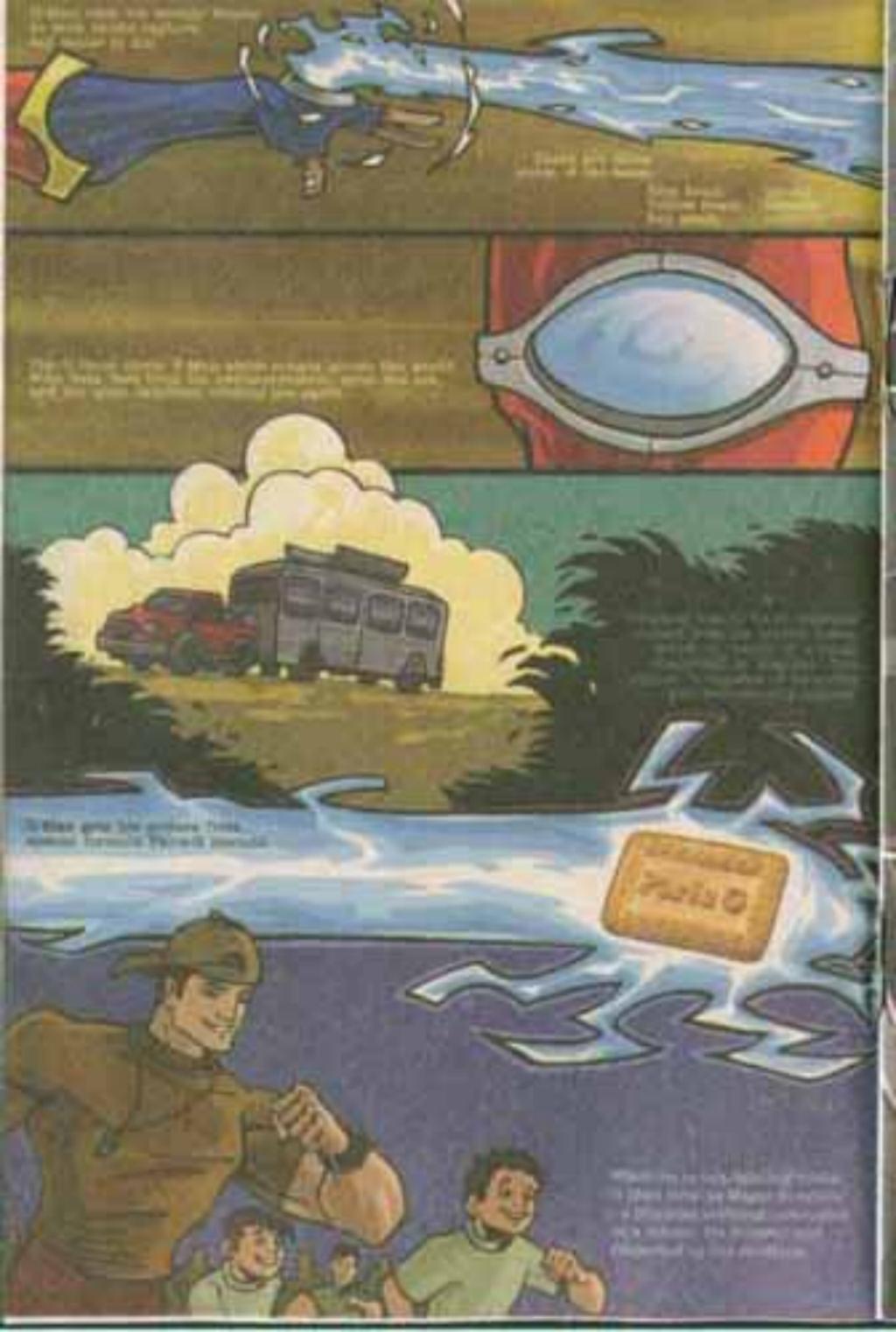
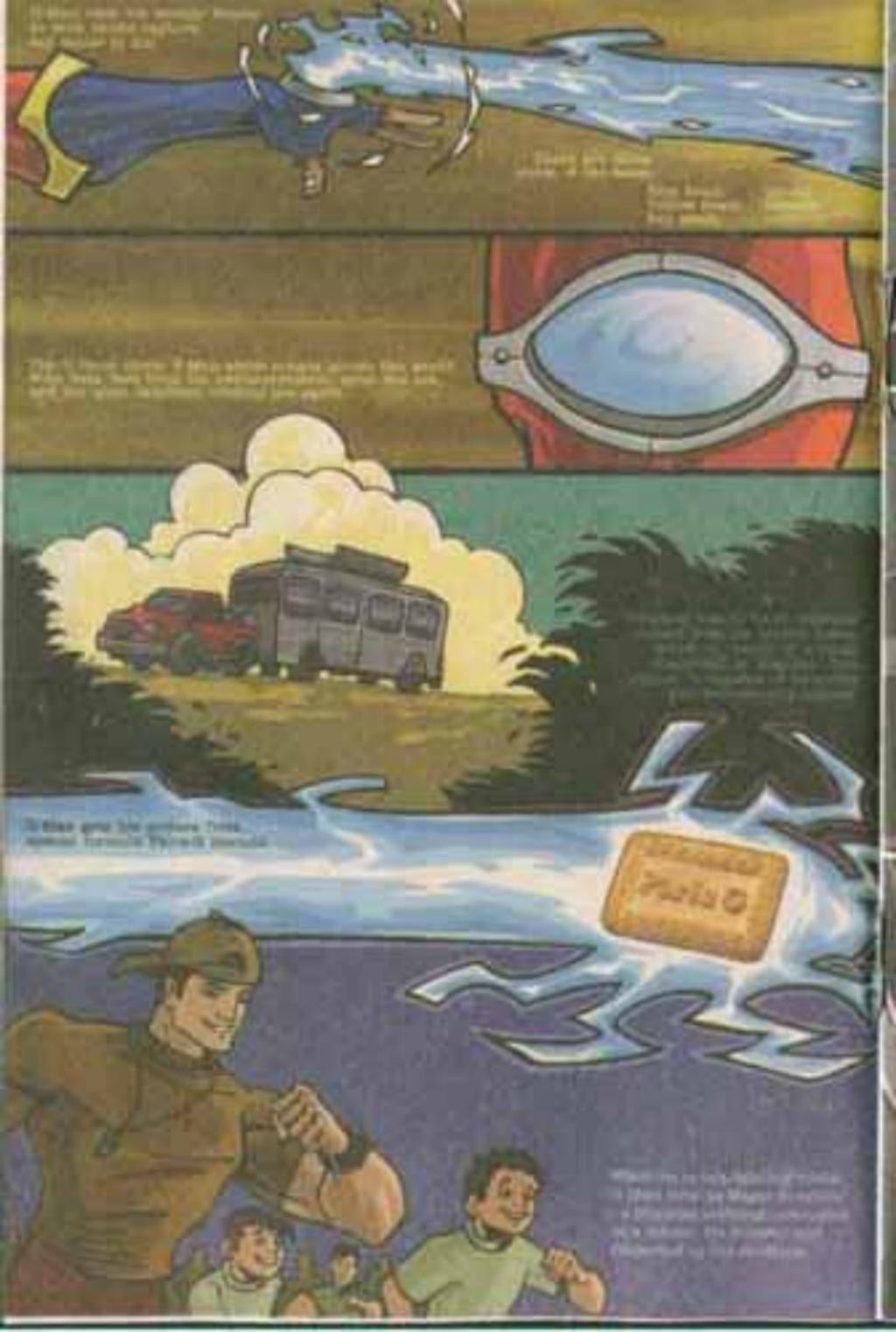
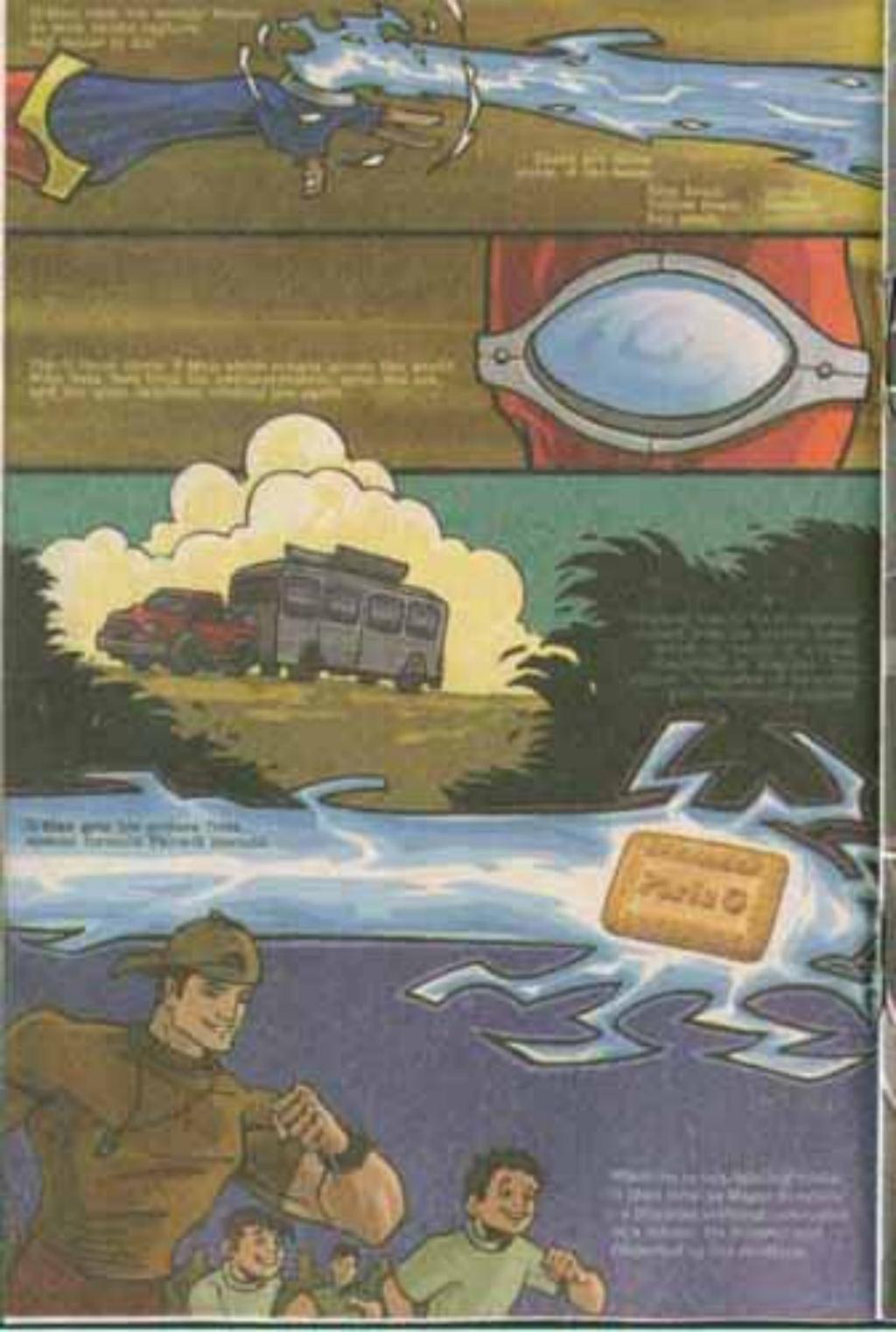
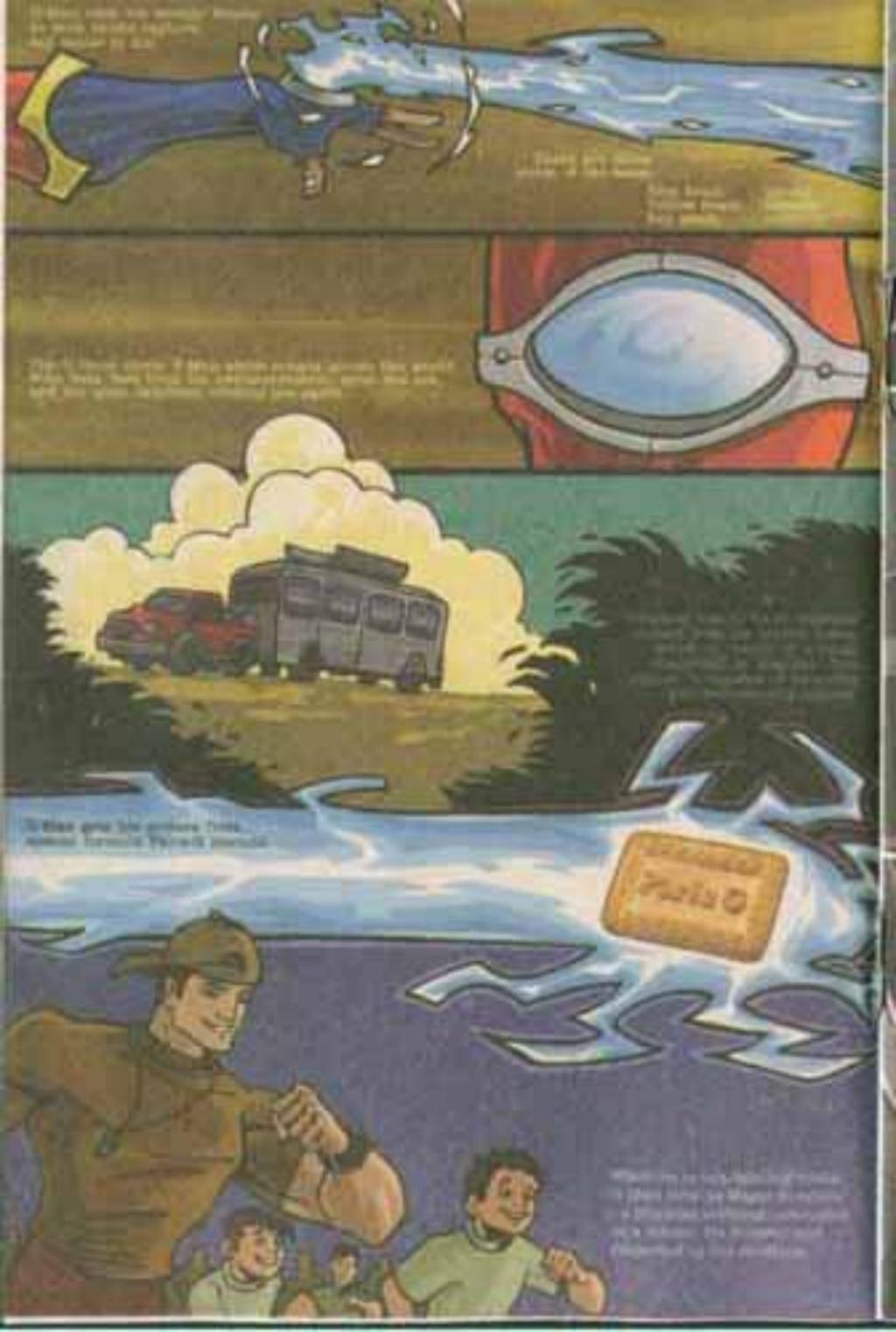
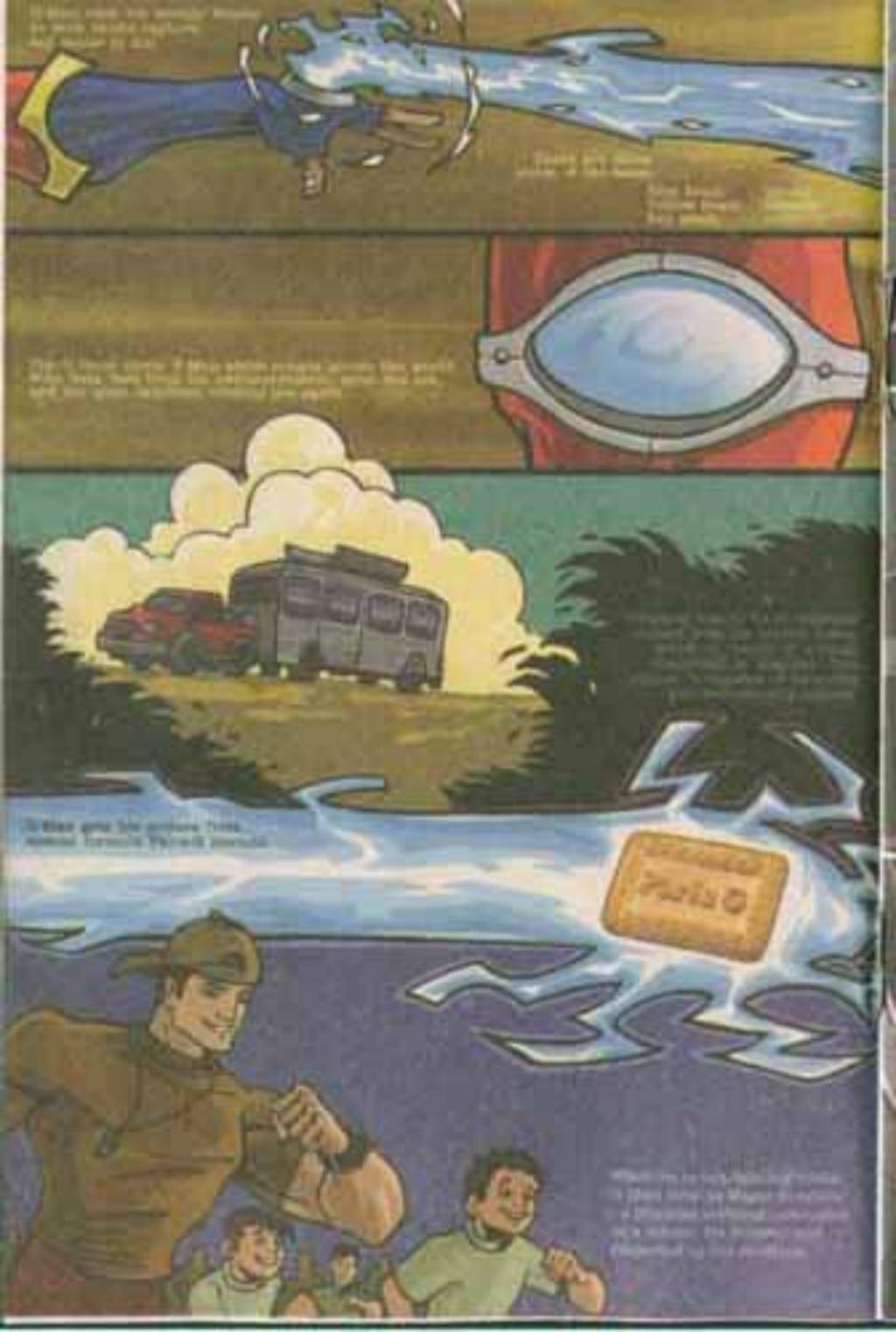
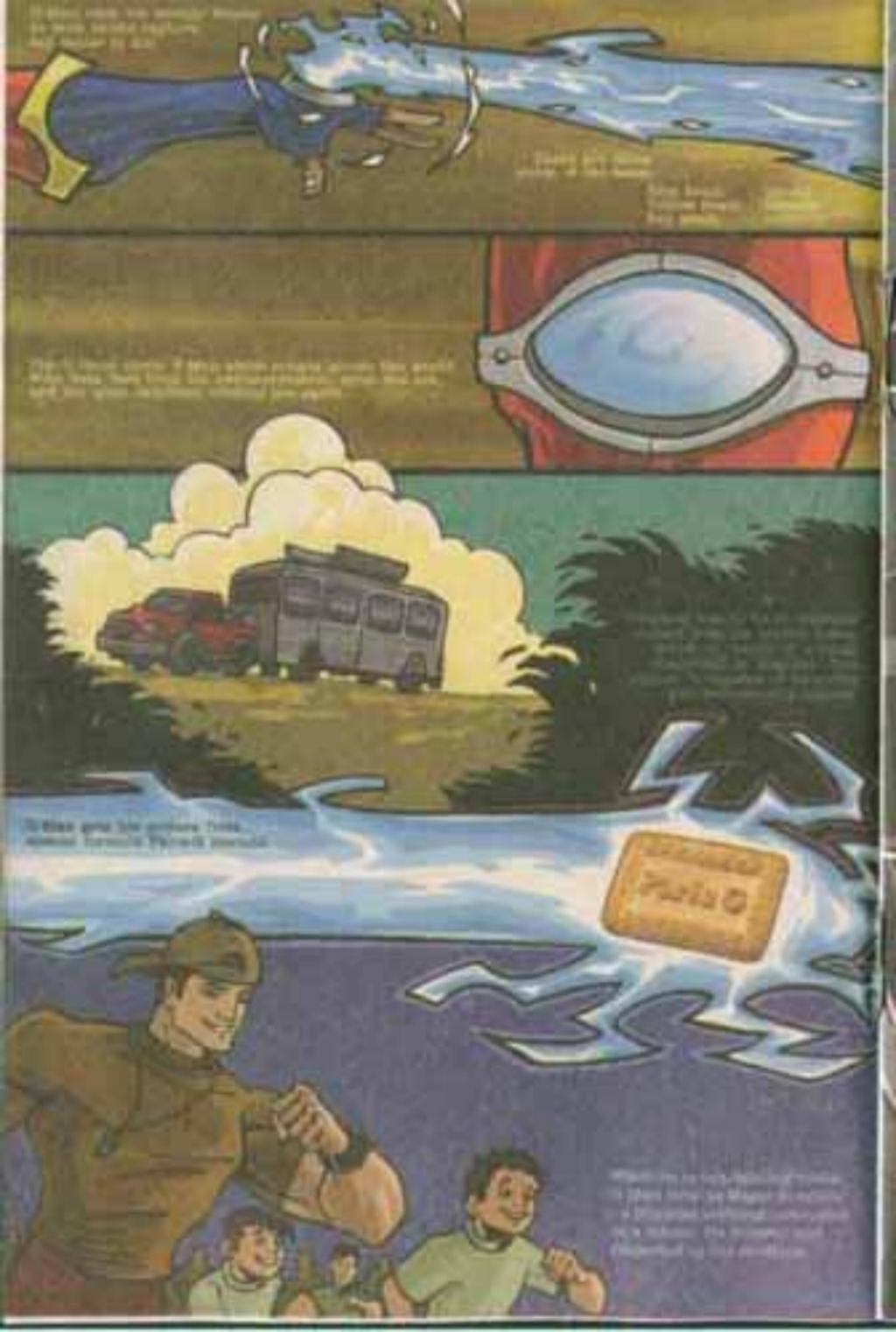
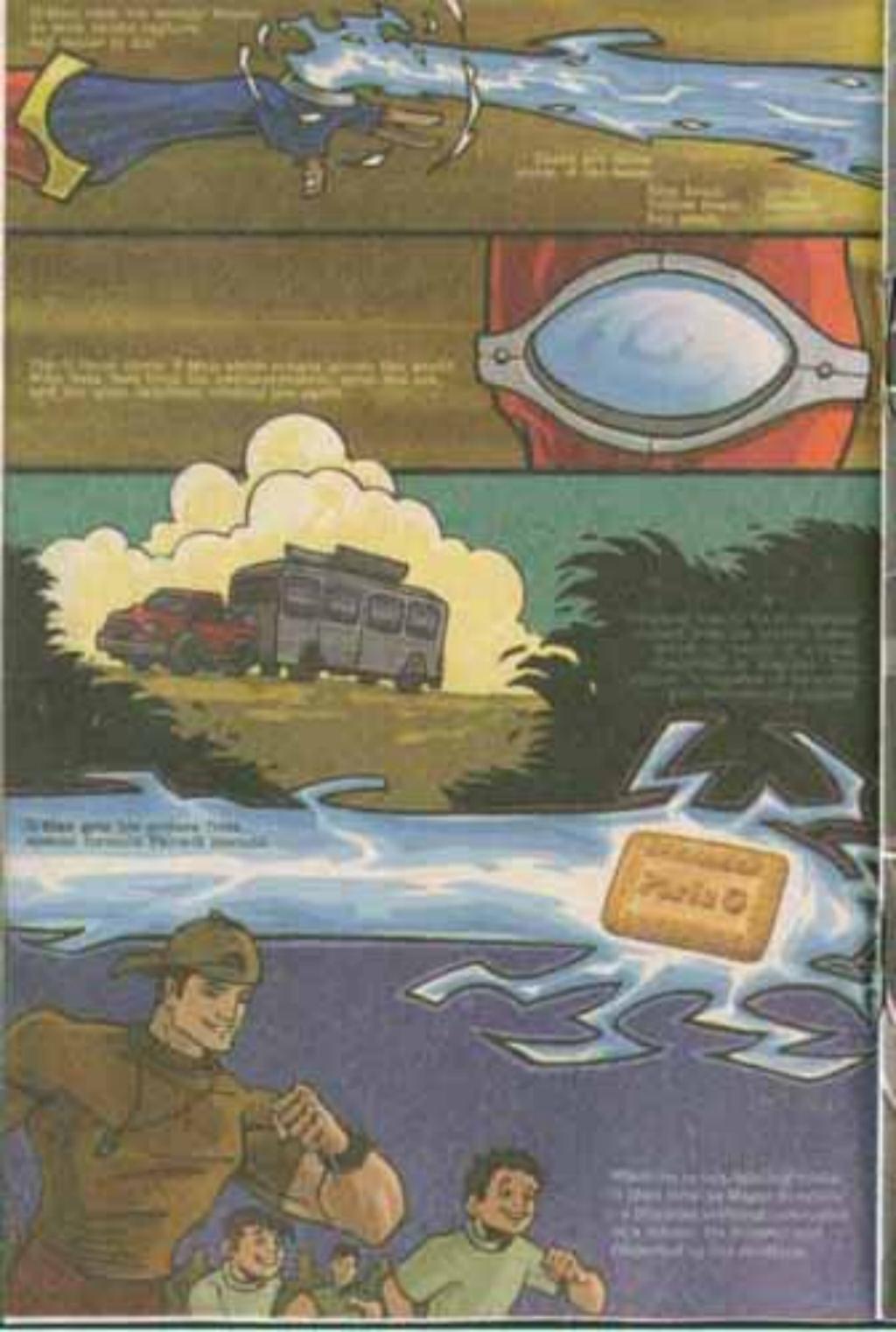
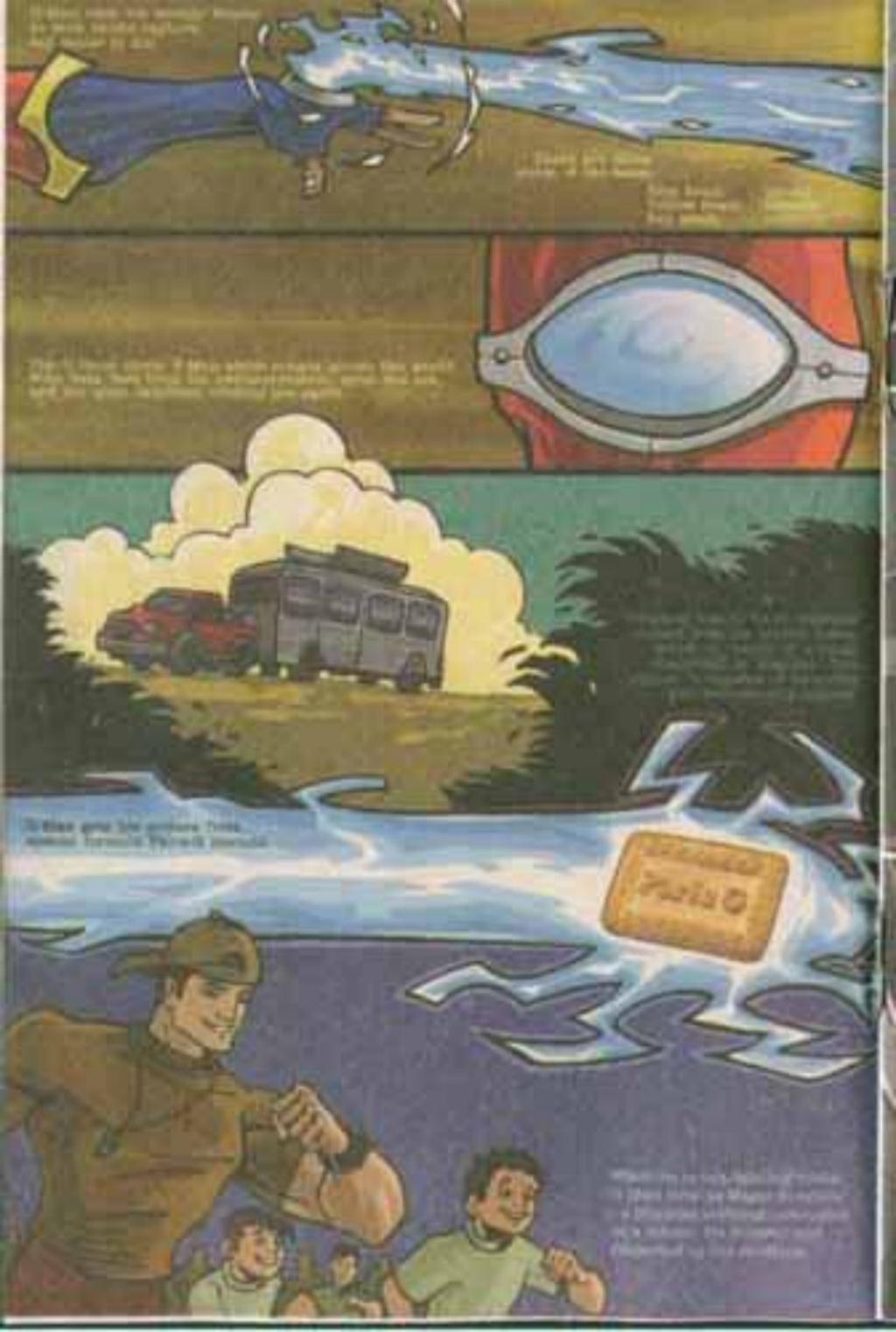
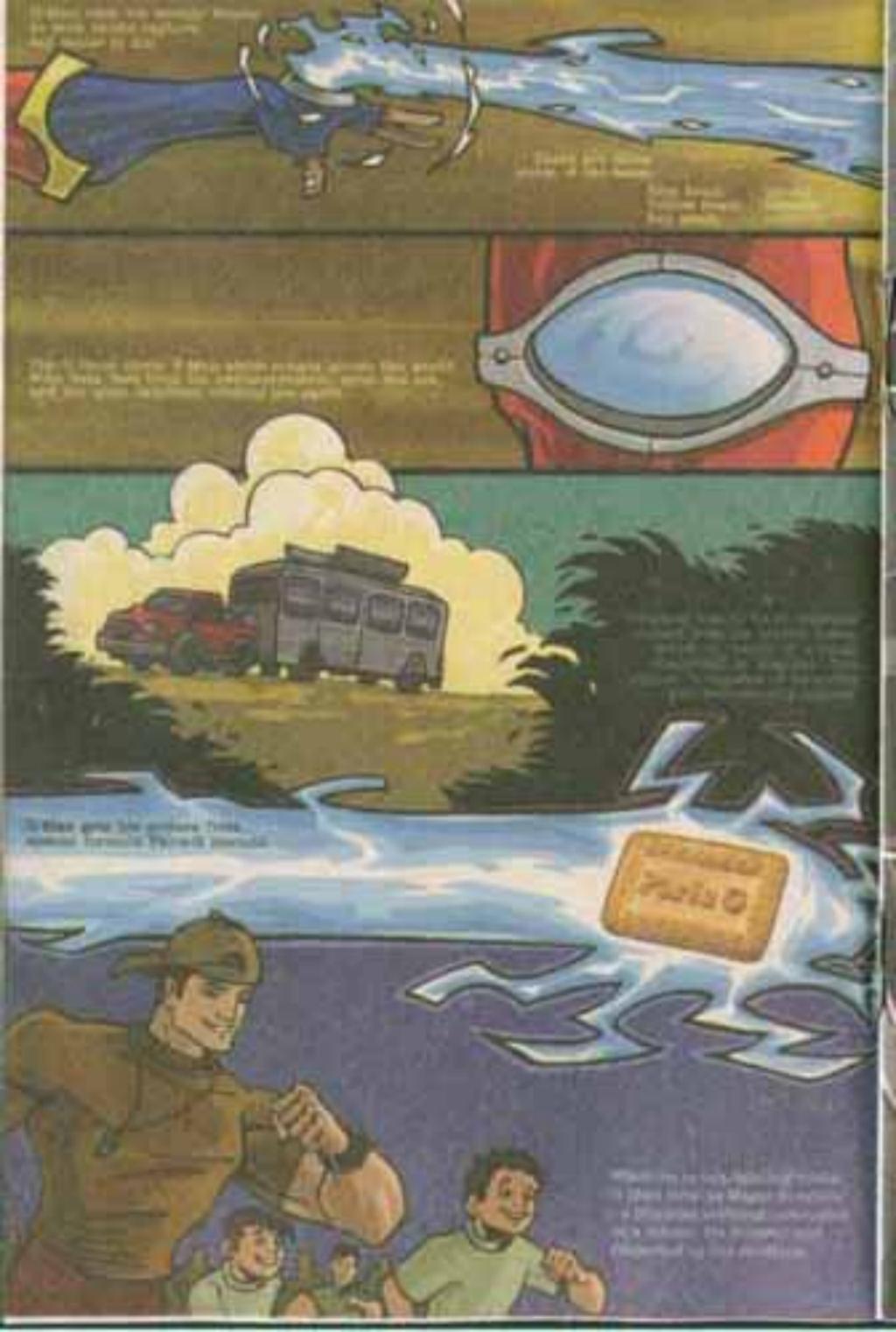
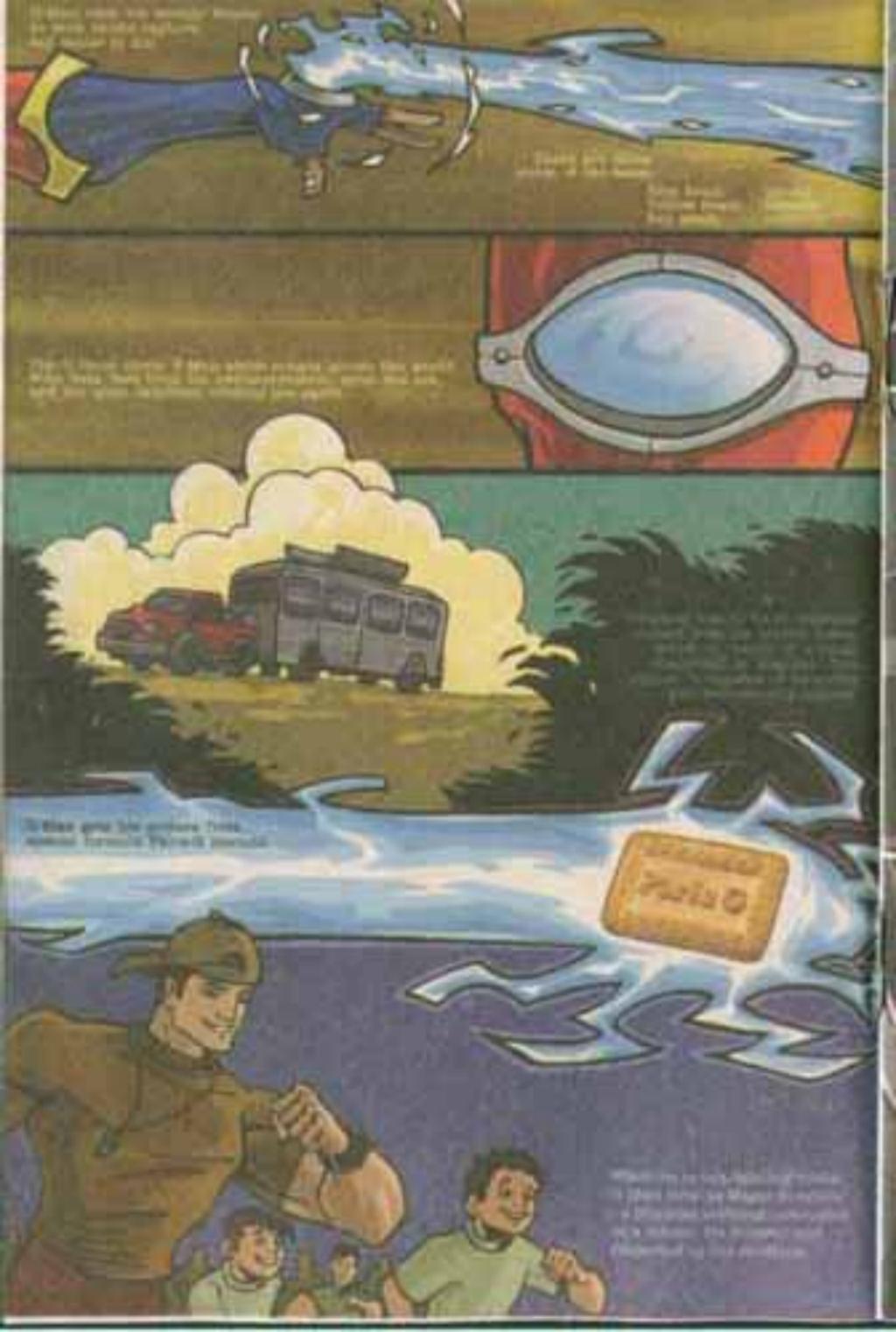
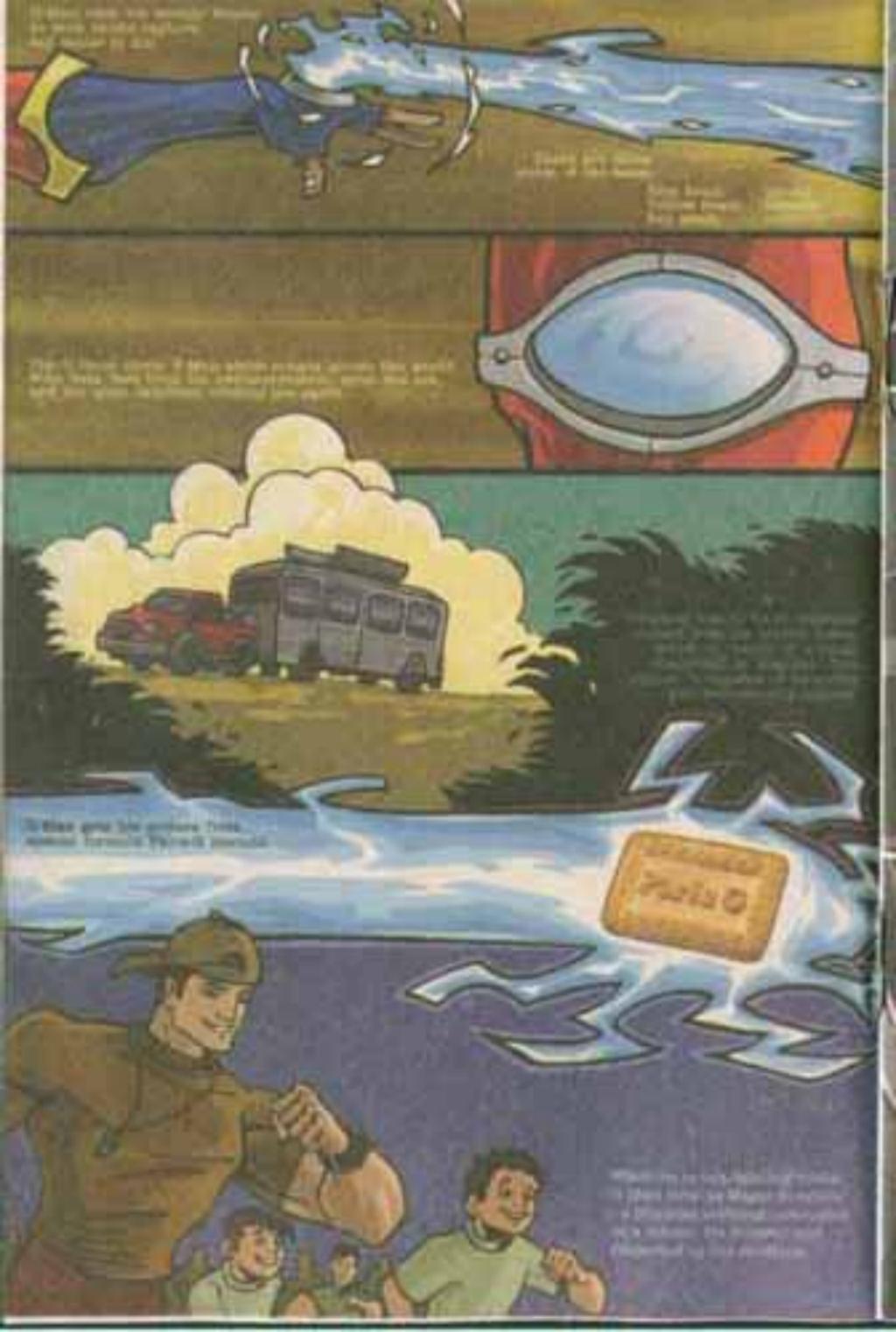
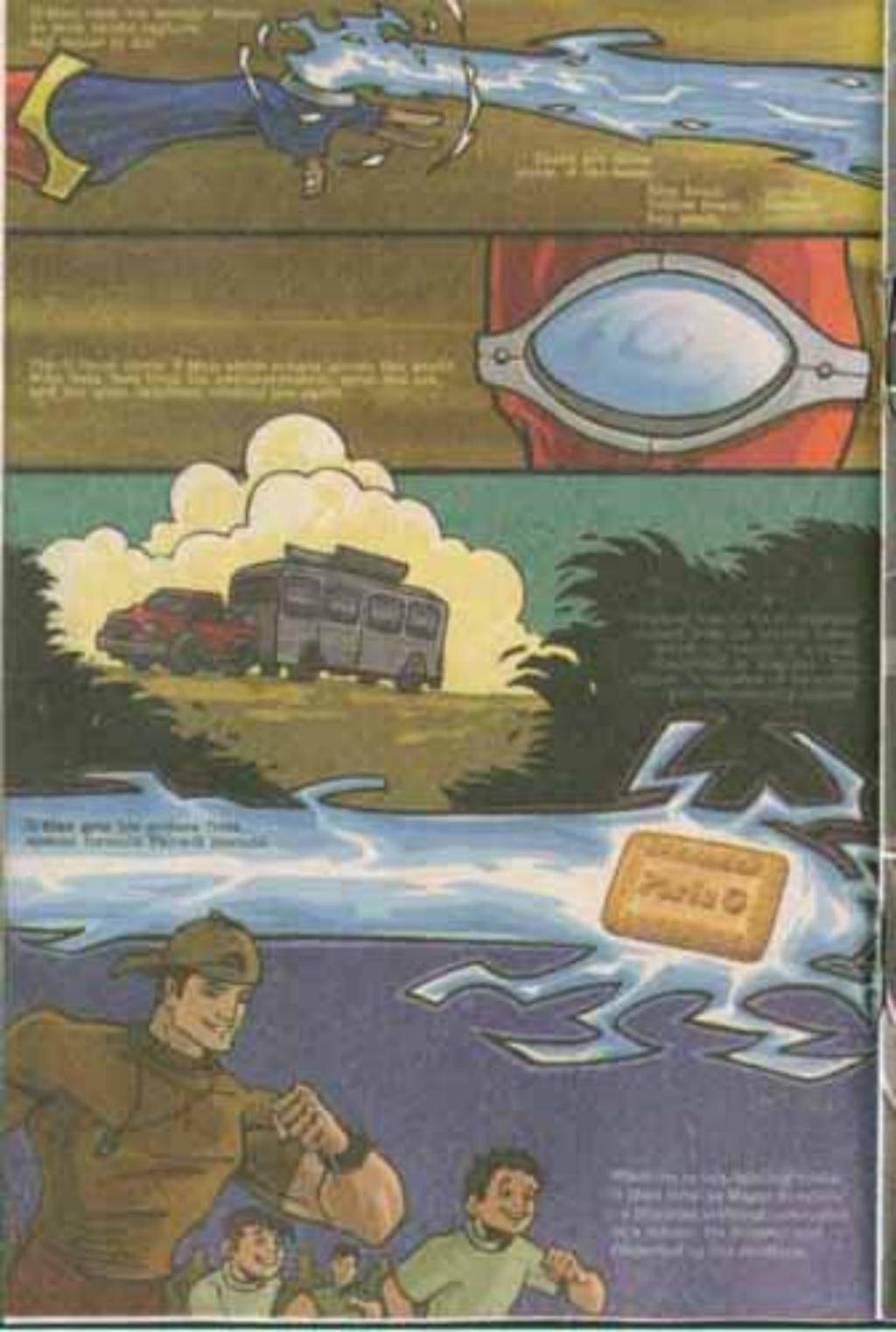
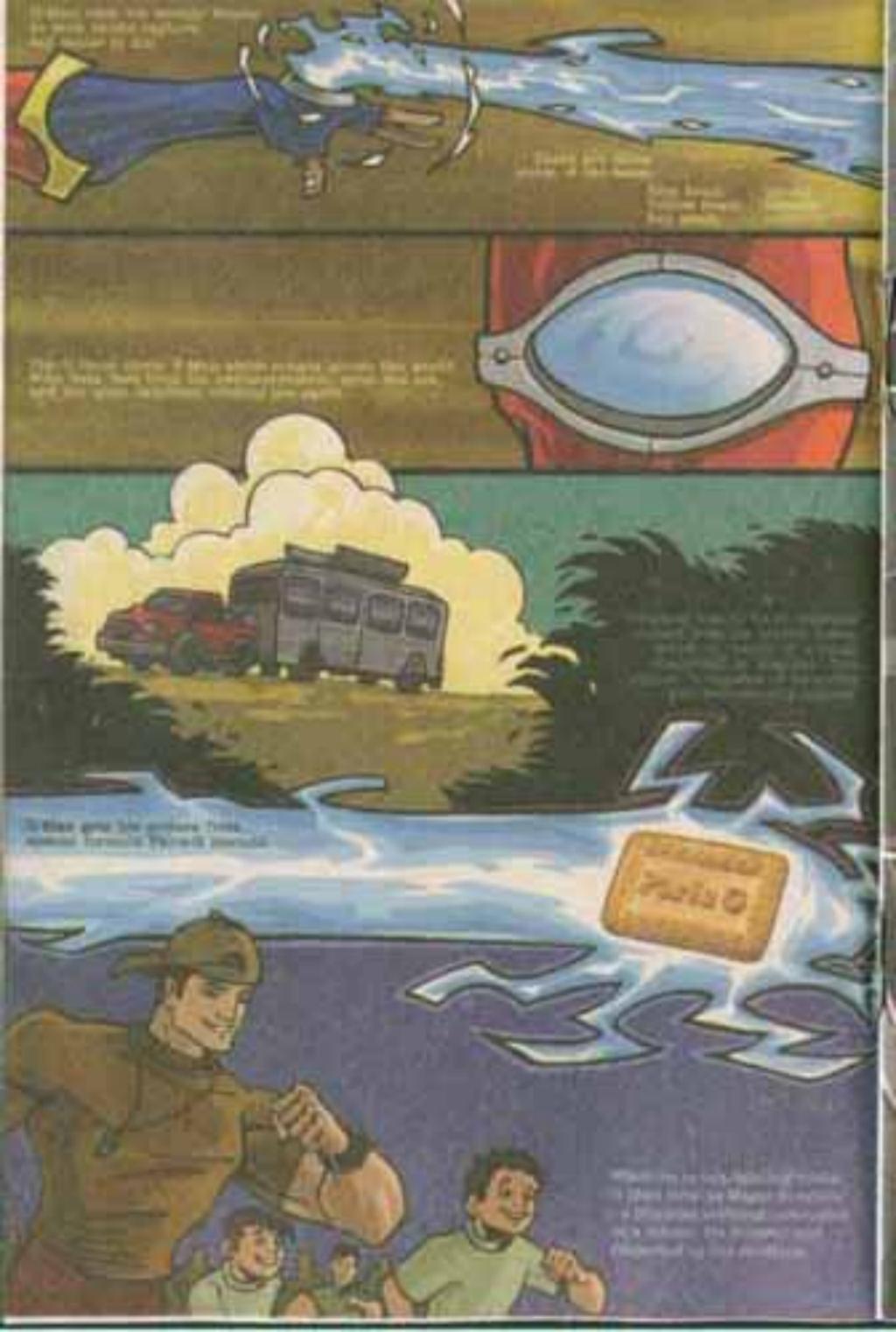


GIANT
COMICS



GIANT- COMICS

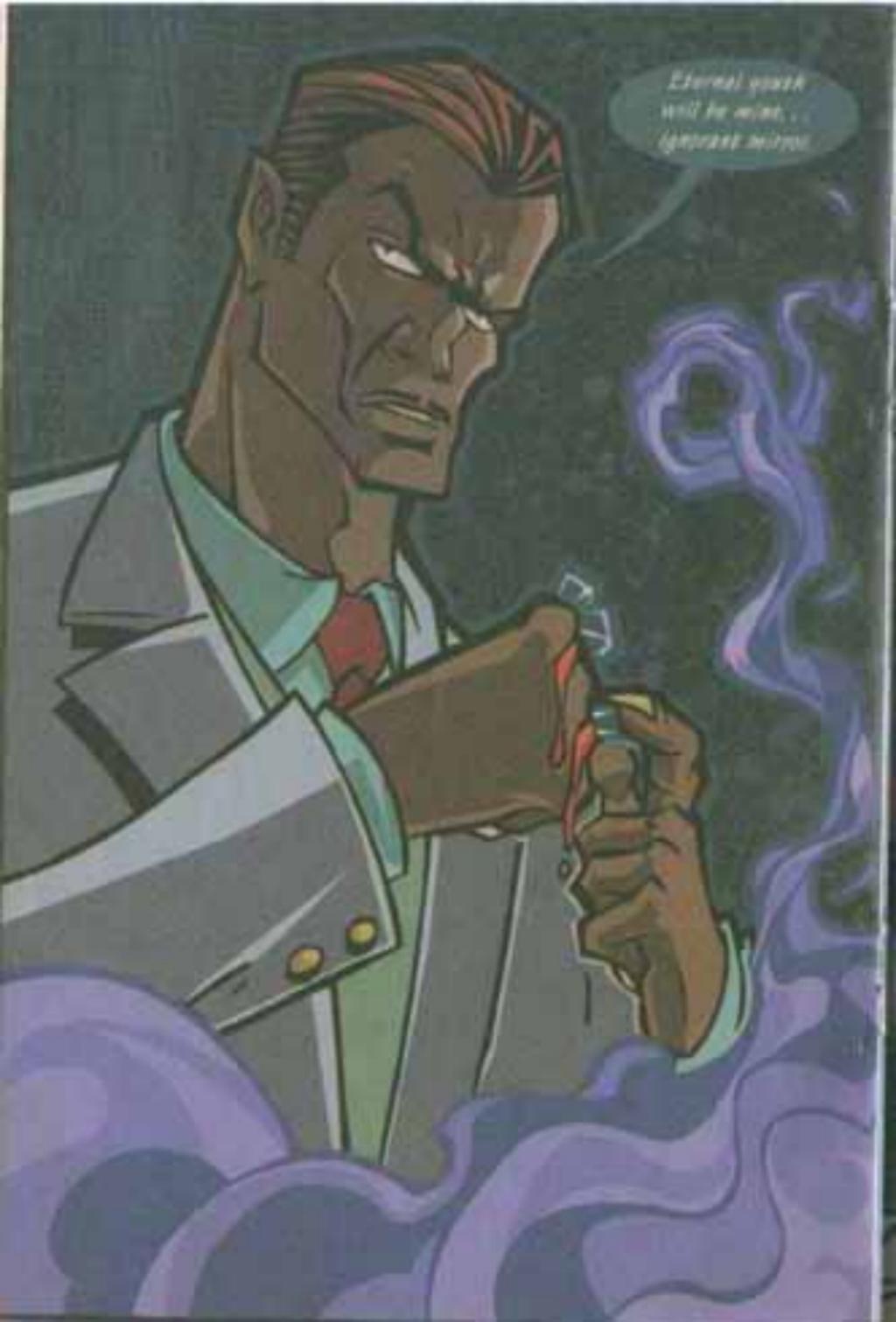
Introducing the world's most advanced science fiction comic book. A new dimension begins, the science fiction comic book of the 21st century. Thunderbolts. The Thunderbolts. The Thunderbolts.



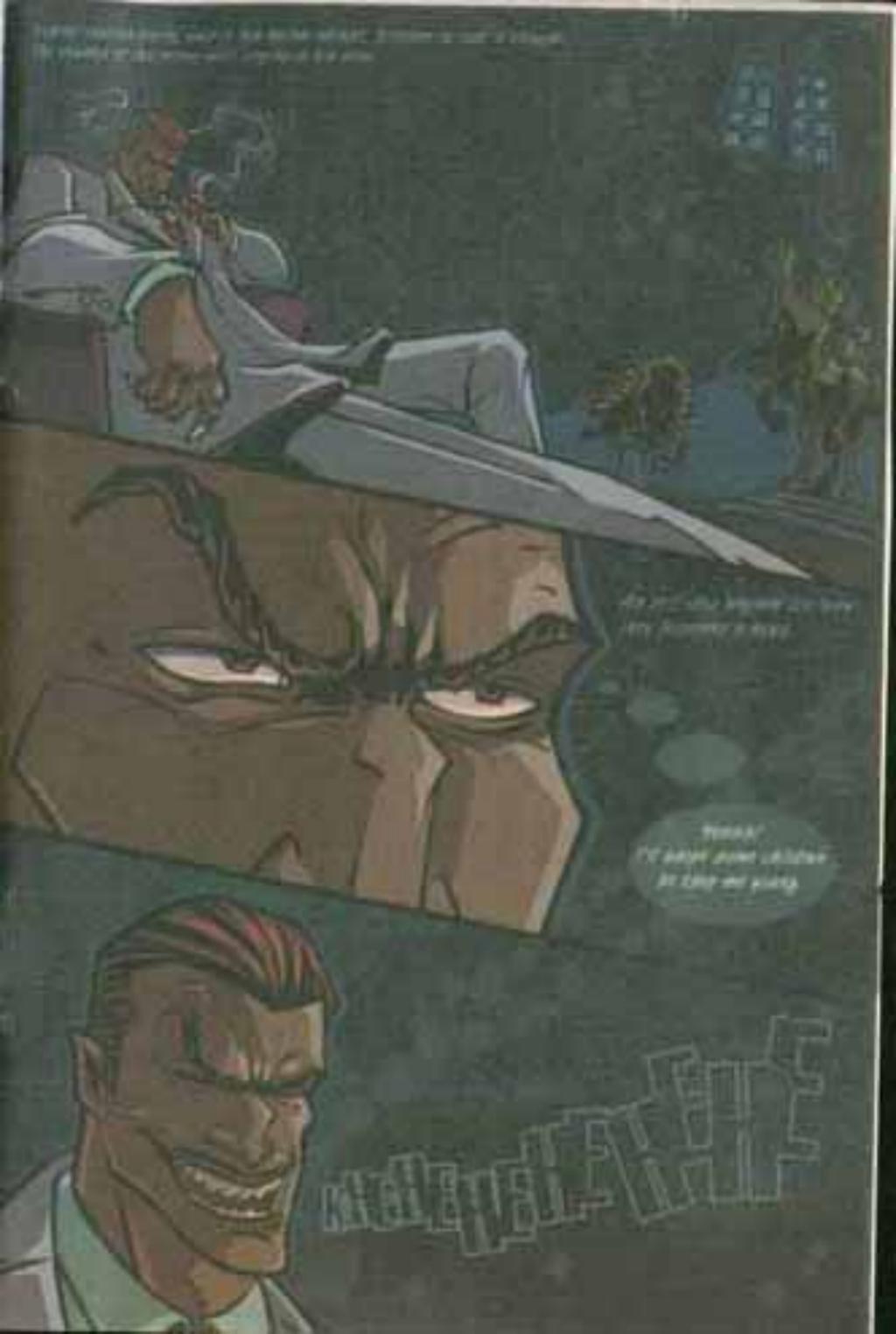
and make him
one happy
old man.

He said that he
was going to be
a good boy.

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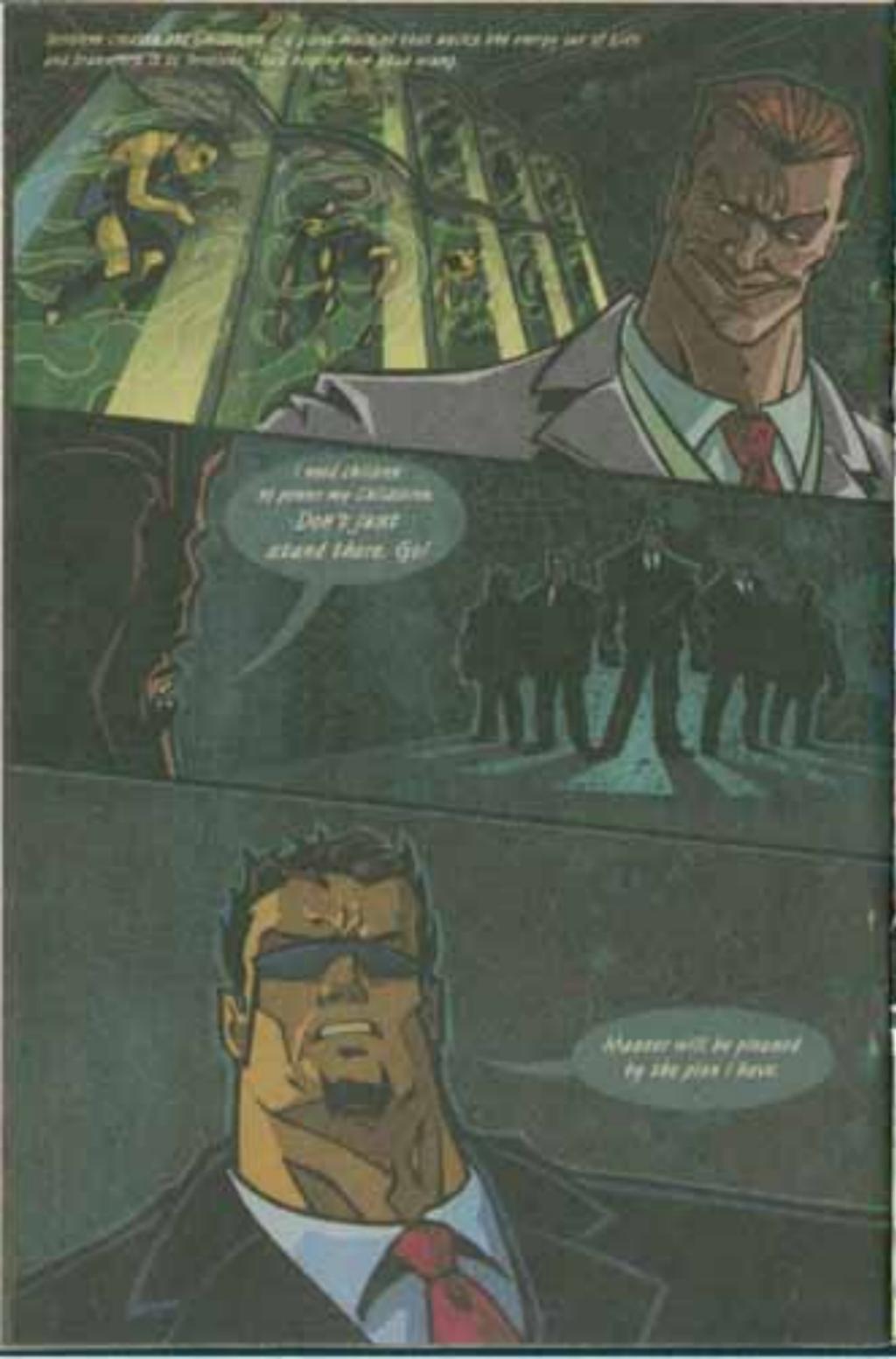


Eternal youth
will be mine,
I promise you.



fantasy
The original graphic adventure
by Zzap! and Fantasy

SECRET: CHAOS AND CHAOSMUS - a plan designed to confuse the energy user of time and space to the max. This is going to go wrong.



SECRET: CHAOS
My power may be limited
- Don't panic
- stand there. Get

Master will be pleased
by the plan I have.

wherever and in any weather photo.



A bus driving towards Khanda - a hill station.



The bus begins to shake.





De helikopter brengt u naar de plek waar u de auto moet ophalen in de Malibu Ocean.



Waarom zouden wij u voor de auto laten wachten? Gave is maar een klein voordeel van ons!



Teacher : Here's a quiz. Ten marks for whoever answers quickly. Who built the Taj Mahal?

Sunil : Quickly!

Ve. Kaaviya (10), Chennai

Science

Teacher : I just told you that fireflies glow in the dark. Any question?

Student : Where do they get their batteries from?



V. Thilak Raj Kumar (10), Salem



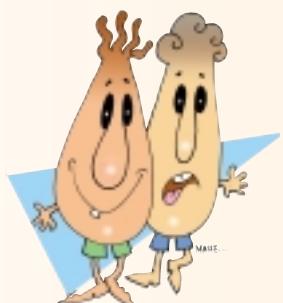
Father : Study hard so that you won't make a single mistake.

Son : Father, I'll try to make as many mistakes as possible.

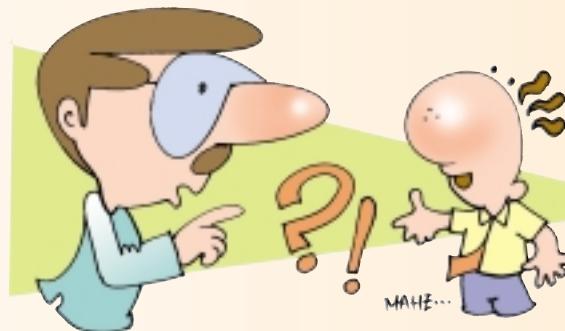
Munna : I always pray to God to have a drought in our village.

Mothi : Why?

Munna : So that I can do social service among the villagers.



Sunita Pal (15), Manpur.



Teacher : How old is your father?

Montu : He is as old as I am.

Teacher : How can that be?

Montu : He became a father only after I was born!

Upasana Raj (10), Chiplun



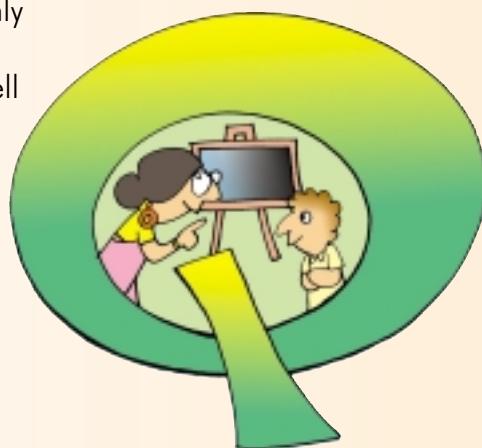
Teacher : Rita, tell me why the sea is warm in the evening.

Rita : Miss, that

is because the sun goes down in the sea.

Teacher : Has anyone in this class ever been troubled by pneumonia?

Rinkoo : Only when I was asked to spell it.



Ankita Bhat (11), Mumbai.

RIDDLES

1. Why did the cowboy ride his horse?



**K. Sai Krishna (12),
Jaggayyapet**

2. What always ends in everything?

3. What is black and white, but read all over the world?

4. A pink queen with 32 white guards. Who are they?

5. What belongs to you, but is more often used by others?

**Vinod Kumar (14),
Bangalore**

**Sandhya B. (10),
Bangalore**

CUT THE CACKLE



N. Saiprashanth (6), Mysore.

Do you know the cries of various animals and birds? Try to fill in the blanks:

1. _____ bray
2. Bears _____
3. _____ buzz
4. Bulls _____
5. _____ hoot
6. Ducks _____
7. _____ croak
8. Geese _____
9. _____ bleat
10. Hyenas _____
11. _____ chatter
12. Nightingales _____
13. _____ hiss
14. Swallows _____
15. _____ geble

Right : 1,4,9,3

Left (from top) : 1,6,8,2

Base line : 2,5,7,3

Triangular Tickle

15. Turkey

14. Twitter

13. Snakes

12. Warble

11. Monkeys

10. Laugh

9. Goats

8. Cackle

7. Frogs

6. Quack

5. Owls

4. Bellow

3. Bees

2. Grunt

1. Asses

Cut the cackle :

5. Your name

4. Tongue and teeth

3. Newspaper

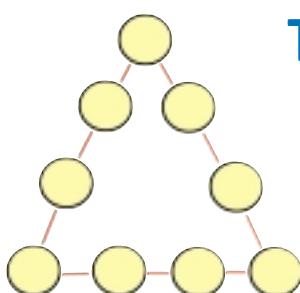
2. The letter 'g'

1. Heavy for him to carry

1. The horse was too

Riddles :

Answers :



TRIANGULAR TICKLE

Use numbers from 1 to 9 to fill up the nine circles on the triangle, in such way as to get a total of 17 on each side.

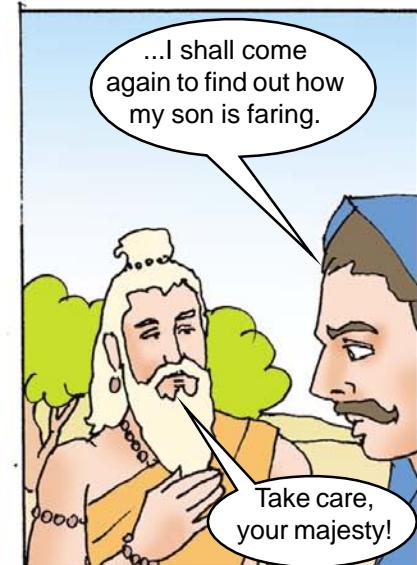
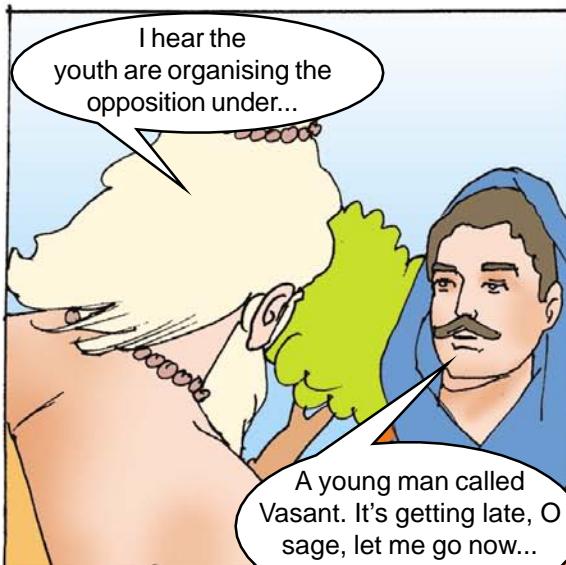
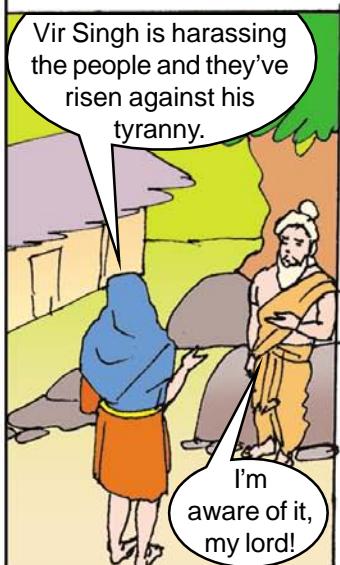
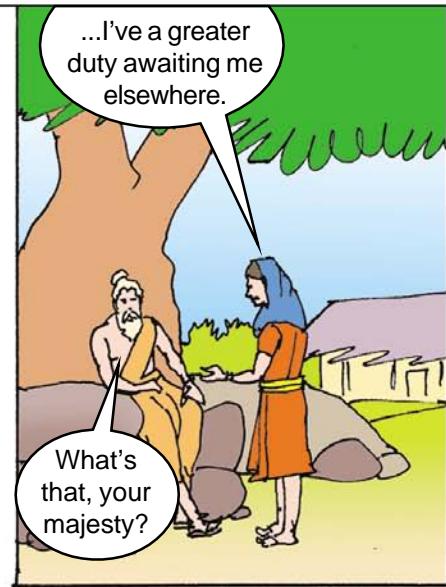
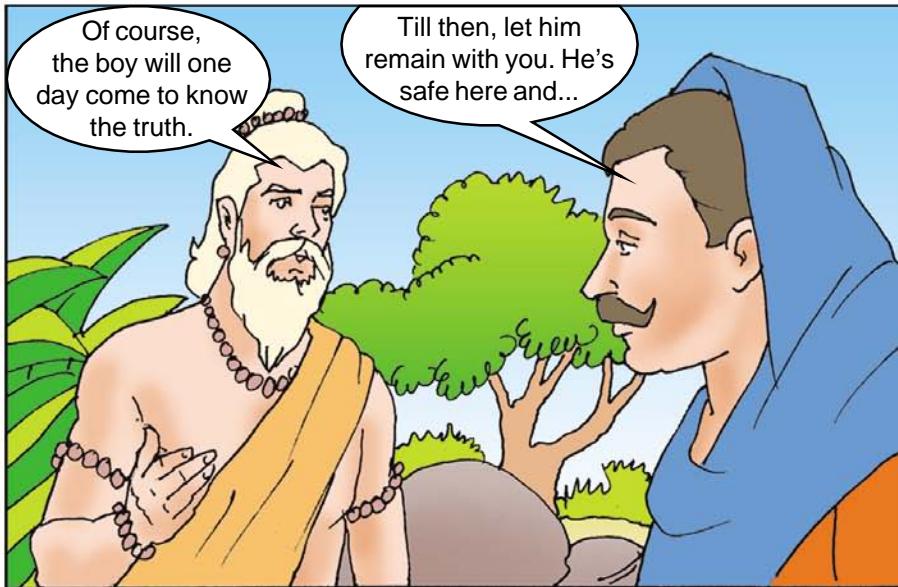
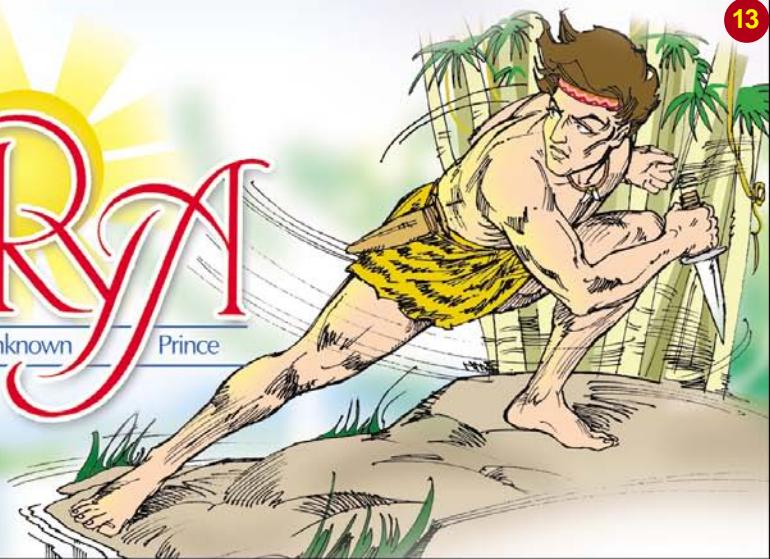
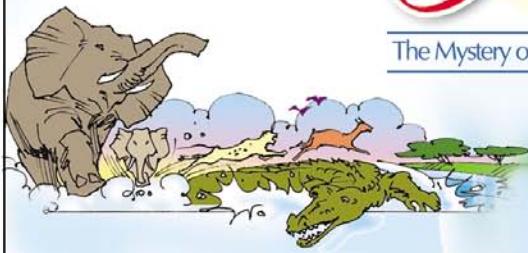
G. Ramsri Goutham (14) Wanaparthys

Shantidev of Shantipur has been dethroned by General Vir Singh, who takes him to be dead. The missing king appears in the forest where hermit Jayananda reveals to him that his queen is no more and the little boy seen with him is the prince himself. Shantidev is keen to meet his son, but the hermit advises patience.

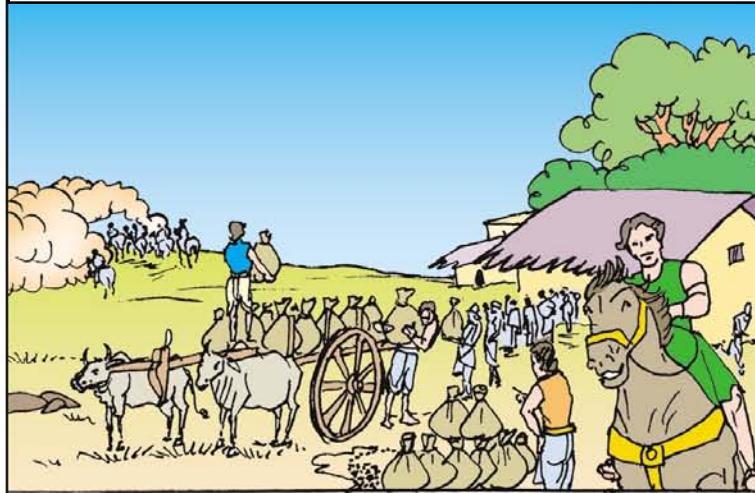
13

ARYA

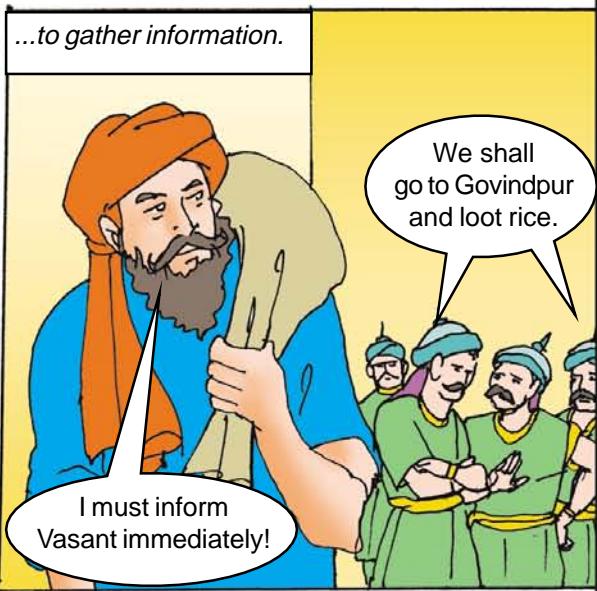
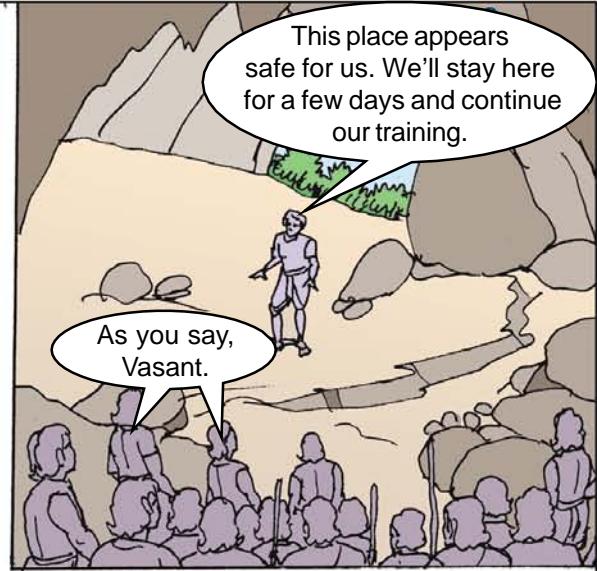
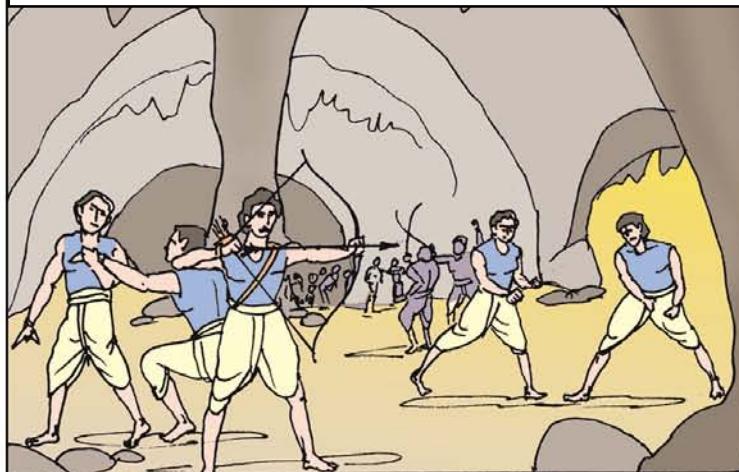
The Mystery of the Unknown Prince



The rebels every now and then change their hideout to avoid the eyes of Vir Singh's soldiers.



The villagers often come out of the caves and tunnels to practise archery and keep themselves fit. Some of them move among people and soldiers incognito...



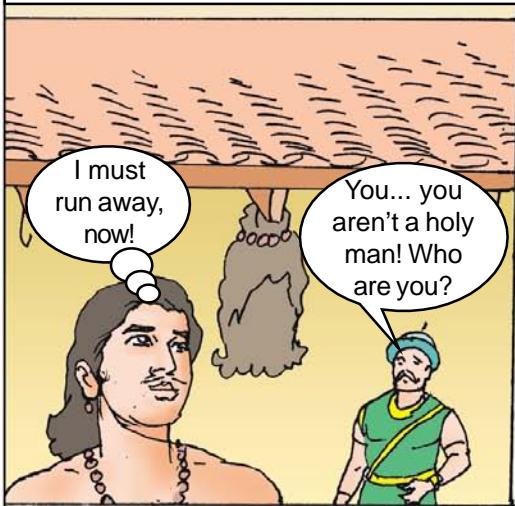
The rebels waylay the soldiers who are taken by surprise. They are overpowered and beat a hasty retreat.



Vir Singh's men are aware that the rebels often go about in disguise.



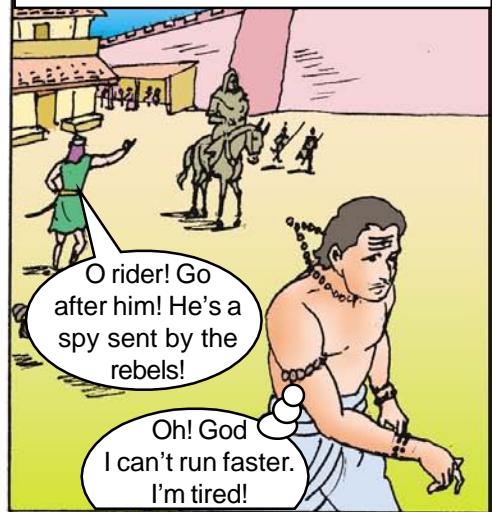
The holy man crosses the porch to go in when his wig is caught in a hook on the ceiling.



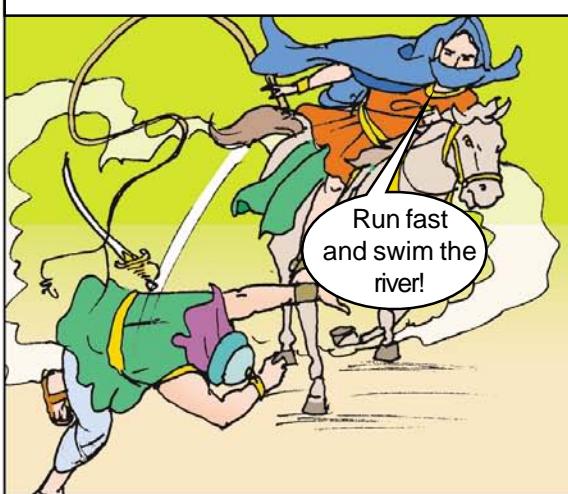
It is Vasant. He runs fast.



A hot chase takes place. Vasant is about to be outpaced, when...



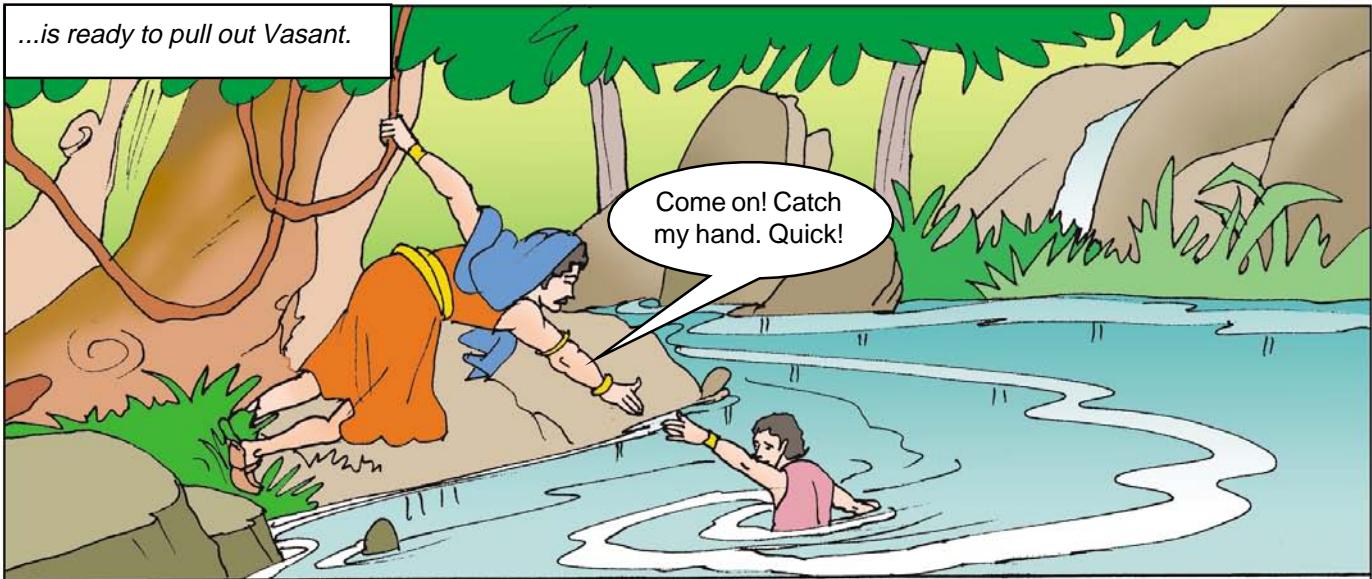
The rider knocks down the soldier.



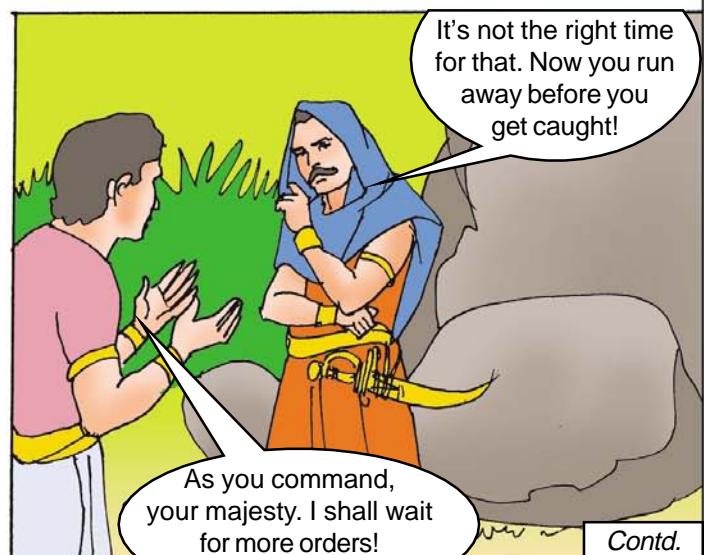
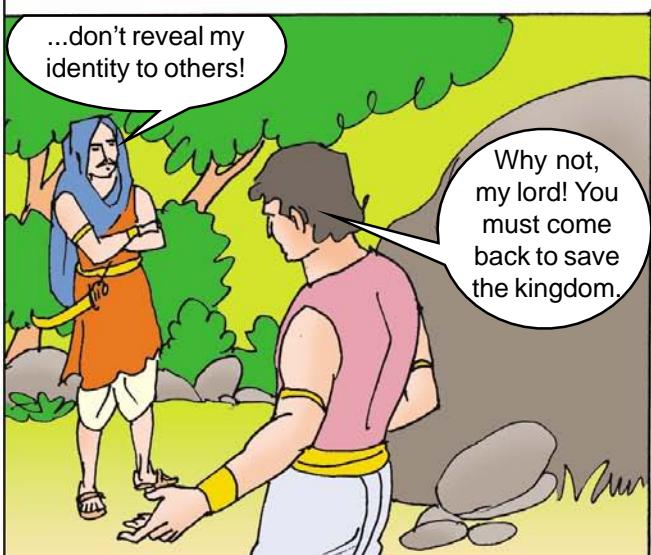
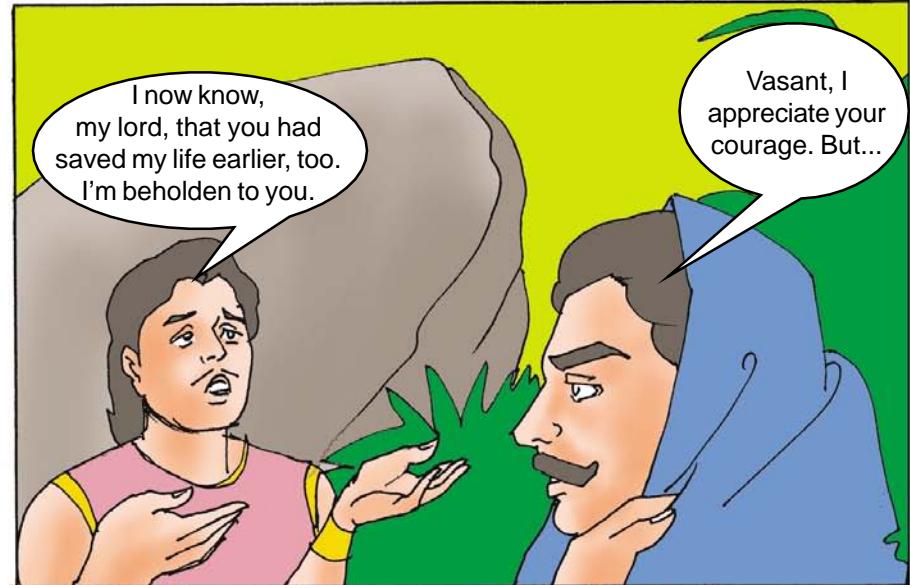
The rider dexterously leaps over the narrow river and...



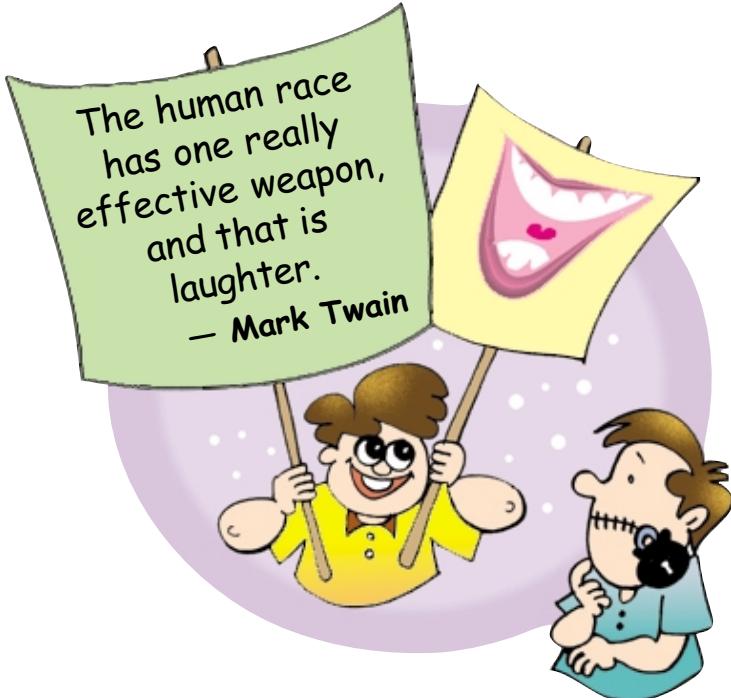
...is ready to pull out Vasant.



As Vasant climbs on to the river bank, he looks at his saviour whose face is now uncovered.



Contd.



A new teacher had a very dirty pupil in her class. At first she didn't know what to do, but finally she sent him home with a note to his mother, saying he was not clean and he should bathe more often.

The next morning the boy came back to school, and pinned to his shirt was the following note : Don't smell him - teach him!

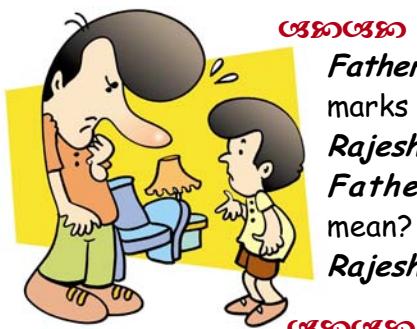


Laugh till you drop!

Sharat and Suman were walking through the park when Sharat said, "I'm homesick!"

"Then who asked you to come out of home?"

"That is why I came out, you fool. I was sick of home."



ଓଜ୍ଞାତନ

Father : How were your marks in the exam, son?

Rajesh : Under water.

Father : What do you mean?

Rajesh : Below C level.



Tailor : Your suit will be ready in two months, sir.

Customer : Two months! But it took god only six days when He made the world.

Tailor : True, sir. But look at the state the world is in!

Dushtu Dattu

One day, Dattu and his father spot a dead crow on the road.





Dear Eco-friends,

A clean environment means a better quality of life - we benefit from a cleaner air, water and land. The increasing impact of climate changes, meanwhile, brings an increased threat of flooding in winter and drought in summer.

These are issues we all can address. By making simple changes in our lifestyle, such as driving shorter distances or switching off electric appliances when not in use, we can combine to make a real difference.

Likewise, by making our business places greener, we make immediately noticeable differences to our local environment and help tackle global environmental problems.

Love

Kopra Kutty

World Environment Day - a remembrancer

The 30th World Environment Day will be observed on June 5, 2004. It is the year's most important occasion for focusing worldwide attention on environment.

It was established by the UN General Assembly in 1972 to mark the opening of the Stockholm Conference on Human Environment. Since then, it has been held every year, always on the same date, and with an ever growing list of participating countries.

World Environment Day is a people's event with global participation. It has previously been celebrated in many ways, with people all over the world getting involved in street rallies, bicycle parades, concerts, school activities, and tree planting as well as recycling of items like paper, and clean-up campaigns.

The theme 'Give Earth a Chance' calls on each and every one of us to contribute to the healing of the ailing planet. In spite of considerable efforts and significant achievements, many of the problems which plagued the Earth in the 20th century still linger. More than ever, we need to take steps to ensure that environment remains at the top of the global agenda.

There are many things we can do on this important day to protect our environment and our future.



Parrot from betel leaves

Would you like to make a velvety green parrot? So collect the things needed and get going!



Method:

1. Glue the two small leaves on the chart paper as head and mouth as shown in the figure.
2. Glue the betel or peepal leaf which will be the body.
3. At one end of the body paste the two mango leaves as tail.
4. Now pick the twig and paste it by the side of the parrot and also paste the flowers and leaves as shown in the figure, which gives the image as if the parrot is perched on the branch of a tree.
5. Take the four sticks and tie it with the thread and make it a frame.
6. Now stick the picture beneath the frame with gum or cellotape. And tie the frame on top with thread, which will be useful in hanging the picture on the wall.



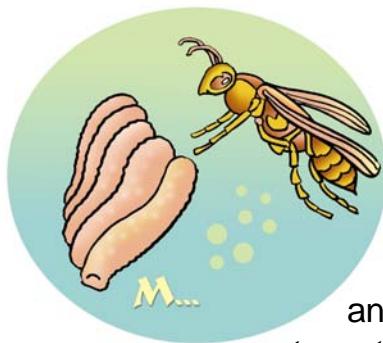
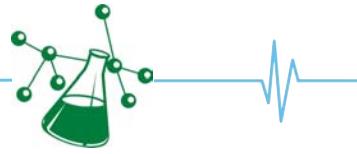
Your parrot is now ready for display



Given below are a few things you can do to protect the environment every day, wherever you are! Take this as a pledge on this day.

- Recycle paper and other things
- Protect endangered animals
- Plant a sapling
- Participate in environmental assemblies at your school
- Prompt your community to encourage recycling of wastes
- Promote anti-pollution awareness : How about a vehicle-free day?

Above all, commit yourselves to action. For, the fate of the earth lies not in government hands but ours.



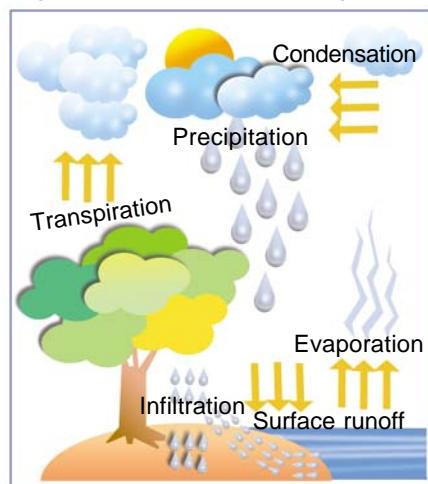
Wasp

A wasp is a winged insect with a slender body, related to ants and bees. They are part of the order of *Hymenoptera* (the membrane-winged). Among insects they are the greatest builders. Their nests are a marvel of natural architecture. To make its nest, the wasp scrapes fence posts and other sources to obtain wood, which it chews and mixes with its saliva to produce a pulpy mass of papier-mâché which turns to paper when dry. A nest consists of horizontal combs, with the cells facing down and the combs enclosed together in paper wrappers. Each time a new comb is added, the wasps cover the nest with a fresh outer layer of paper. Many species of wasps are solitary wasps, living in one-family groups. Social wasps live in larger groups, like the bees, with a queen, workers, and drones.

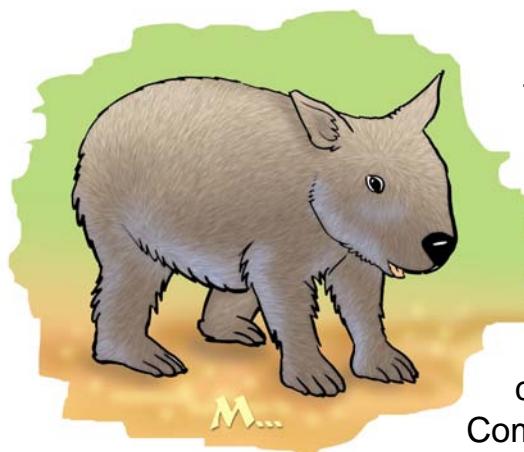
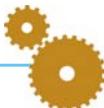
Water cycle

Water is one of the most precious natural resources, which is essential for human survival. Over 70 per cent of the earth's surface is covered by water. But only about 1 per cent of it is in a form useable to human beings and land animals. This water is constantly being cycled between the atmosphere, the ocean, and the land. This is an important process that helps sustain life on earth. The water cycle consists of six processes – *evaporation*, *condensation*, *precipitation*, *surface runoff*, *infiltration*, and *transpiration*. *Evaporation* is the process where water changes from its liquid state to water vapour. When the temperature of the

vapour decreases, it *condenses* into water droplets which remain suspended in the atmosphere as clouds in the sky. When the temperature and atmospheric pressure are right, the small droplets of water in clouds form larger droplets and *precipitation* occurs, resulting in rainfall. Much of the water that falls as rain runs off the land surface (*surface runoff*) to flow into rivers and lakes, which eventually join the ocean. Some water also *infiltrates* into the ground. Finally, as plants absorb the water through their roots, this water moves up to their leaves and evaporates, adding to the amount of water vapour in the air. This is called *transpiration*.



I've fallen
down so many times in just
one week of learning to cycle.
Poor water – it's been cycling
for hundreds of years; how
it must suffer!



Wombat

The wombat is an irresistibly cute, furry native of Australia. Like the kangaroo and koala, it is a marsupial. There are three species of wombat in Australia - the Common Wombat, the Southern Hairy-nosed Wombat, and the endangered Northern Hairy-nosed Wombat. All wombats are nocturnal animals that spend the daytime sheltering in a system of burrows underground. The length and complexity varies from one species to the other, with the Common Wombat constructing the most complex burrow. At

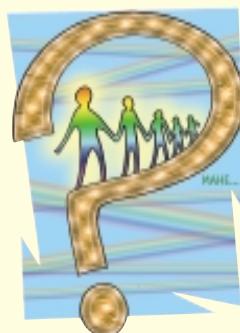
night, they emerge to wander about their home range, eating, marking territory, and working on their burrow system. Wombats eat native grasses, sedges, shrubs, roots, bark, and herbs. They have a partiality for soft green moss. The most abundantly found of the three is the Common Wombat (*Vombatus ursinus*). It is distinguished from other wombats by its small eyes and ears, large naked nose, and thick coarse fur. The world's largest burrowing mammal, it can grow to over a metre long and weigh up to 40 kg. The Southern Hairy-nosed Wombat (*Lasiorhinus latifrons*), distinguishable by its hairy muzzle, soft grey fur and erect, pointed ears, has a cleft upper lip that enables it to eat plant shoots close to the ground. It is smaller than the Common Wombat, growing to just 3 ft and weighing up to 32 kg. The Northern Hairy-nosed Wombat (*Lasiorhinus krefftii*), which closely resembles its southern counterpart, is on the critically endangered species list. All wombats have sharp teeth, which keep growing all their lives.

- **By Rajee Raman**

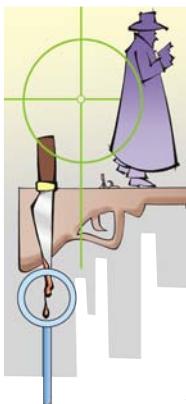
Activity

Given below are the achievements of some famous and not-so-famous scientists and inventors. Can you identify them?

1. Scottish engineer who invented the steam engine.
2. American biochemist and winner of the 1962 Nobel Prize, whose research led to the discovery of the molecular structure of DNA.
3. German biologist who originated the theory of the continuity of germ plasm.
4. Inventor of the cotton gin.
5. German chemist who isolated Beryllium and pioneered the synthesis of urea.



Answers: 1. James Watt (1736 - 1819); 2. James D. Watson (1928 -); 3. August Weismann (1834 - 1914); 4. Eli Whitney (1765 - 1825); 5. Friedrich Wöhler (1800 - 1882)



A PRAYER AND A DREAM IN A SNOWY NIGHT

It was a cold winter morning way back in 1922. Elizabeth and her little brother Edward set out as usual on their pony-drawn cart to the village school some miles away from their farmhouse in North Dakota, U.S.A.

At midday, their teacher Mrs. Barnett casually requested them to fetch her mail from the neighbouring post office some distance away. Elizabeth was well aware that their parents would not be pleased at all if they came to know what they had been asked to do. But she did not want to disappoint her teacher. So brother and sister were soon heading for the post office in their cute little buggy.

It was not before long that they were back not only with Mrs. Barnett's letters but with those meant for their own house.

'Now, Papa will surely think that I am a responsible girl now to handle his mail,' Elizabeth proudly thought to herself.

It was nearly 4 o' clock when the bell rang announcing

the school's closure for the day. By then the chill winter morning had turned into a snowy and stormy afternoon. Quickly hitching the pony to the cart and wrapping the letters in a leather jacket, the twosome began their homeward journey braving the rough weather.

By the time they reached their farmhouse, the storm had become fiercer with gusts of strong wind and heavy downpour of snow. Their fingers and toes had all become numb in the biting cold. Little Edward, on getting down from the cart, at once ran into the house. Elizabeth, the elder, quickly unhitched the poor shivering pony and led him to the barn.

But when she returned to fetch their lunch basket and the bundle of letters, what should she find? The jacket that covered the mails had fallen onto the ground wet and soggy. As for the letters, they had all disappeared blown away by the wind and the snow. However hard she tried to find them in the fading light of the day, she failed. They seemed to have been completely lost in the storm forever.

The gentle soft girl became very nervous and afraid indeed. Now she was going to receive a thorough chiding from her parents. She was filled with remorse.

'Why did I collect Father's mail which he always had forbidden us to touch without his permission?

Why did we opt to go to the post office at all when our parents had given strict instructions never to drive anywhere else except to school and back home?' thought Elizabeth. Trembling with both fear and cold, she quietly entered the house.

Straight she went to her parents and with tears in her eyes



confessed what had happened. Both her good father and affectionate mother sensed the state of fear, guilt and nervousness their daughter was in. They did not scold or punish her but patting her back instead they asked her to be more careful in future.

But the little girl's mind was not at peace. She had a conscience in her. And that conscience began to prick her time and again. All that she wanted was to get back those letters.

She sat on her bed that night, folded her hands, closed her eyes and began to pray.

"Dear God! Will you not help me find those lost letters? Please do help me dear God! I would like to have them intact and safe and give them to my Papa!"

She prayed all night long. She prayed ardently, she prayed sincerely from all her heart. Thus praying she finally fell into a deep slumber.

In her sleep she had a dream. In her dream she saw a letter blown up against a pile of stones. The dream continued and in it she saw another letter securely lying on the snow some distance away from their house. The dream then unfolded the third missing letter which was caught between the teeth of a snow-covered harrow.

Elizabeth continued to sleep soundly. In her dream



RAJSH

she wandered into a field with the hope of finding the fourth and the last missing mail. The field was surrounded by a fence covered with the prickly thistle plant. On it lay an envelope bearing their home address.

It was not before long the cock began to crow announcing the coming of the day. The dream in Elizabeth's mind was fresh and distinct like the dew. Putting on some warm pullovers she ran out with a prayer in her heart.

What do you think she discovered? She found every single letter exactly where it had appeared in her dream!

Was it a miracle? Or was it a mere coincidence? Can dreams really come true? Was it an answer to an innocent child's sincere prayers? Perhaps it was so!

What do you think?



Man and the Lawyer

A middle aged man, who had witnessed an accident, was brought before the judge. While cross examining, the lawyer asked the man:

"Did you see the man on the train?"

"Yes sir," he replied. "Where was he?" the lawyer asked.

"About thirty cars back from the engine" the man replied promptly.

"Where were you?" he asked the man.

"I was at the back of the tender of the engine," said the man.

"About what time of night was it?" enquired the lawyer.

"Eleven o'clock," he replied. "Do you mean to tell me that you saw that man thirty cars away at 11 o'clock at night?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir" he answered. "How far do you think that you can see at night?" asked the lawyer.

"About a million miles. I reckon-how far is it to the moon?" replied the man quietly.

FUNtimes

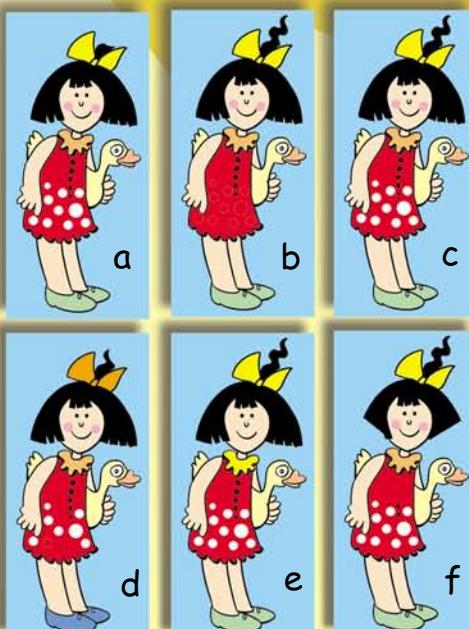
Hide 'n' Seek

Don't you find something strange in this picture? Yes, you are right. Here the numbers from 1 to 10 are hidden. Take a good look and find the numbers.

1

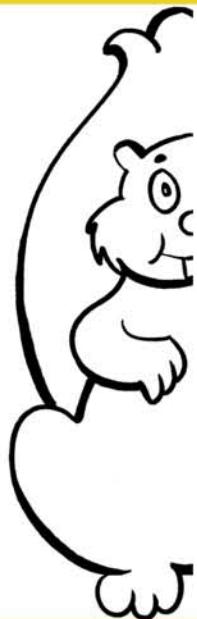


2



Identical One

Only one of these pictures resembles Sonal guddi. Why don't you try to identify it?



3



Complete the figure

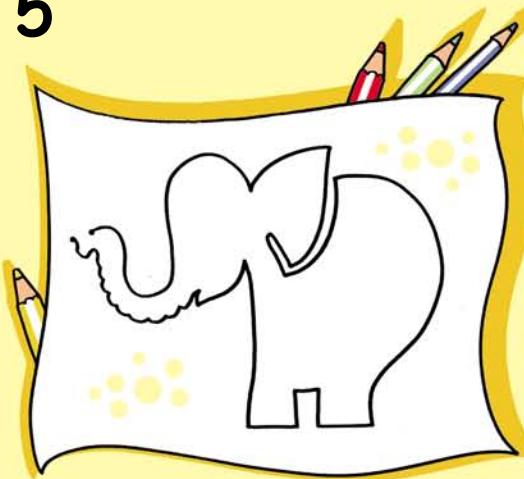
Don't you feel bad about Munnu? Its other half is hidden. Why don't you give him a complete figure with your pencil and crayons?

Single stroke

Isn't this a wonderful picture? Do you know what is unique about it? It has been drawn without taking the pencil off the paper. Why don't you give it a try.

(Answers on page 68)

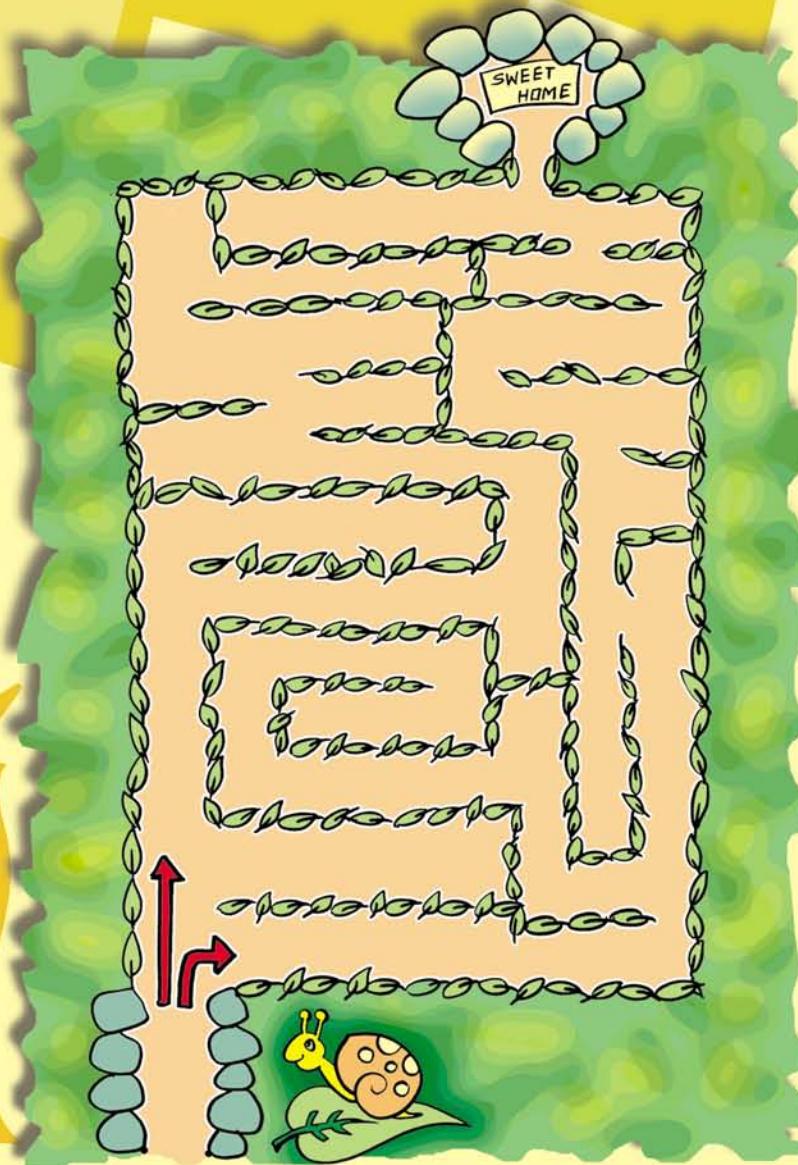
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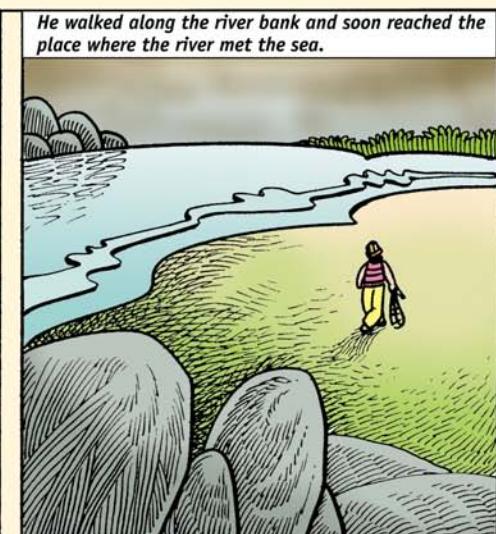
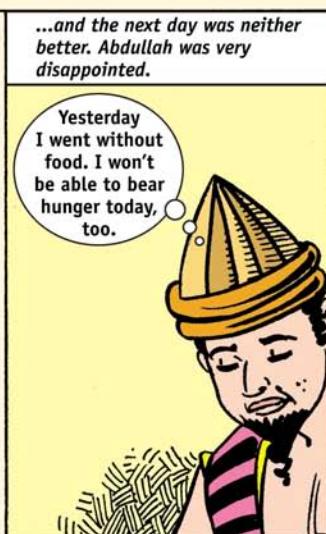
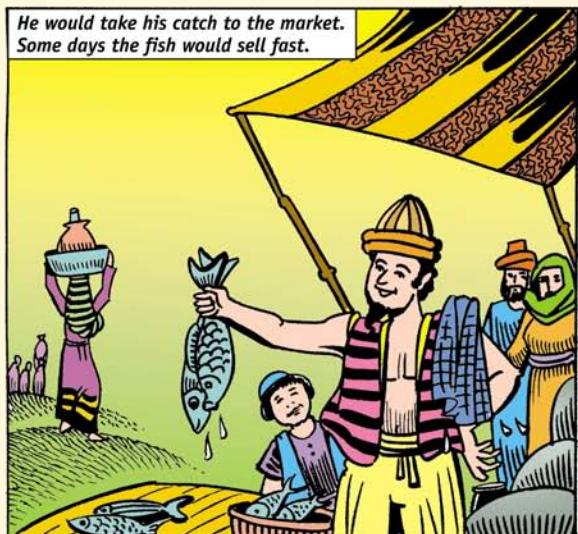
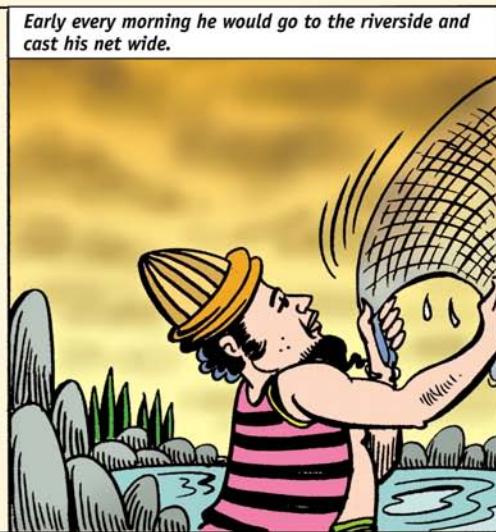
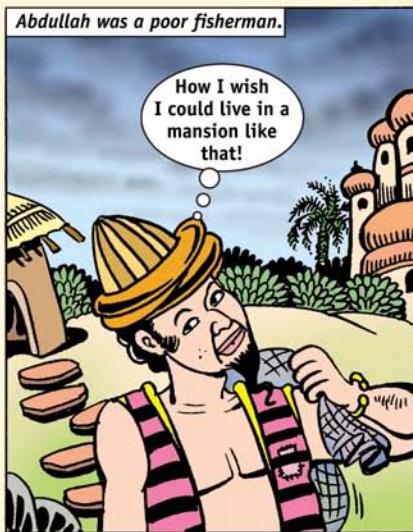
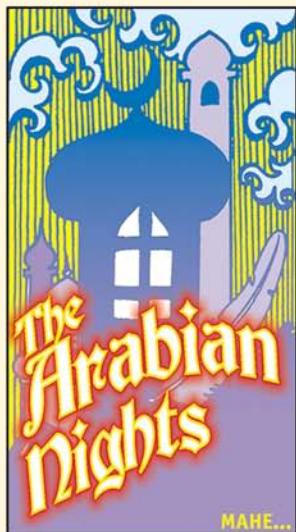
A-mazing

Snailu has lost his way home. Help him to reach his sweet home.

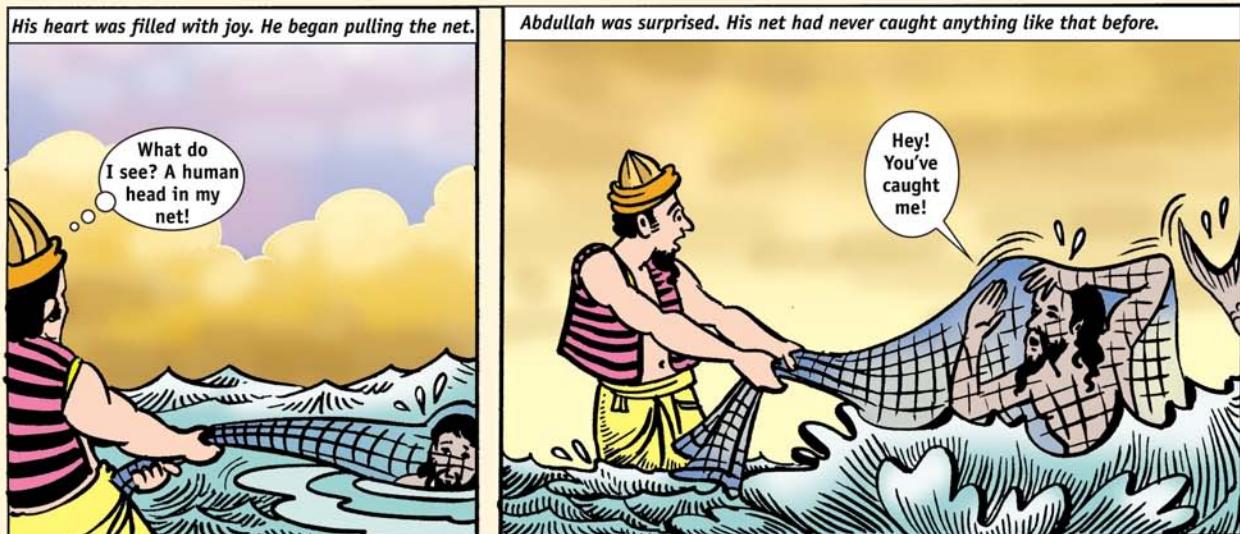
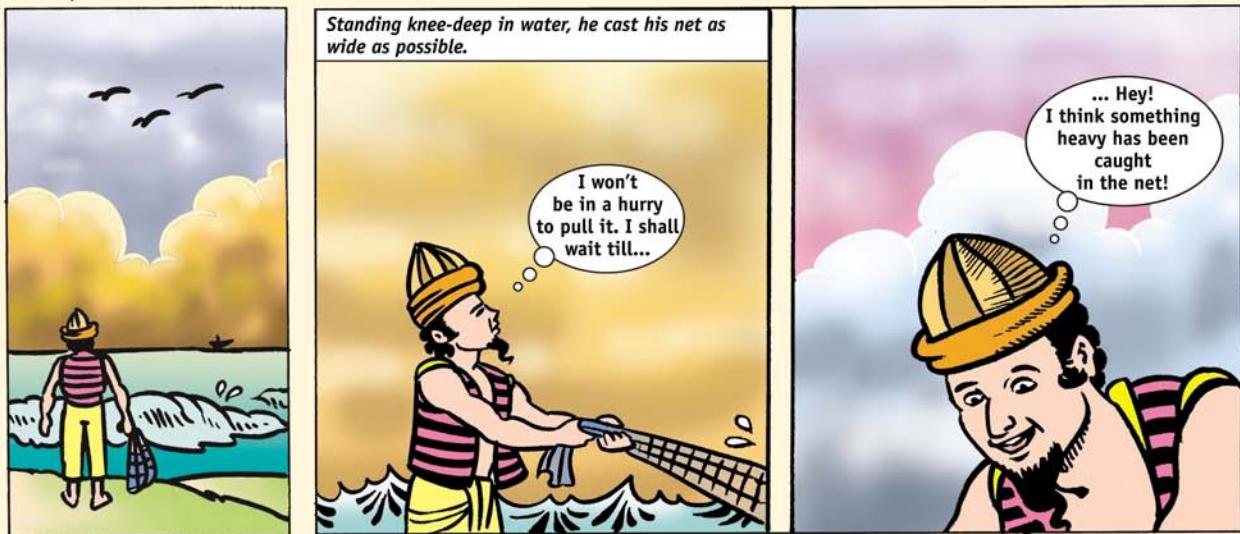
4



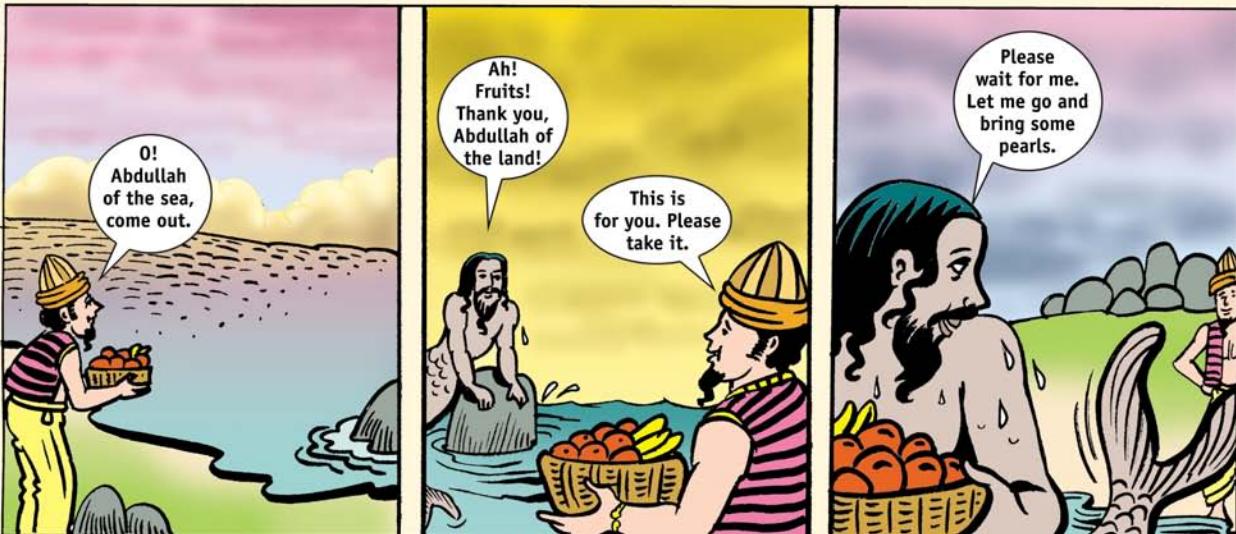
The Arabian Nights : The Two Abdullahs



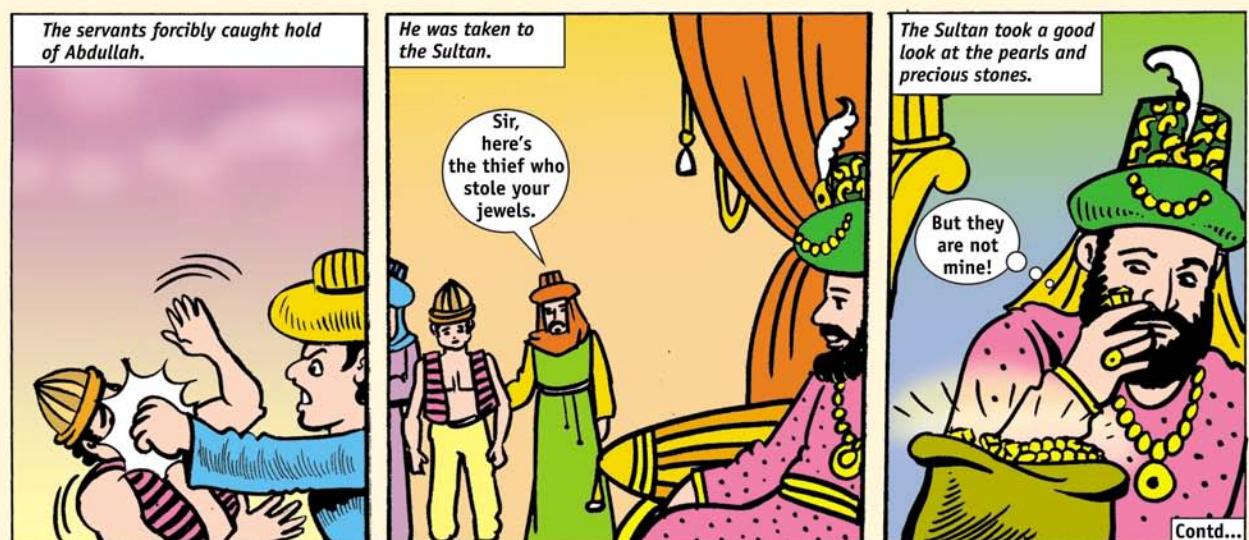
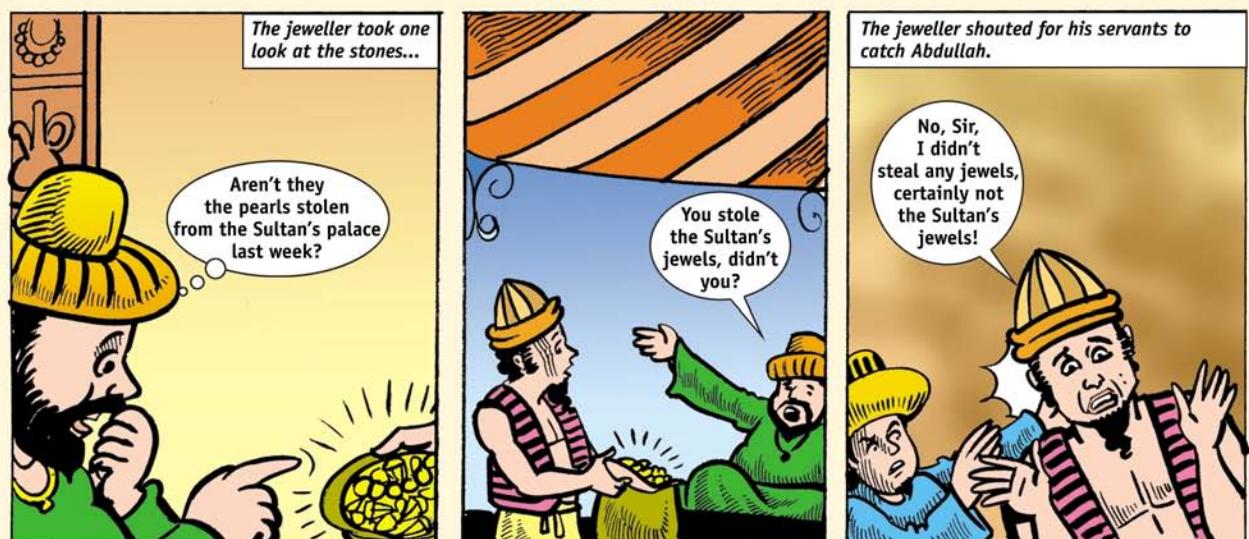
The Arabian Nights : The Two Abdullahs



The Arabian Nights : The Two Abdullahs



The Arabian Nights : The Two Abdullahs



PUZZLE DAZZLE

Who am I?

F	G	V	A	R	B	E	Z	M	U
P	G	I	B	B	O	N	T	L	C
N	Q	F	G	L	Y	N	K	W	H
M	T	A	C	D	A	B	O	L	E
F	I	K	L	H	F	C	M	E	E
T	R	T	P	N	G	O	D	M	T
I	Q	E	R	W	N	M	X	A	A
G	L	G	H	R	I	U	L	C	H
E	D	F	L	I	O	N	E	T	B
R	C	Y	E	K	N	O	D	U	S

Clues :

1. I am known as the king of the jungle
2. I am very popular for my cunningness.
3. I am black in colour, and of huge size; I am usually found in the tropical forests.
4. I resemble one of the wild animals but I am a domestic animal. And my favourite enemy is the rat.
5. I am usually found in the street. Because of my loyalty, most people love me very much.

6. I am the National animal of India.
7. I resemble the horse but have stripes on my body.
8. I am the mount of Lord Siva.
9. My zoological name is *Acinonyx jubatus*.
10. I am found in the rainforests of north-east India. I am India's only true ape.
11. I am known as the ship of the desert.
12. In olden days, I was very much useful to washermen.

(Answer on page 68)

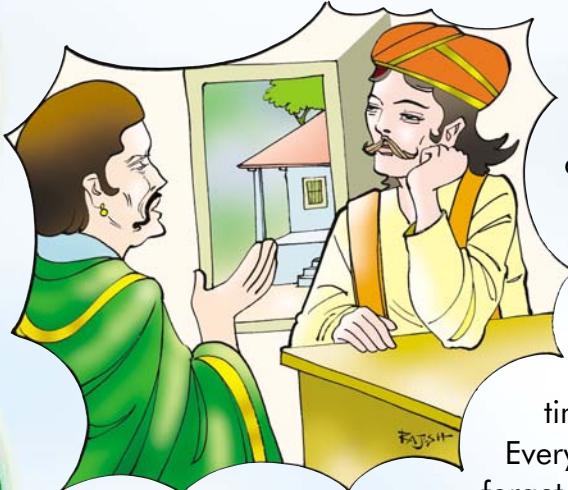


Who doesn't like animals?
But it is true, every one of us was once afraid of the wild animals. Here a few wild and domestic animals are hidden in the grid. Using the clues given below, try to identify them.

READ AND REACT

A NOVEL CONTEST FOR READERS

Cash prize of Rs. 250 for the best entry



Read the story below:

There was once a well-known physician. He moved from place to place, so that more people could get the benefit of his advice. One day, he set up his camp near the bazaar in the town. Next to it resided a landlord. He sent for the physician and said, "I just don't know, but I seem to be suffering from all kinds of ailments."

The physician remained talking to him for some time and then left, without prescribing any medicines.

Every other day, he called on the landlord who did not forget to tell him about his numerous ailments. However,

the physician did not find any urgent need to prescribe any remedies.

After six months, the physician was moving out to another place. When he went to bid farewell, he told the landlord, "Call me whenever a need arises." After six months, the physician came back and met the landlord, and asked, "Why didn't you sent for me?"

Before you react, you may keep the following points in mind:

- ◆ Why did the physician avoid giving any medicines?
- ◆ Was the landlord really ill or was he imagining his illnesses?
- ◆ How would have the landlord replied the physician?

Write your reaction in 100-150 words and send your entry with a suitable heading along with the coupon below in an envelope marked "Read and React".

CLOSING DATE : June 30, 2004

Name _____ Age _____ Date of birth _____

School _____ Class _____

Home address _____

_____ Pin code _____

Parent's signature

Participant's signature

CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED

82 Defence Officers Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.

GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM



King Uparichara of Chedi, who had to go into the forest to get hold of a deer for his father, had to keep himself away from his wife, Girika, for a long time, and he was sad. A she-fish, who saw his sad face, took pity on him. She gave birth to a boy and a girl. She was actually a nymph.

When Sage Suta narrated the story, the hermits listening to his narration wanted to know how a nymph had turned a fish.

Suta told them: A nymph called Adrika was bathing in the Yamuna. She saw a Brahmin taking a dip. Suddenly she felt like being naughty. She swam towards the Brahmin under the water and pulled his legs.

The Brahmin got the shock of his life and cried in horror. Adrika was amused. She giggled.

The Brahmin understood that someone was making fun of him. "You'll become a fish!" he cursed her.

Adrika realised the danger. She apologised to the Brahmin. He softened. "You'll be free from your curse after you have given birth to a human boy and a human girl," said the Brahmin. Adrika since then lived in the river as a fish.

One day this fish was caught by a fisherman. On

cutting it, he was baffled to discover two infants inside. He carried them to the king. The king took the boy. The fisherman kept the girl. She was named Matsyagandhi. Adrika, liberated from her curse, now returned to her home in heaven.

In the fisherman's house, Matsyagandhi grew up into a beautiful damsel. One day Sage Parashara came there to cross the river. The fisherman was busy. Matsyagandhi plied the boat for Parashara, who had never seen a beauty like Matsyagandhi. He kept on gazing at her. Without taking notice of the sage's attraction, she kept on rowing.

It was a fine day. The scenery along the river-bank was charming. Sweet was the breeze. Birds sang as they flew across the river.

Matsyagandhi was humming a song as she plied the boat. By and by the boat reached the middle of the river.

Matsyagandhi, suddenly grew conscious of the fact that the sage was gazing at her. She looked at the sage and smiled.

Parashara confessed that he had been enamoured of Matsyagandhi. She felt embarrassed and told him that she was the daughter of a mere fisherman, whereas he was a famous sage. It would not be proper for Parashara

6. HOW A NYMPH BECAME A FISH

to be fascinated by her. But Parashara, out of his love for Matsyagandhi, gave her two boons. On account of living amidst fish, she smelled like a fish. Parashara's boon made it possible for her to smell like a flower. Secondly, Parashara blessed her saying she would give birth to his son.

Soon thereafter the two parted. Matsyagandhi carried the sage's child although she remained a virgin.

The boy was none other than Vyasa.

The infant Vyasa told his mother, "I must hurry into the forest for beginning my *tapas*, but whenever you would remember me, I would come back to meet you."

And nothing could induce the boy to give up his aim.

Vyasa became a celebrated sage. It was he who classified and edited the Vedas. He also wrote some Puranas and compiled many more. He is known to everybody as the author of the *Mahabharata*. His disciples, too, became famous. Some of them were Sumanta, Jaimini, Pylo, Vaisampayan, Asit, Devala, and his own son Sukadev. Matsyagandhi later came to be called Satyavati. She continued to live with her foster-father.

One day King Shantanu, while hunting near the river, saw Satyavati. It was spring. The trees and creepers



abounded in flowers. Satyavati herself looked no different from a blooming flower. King Shantanu desired to marry her. Her foster-father agreed to the proposal.

The hermits, who were listening to this narration from Suta, interrupted him. "O Learned One, we're much pleased to hear what you said about the birth of Vyasa. But how could Shantanu, a scion of the famous Kuru dynasty, marry a fisherman's daughter? Wasn't he already married? Wasn't Bhishma his son?"

Suta resumed: In olden days there was a king named Mahavisa. Through his Yajna and offerings, he had befriended Indra, the king of gods. As a result, he could visit heaven whenever he liked.

Once Mahavisa got a chance to pay a visit to Brahma along with the gods. At that time Ganga, too, was present before Brahma. Mahavisa was much attracted towards Ganga. Soon it became clear that she, too, was feeling attracted towards the king.

Brahma could understand their minds. "Go to the earth and lead your lives as a human couple," said Brahma.

Ganga was not happy with this order, but there was nothing she could do about it. A son was born to Mahavisa. He came to be known as King Pratip of the Puru dynasty.

(To continue)

That's Science for you

Imagine their enemy's surprise when the Chinese first demonstrated their newest invention in the eighth century AD. Chinese scientists discovered that an explosive mixture could be produced by combining sulfur, charcoal, and saltpetre (potassium nitrate). The military applications were clear. New weapons were rapidly developed, including rockets and others that were launched from a bamboo tube. Once again, the raw materials at hand, like bamboo, contributed ideas for new technologies.

GUNPOWDER





Viswanathan Anand

THIRD OSCAR

He got his first Chess Oscar in 1997, the second one the very next year; India's Viswanathan Anand has now won his third Chess Oscar for 2003. The award was announced on May 6. He is the second non-Russian to annex three Oscars, the first being Bobby Fischer of Britain.

The Chess Oscar is the game's most prestigious annual award. Anand was given 232 first places which gave him 4,150 points. Peter Svidler, with 2,575 points came second, while former world champion Vladimir Kramnik and the current World No.1 Garry Kasparov were placed third and fourth with 2,518 and 2,262 points respectively.

Anand commented: "The Chess Oscar is a vote by the people who follow chess intently. To be acclaimed by them is a true honour."

The Chess Oscar was founded in 1967 by Jorge Puig, and the first winner was the Danish Grandmaster Bent Larsen. Kasparov had won it five times.

Asian Champion

While the Indian cricketers were playing in Pakistan in a series of one-dayers and Test matches and emerging victors, India's Junior Hockey team quietly won the Asian Junior Championship final in Karachi. They beat Pakistan 5-2. At one stage, the Indians led 4-0. Three of the 5 goals were scored by Tushar Khandekar, while Sandeep Singh was the top scorer with 16 goals to his credit in the whole tournament. India are currently the World Junior Champions; this is the first time they have annexed the Asia Junior Cup.

A chess record

Some 13,000 players sat before the chess board at one place—Santa Clara in Cuba—on April 30 and played late into the night to create a new record for most people playing simultaneously. The earlier record was 11,320 persons who played in Havana, Cuba, in 2002. Former world champion, Anatoly Karpov, "inaugurated" the event, making the first move on several individual chess boards.

Victorious Women

The Indian Women's Cricket team covered itself with glory by winning all the five one-day matches in Sri Lanka, lifting the Singer Asia Cup held in April. Pakistan was expected to send a team, but it backed out at the last moment, leaving India and Sri Lanka to fight it out.

India won the first match by 123 runs, the second by 105 runs, the third by six wickets, the fourth by 10 wickets, and the final by 94 runs. Opener and wicket-keeper Anju Jain was declared the 'Player of the series'.



SAVE COOKING GAS

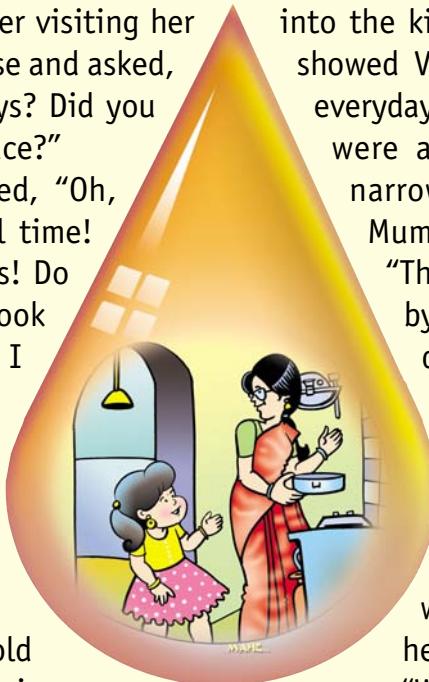
Veena was just back home after visiting her aunt. Her mother drew her close and asked, "So, dear, how were your holidays? Did you have a good time at Auntie's place?"

Veena enthusiastically replied, "Oh, Mummy, I had such a wonderful time! And I learnt so many new things! Do you know, I now know how to cook dal-rice and subzi! Supriya and I did the cooking together."

"That's nice!" said Mummy fondly. "What else did you learn?"

"Well, Aunt Sudha taught us a whole lot of other things," said Veena. "Most importantly, she told us that cooking gas is a precious resource, and we must take care to conserve it. For this, we have to follow certain steps before starting cooking. Like, we should keep all the ingredients ready before lighting the stove. Rice and dal should be soaked beforehand, and refrigerated items should be allowed to return to room temperature before heating!"

Mummy listened with interest. Finally, she said, "Good! You have learnt some very useful things. But there are some other steps you must follow during the actual cooking process. Come



into the kitchen and I'll show you!" Mummy showed Veena the vessels she uses for her everyday cooking. Veena observed that they were all wide and shallow, instead of narrow and tall. Intrigued, she asked Mummy why it was so. Mummy said, "These vessels help in conserving fuel, by ensuring that the heat is evenly distributed. As your aunt said, cooking in the pressure cooker is best; but for dishes which can't be done in a cooker, we should use this type of vessels. Further, we should put the lid on the vessel while cooking, to avoid loss of heat."

"What else can we do to conserve fuel while cooking, Mummy?" asked Veena.

"Well, we can make considerable saving by reducing the flame when boiling starts," said Mummy. "We should also use the smaller burner, rather than the larger one, as much as possible because it consumes less fuel. Also, we should ensure that the burners are always clean and free of clogging food particles, for free flow of fuel."

"Wow! What a lot I've learnt in these holidays!" exclaimed Veena.

Try these Fundoo Facts of Mama Choudhary & be a Next Generation Kid.



**If you don't save Gas,
you won't be able to enjoy
anything.**

Ask Mummy to cook food in pressure cooker, take wide & shallow containers for cooking and use small burner to save gas.



Petroleum Conservation Research Association
(Ministry of Petroleum & Natural Gas, Government of India)



This came by e-mail:

We are subscribers of Chandamama - both English and Telugu. We find that the number of stories have come down, giving place to new features. We don't find them interesting. Examples are Indiascope, News Flash and Kaleidoscope. And pages like Laugh Till you Drop and Fun Times. In the Telugu edition also, some of these items can be dropped. Chandamama is known for its stories. Please reproduce stories of "Paropakari Papanna" and other popular stories.

We have only moved with the times, and also to meet certain obligations stipulated by the authorities. - Editor

By e-mail from Subahyan Mukerjee, Kolkata:

I have been reading your wonderful magazine for the past 20 months. I have really liked the wonderful stories—especially True Cases of Crime and Detection, and New Tales of Vikram and Vetal. I also like your punctuality. Keep it up.



This came from Susmitha of Secunderabad:

I love Chandamama a lot. I have been reading it for the past five years. Please include a section for pen-friends. I love reading Kaleidoscope, Arya, ABC of Science, Mystery, Ruskin Bond and Vikram and Vetal. I liked the February folk tale.

Reader Jyotiranjan Biswal writes from Durgapur:

Your Photo Caption Contest provides an opportunity for making use of our grey cells in a productive way. The Mystery stories leave the reader spellbound. Sometimes, I miss "Towards Better English".



This came from Puri from Shishadrinath Udas Ray:

In Chandamama, I like the Jataka tales, Laugh Till You Drop, and Vasudha.

Reader Harish Kumar, Bellary, writes:

I am very happy to read Chandamama, which is very nice. The jokes are hilarious even in Kaleidoscope.

ALL THE ANSWERS



1. Hide 'n' seek



2. Identical one

Third picture resembles Sonal.

PUZZLE DAZZLE

Who Am I?

- 1.Lion, 2.Fox, 3.Elephant,
- 4.Cat, 5.Dog, 6.Tiger,
- 7.Zebra, 8.Cow, 9.Cheetah,
- 10.Gibbon, 11.Camel,
- 12.Donkey.

**Read and React
Contest prizewinners**

January 2004

Sumeet Mal (7)
Khalisani, Hooghly,
West Bengal.

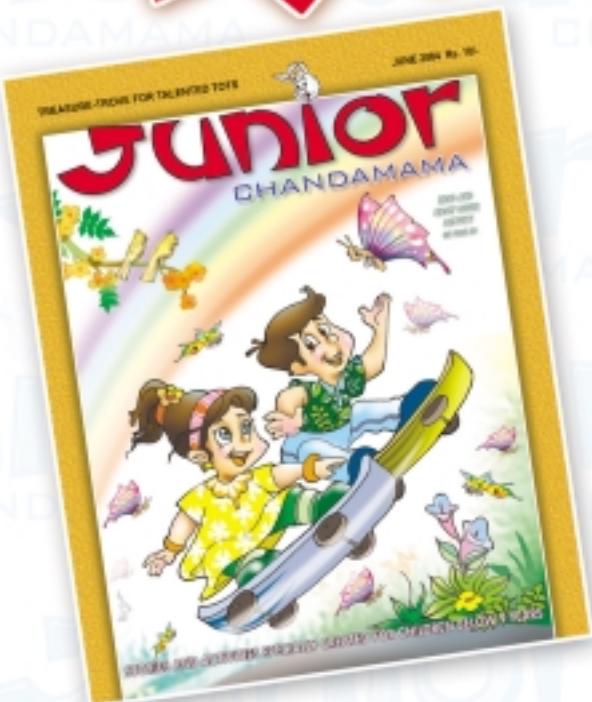
February 2004

Ashwathi Muraleedharan (12)
Mayur Vihar, Delhi-110 096.

March 2004

Deepti Shantaram (14)
Doorvani Nagar,
Bangalore-560 016.

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and let your child learn about
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*Can you write a
caption in a few words,
to suit these pictures
related to each other?*

You may write it on a post card
marking it:

Photo Caption Contest
CHANDAMAMA

and mail it to reach us before the 20th of
the current month.

The best entry will receive a Prize of
Rs.100 and it will also be published in the
issue after the next.



Winning Entry

“Lost in art”

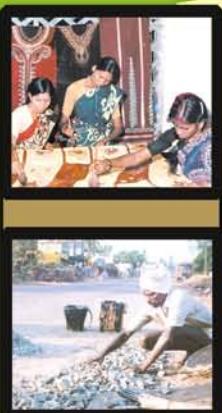
“Lost in work”

Congratulations!

April 2004 Lucky Winner:

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HUBLI-580 020,
Karnataka.



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No. 82 Defence Officers Colony, Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097. Editor : B. Viswanatha Reddi (Viswam)

Good news
for young
bookworms!

Hiya! What has hit the animal world?

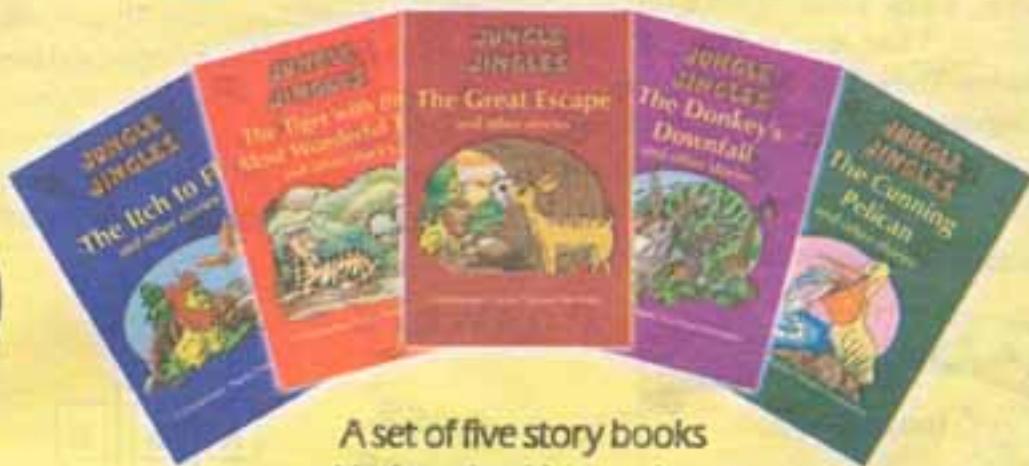
Listen hard and look keenly.

D'you hear the jingle of the jungle?



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- only early
birds catch
the worm!

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